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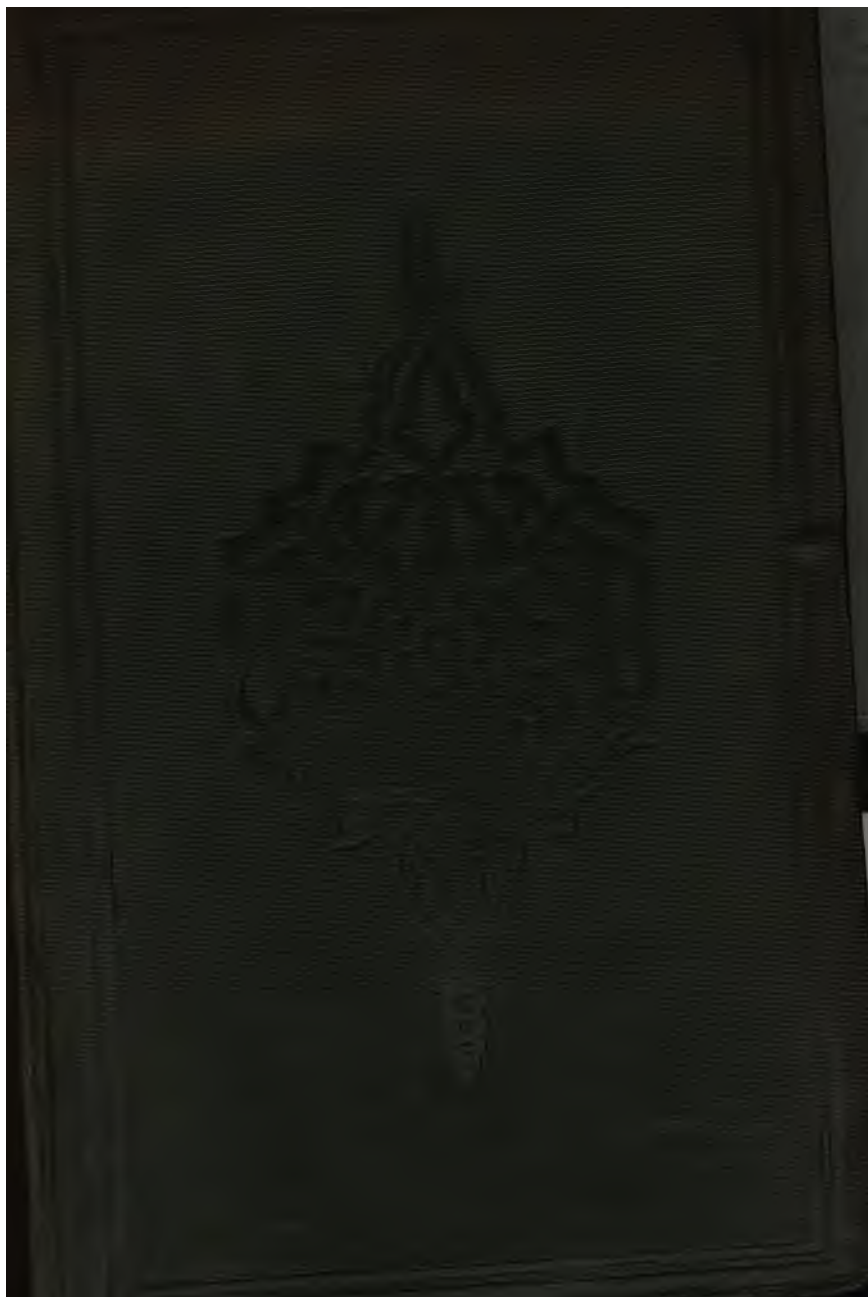
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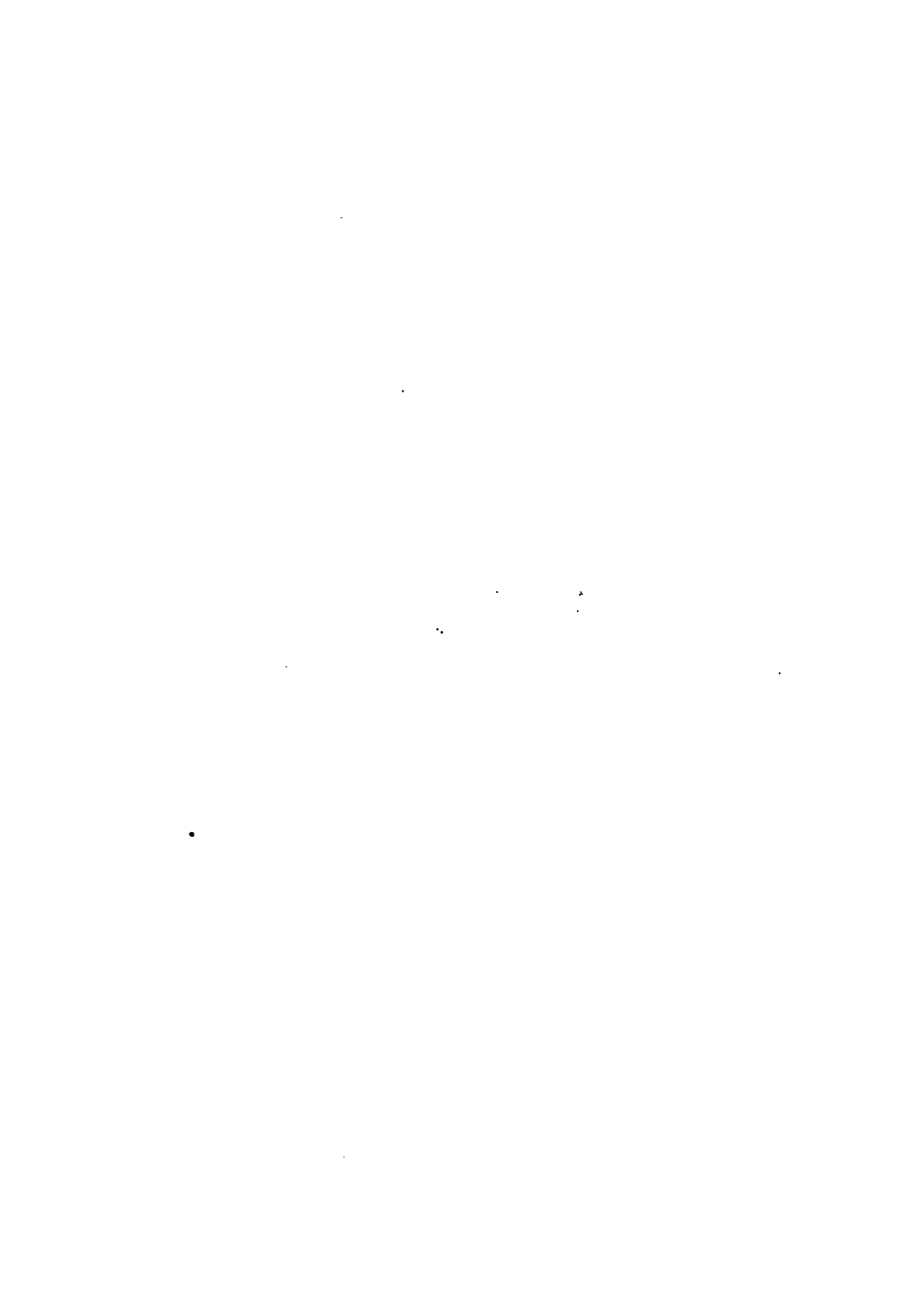
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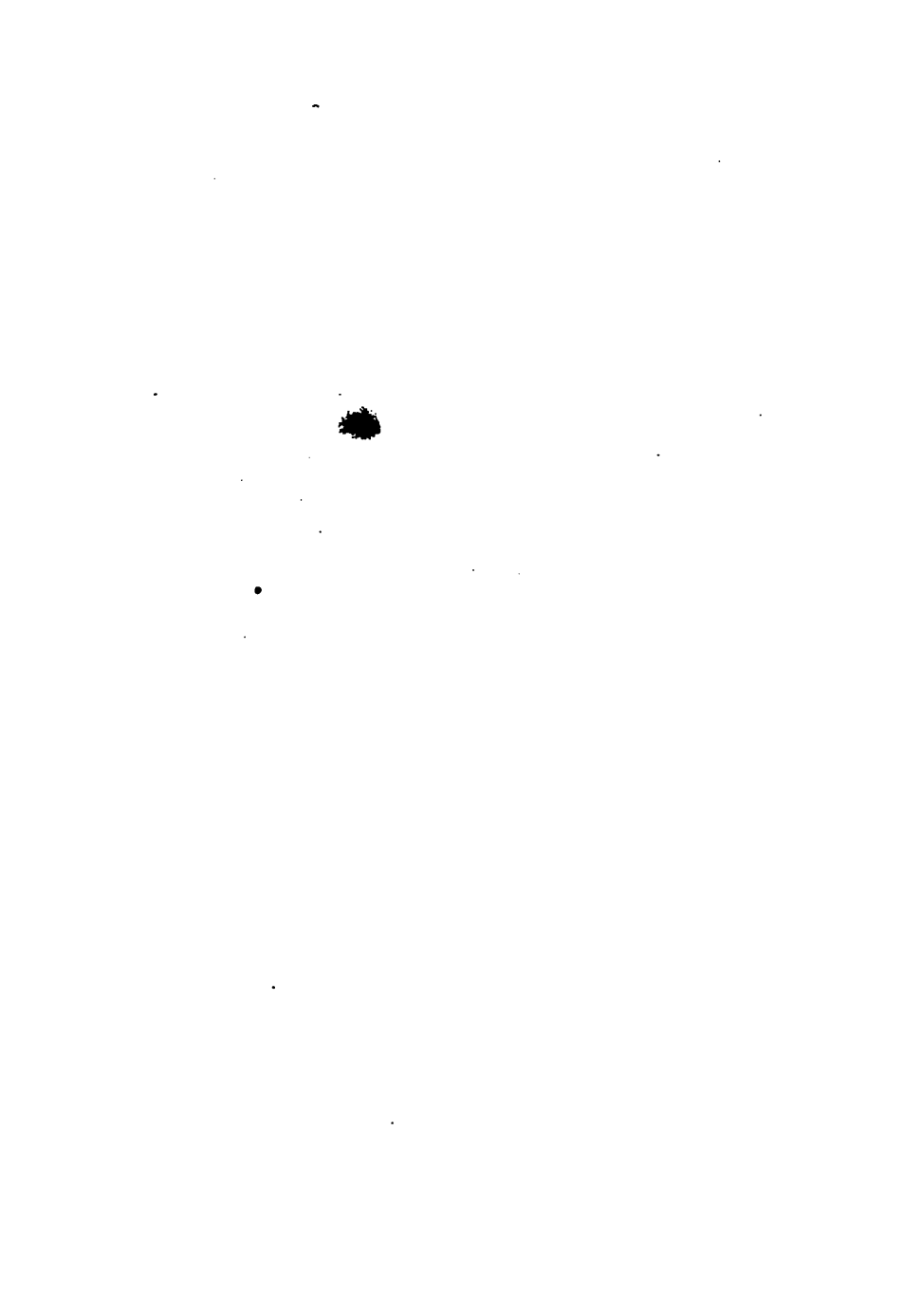
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'Yis, to be sure,' says the captain, and taking a gun from one of the boys, he fired up at him quietly, and man and woman tumbled headlong back into the fire.—Page 88.





THE IRISHMAN AT HOME:

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES

OF

THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD.

DUBLIN:
JAMES McGLASHAN, 21, D'OLIER-ST.

LONDON: W. S. ORR & CO. 147, STRAND.

1849.



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TO THE READER.

IN reference to the present volume of Irish Stories, the Editor deems it necessary to mention that *portions* of several of them appeared in the Dublin Penny Journal, that they are now completed, and it is hoped will not only be found pleasant and interesting, but in reality descriptive of Irish character.

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THE WHITEBOYS.

DURING the summers of 1828 and 1829, Queen's County, and several other districts in Ireland, were greatly disturbed. The peasantry having entered into a very extensive combination, under the title of Whiteboyism, kept the country in a continued state of alarm. To discuss the occasions or circumstances which are said to have given rise to this illegal association or conspiracy, would be beyond our present design, as we simply propose to describe our countrymen as they really are, in reference to morals, turn of thought, and expression, without lessening, exaggerating, or caricaturing them in any way.

It is generally known that in several parts of Ireland there are a class of men, known by the peasantry as *scullogues*, or large farmers, who, acting as middlemen and land-agents, and sometimes as tithe-proctors, are generally hated by the lower farmers and cottiers, on whom they practice all the little tyranny which is in their power.

As these people originally spring from the lowest of the peasantry, they are on that account despised and detested the more, for the Irish, in general, look up with respect to noble birth and genteel extraction.

Near the foot of Cloughbrennan, in the Queen's county, resided a person of the above description. His name was Cornelius Cahill, and he was said to be a very wealthy man ; he possessed two or three large farms, and was a very extensive cattle breeder and grazier ; he was also agent to two or three gentlemen in the county, and in addition to all he was a tithe-proctor. He lived near the road side on the way to Carlow. The house was built by his father. It was a small, square, stone-built and slated tenement, with two windows, strongly barred, on either side of a hall-door in front ; a little skirting of young fir trees ran round between it and the road, from which a straight gravelled path led by a wooden gate up to the house.

Some years after old Cahill's death, Cornelius was in possession of all his father's property, and one of the most generally detested men in the whole country. At the assizes held in Maryborough, he had prosecuted two men, who were hung, for an attack on his house in search of arms : one of whom, at the place of execution, declared the justice of his sentence, and bore testimony to the innocence of his companion. This completed to ripening the hatred which was in its spring for him, and he became the watched and the marked of the Whiteboys.

On the other side of Cloughbrennan, on one of Cahill's farms, resided an honest poor man, with one son and a daughter, who rented fifteen or sixteen acres of land under him ; the man, with the assistance of his son, then about twenty-one years of age, cultivated their ground, and managed to live comfortable

and independent. Bryan Mooney, for such was the farmer's name, was returning one evening, in the autumn of 1829, from the town of Carlow, after making a market, and disposing of the surplus produce of his little farm much to his satisfaction. Mounted on a young and spirited half-blood mare of his own rearing, and of which he was very proud, and with a glass or two of the *native* rising high in his brain, he considered himself one of the most fortunate men in the Queen's county. The night was dark, and as he approached the foot of Cloghbrennan, the wind, cold and frosty, blew keenly over the dark hill's side, and Mooney wrapping his cloak, or frize riding coat, closely round him, and tipping his mare with the end of his supple heavy-handled whip, proceeded at a sober trot along the narrow, lonesome road. He knew the country to be much disturbed, but he had no fears for himself. His neighbours and he had been always on peaceable terms, and he was unconscious of having an enemy in the wide world; therefore a thought on the subject never entered his head.

Nearly at the foot of the hill the road gives a sudden turn to the right, and enters on a wild-looking, rude tract, where the vestiges of any human habitation are scarcely ever met with. As Mooney turned into this part of the road, a cry for assistance, and a rush and trample as of men in contest, came from the neighbouring field; then another shriek, and call of murder; the earnest prayers for mercy being succeeded by the threatening and taunts of one or two men, who appeared as if dragging the sufferer farther into the darkness and loneliness of the place, in order

to commit some deed of blood. Mooney, inspired by the generous impulse of the moment, faced his mare to the low, dry-stone built boundary at the road side, which the young animal cleared at a bound, and galloped across the field in the direction of the sounds. As he came up, he beheld a man faintly struggling against three ruffians, who were dragging him along, with dreadful threatenings and imprecations.

"Say your prayers," said one to him, "av the' do you any good, for its short your time is."

"Its little good they'll do him, I'm thinkin'," said another, "in regard iv all the black doin's that's to the fore agin him."

"Have mercy on me," cried the wretched man on his knees; "for the sake of your souls at the last day, do not commit murder, and any thing you wish me to do I'll do it without asking a question."

"Is it you that axes marcy, you informin' villian?" said another: "It's little you can expect, I'm thinkin', if its the right o' the thing you look at."

"Oh! have mercy! have mercy!" again ejaculated the wretched man, half-kneeling and half-lying on the ground.

"Yes; the same as you showed Doolin and Toole," said the first speaker, when you got them hanged, an' you knowin' one poor boy to be innocent."

They now had laid him down, and one of them was kneeling on his breast. It was at this juncture that Mooney came up; and he thought that he distinguished the voice of his landlord, as he shrieked in the last throes of fear and horror beneath the men; so twisting the thong of his heavy whip round his

hand, and winding it furiously about his head, he dashed to the spot, and before they were at all aware of his approach, he knocked the man who was kneeling on Cahill's breast senseless to the ground. The other two fled, without once looking to see by whom they were attacked; when Mooney alighting from his mare, and raising the man, almost stupified, from his perilous situation, found that indeed it was his landlord, Mr. Corny Cahill.

"Oh! God be praised," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered the use of his faculties, and found that he had been delivered from a frightful and horrid death.

"And is it yourself, Mr. Cahill," said Mooney, "that I'm after pursarvin' from destruction? just take my mare here, and go as fast as you can to my house, as it's the nighest and quietest, and stay there till I come to you."

"I will—I will," he said in an eager and agitated manner; "but watch that fellow—that assassin, and if he recovers, have him sent to prison, that we may hang him or make him inform on his comrades."

Mooney evaded a direct answer, but urging his landlord to fly, he added, "you know if they return, us both 'll be kilt 'ithout marcy; so dash on for the sake ov him who made me the instrument of saving you."

Cahill did not require a second intimation of the danger, but turned the horse's head about, and soon galloped out of sight.

Mooney looked at the man, who, to all appearance lay lifeless on the field beneath him. He opened his eyes, and slowly turned his head, as if to see was he alone; and getting up, he shook himself firmly into

his great coat, then putting his hand to his head, rubbed it awhile, as if to determine whether all was right or not; and, as if satisfied of the safety of his cranium, he turned towards Mooney, and in a tone half serious, half joking, said,

"Bryan Mooney, you should look afore you'd leap, and you should see who is undher your arm afore you'd sthrike with so heavy a hand; you were nigh murdherin' your own wife's first cousin that was, God rest her sowl."

"Good heavens! what brought you here, Paddy Roony? You'll be hanged for this night's work, that you will, as sure as a gun," exclaimed Mooney, horrified at beholding so near a relative in such a perilous situation: but Roony, who appeared to be particularly well acquainted with such scenes, looked perfect indifference.

"Mind your own bus'ness, Bryan Mooney," said he, "and let others mind theirs: and if you did, you'd have left that black-hearted villian in the hands that knew how to handle him."

"Paddy Roony, will you take a friend's advice, and never heed the blow I sthruick you, but just take yourself away as fast as you can, and never say you saw me," said Mooney,

"I forgive you in the regard of the blow," replied Roony; "but do you take a bit of advice in return. Niver agin intherfere in what doesn't consarn you. I'll take care that the boys don't disturb you on account of this night's work, so keep your timper about it yourself."

Roony then shaking him cordially by the hand,

bade him good night, and turned away. He was soon lost in the darkness as he passed down the field, and Mooney turned about and pursued his way home on foot.

On entering the house he found his landlord sitting at the fire beside his daughter, the young and blooming Kathleen, quite recovered from the effects and fright of the attack recently made upon him. He was profuse in his acknowledgements to Mooney for his deliverance; and it was agreed that he should stop there during the night. The next morning Cahill proceeded home, and for a length of time scarcely ever stirred out of his house by night. He made little or no noise about the attempt on his life; and it was scarcely known to any but the few individuals personally concerned in the transaction. However, another feeling, which contributed to distress old Mooney very much, seemed to have sprung up in the bosom of his landlord—a passion for the young and innocent Kathleen. Mooney was well aware that Cahill was one of the most profligate and abandoned of men; that his passions were ever his masters, and there was no sacrifice he would not make to gratify them. He could not expect that such a character could have honourable views or intentions towards his child; and he dreaded to desire him to keep away from his house, for his anger was desperate, and his revenge sure and deadly.

Day by day he came to Mooney's, and always endeavoured to come at a time when the old man and his son would be absent at their field labour. By slow and insidious ways he at first attempted to win a

favourable impression; then by degrees, growing more bold, he grew pressing and eager, and proceeded to take certain liberties with the person of the young and virtuous girl, which put her maiden modesty to the blush, and obliged her to complain to her father. Her soul abhorred him—she could not bear the false and disagreeable expression of his face; but, like the rest of her family, she dreaded his power, and feared to say any thing that could tend to irritate him. The father did not know what to do; but the brother, a fine manly young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, was determined, let what would be the consequence, to bring the affair at once to an issue, and end it. So the next visit Cahill paid, Maurice watched him; and pretending other business, quitted his father's side in the field, and proceeded by a circuitous route to the house. I have said before, it was placed in a lonely situation, a distance from the public road, and far away from every other habitation. As Maurice approached the house, the voice of his sister shrieking for assistance reached his ear, and he darted like an arrow to her help. The door was closed, and she within, shrieking in desperation. He rushed against the door, which gave way before him, and as he leapt in, he found Cahill, with his sister in his arms, and he endeavouring to force her into the room. Young Mooney seized him by the throat, and swinging him with a powerful arm to the other end of the house, stood between him and the panting girl; with eyes on fire, his whole frame maddened with rage and indignation.

“Monster!” he exclaimed, “is this the way you

[illegible]



Young Mooney seized him by the throat, and swinging him with a powerful arm to the other end of the house, stood between him and the panting girl; with eyes on fire, his whole frame maddened with rage and indignation—p. 12.

show your gratitude to my father's child, afther he rescuin' you from death—a death you desarved richly."

"Oh! Maurice! Maurice!" his sister exclaimed, bursting into tears, "it was God sent you to me."

Cahill stood petrified; he did not reply, and Maurice seizing him by the collar, was dragging him to the door. "Oh! sure you're not going to kill me," said he with a sneer.

"Go away, you villian," said Maurice; "you are not worth killing; but let you never come inside this door again," and he pitched him forth, and shut the door after him.

Cahill returned to his house, burning with disappointment and rage, and resolved upon revenge. It was then that he recollected that on the night on which his life was in danger, Maurice was absent from his father's house; and he immediately conceived the idea of impeaching him with the crime. Accordingly he proceeded to the next magistrate, and lodged informations against Maurice Mooney, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. Timely notice was conveyed to young Mooney, who at once absconded, and took refuge with a relative who lived at some distance.

Cahill was not thus to be foiled in his scheme of revenge, however, and finding that the son had escaped beyond the reach of his vengeance, he determined on venting his wrath on the father and daughter. Under pretence of arrears of rent and tithe, due by the elder Mooney, he at once seized on his cattle and furniture, and without a moment's delay had the former removed to the next market-town for sale by auction.

On the morning of the day on which Mooney's cattle were to be sold, large bodies of the peasantry were observed collecting in different parties on the heights surrounding the little town in the neighbourhood of which Cahill lived. They all seemed incited by some common purpose, and as they met, exchanged salutations, if not altogether silent, at least only consisting of a muttered "God save you," or "good morra." The majority of the multitude was composed of strong, able-bodied men, whose bent brows, and frowning features, had something very fearful in appearance, and yet there were women, and even children too, amongst them, each evidently accompanying a father or a husband. By degrees they continued to advance, till at length they assembled in considerable numbers at the market-place, and thronged up all the avenues surrounding the town. There they stood in little knots together, conversing in whispers, and keenly watching the proceedings of a military party, who occupied the centre round which they had collected. This last named body consisted of thirty mounted dragoons and a young officer, who were guarding the cattle seized from Mooney, together with some others which had been taken from neighbouring farmers for arrears of rent and tithes.

Cahill, fearing a rescue might be attempted, had previously applied for the protection of the military from an adjacent town. He had also gathered together as many of his friends and followers as he could collect, for the purpose of bidding for the cattle at the auction, and if necessary, of buying them in for himself. It was a strange and unusual sight in that little town ;

the armed troopers, with their proud and pawing war horses, eyeing with much appearance of hatred and distrust, the sullen dark body of men before them, and the loosely clad, athletic-limbed peasantry, gradually increasing in number, their silence resembling a deep volcano, ready to burst into fury and destruction. The deep, distinct buzz of voices, the lowing of the cattle, the snorting of the troopers' horses, and the clanging of their arms and accoutrements, that glittered in the noon-day sun, had a bustling and martial appearance, altogether new to the peaceable inhabitants of the town; who might be seen mingling amongst the crowd, and watching their movements with deep and fearful interest.

Cow after cow was set up, and yet there appeared no bidder; and at each failure the multitude nearest them set up a wild shout of derision, which was echoed by their companions in the rear, while the muttered curses of the troopers, and the impatient manner in which they checked the curvetting of their steeds, spoke of feelings and passions with difficulty restrained. At this period an individual mounted on a fine spirited horse, who had up to that time kept behind the military, slowly moved from behind and advanced to their front, as if anxious to gain their protection. His hat was pulled deeply on his brow, and his keen, suspicious eye glanced round about, with habitual caution, mingled with not a little fear. As soon as he made the movement, the whole multitude, seeing it was Cahill, seemed as if actuated but by one impulse: they drew closer to the dragoons, grasped their sticks firmly in their hands, and set up a

roar of hatred and invective absolutely frightful from its wild bitterness. Occasionally, too, curses loud and deep were heard above even their wildest shouts, such as "Bad loock attind you, you murdering procthor"—"Och, tin thousand curses descind on you, Mr. Cahill"—"Aitin' an' dhrinkin', sleepin' an' wakin', no pace to the vile informer, the black hearted villian." These execrations he heard with an evident shudder, and a deeper frowning of his dark and heavy eye-brows.

After a little, another cow was brought forward, but the voice of the setter up could not be heard, so loud had the murmured curses of the multitude arisen. However, Cahill's herd, by his directions, bid for it, and it was knocked down to him at a few shillings. As he endeavoured to drive it from the place where it was standing, a shower of execrations was poured upon him from the crowd, and several stones were flung by the party in the rere, one of which felled him to the earth, while another struck the young officer commanding the detachment. The troop immediately formed into line, facing the dark mass of infuriated human beings, whose demon shouts, and terrible curses, still made fearful uproar. while Cahill, now shaking like an aspen leaf, imploringly besought the military not to leave him exposed to their fury. The leader of the little troop having consulted for a moment or two with a grey-headed sergeant, the second in command, walked his horse slowly to the threatening front of the multitude, and desired them to disperse in quiet, or his men must fire upon them; upon which the mass opposite to where he stood opened a little, and an individual advancing from their uneven ranks, grasping a black-

thorn stick, stood within a few yards of the youthful commandant. He was a fine specimen of the bold and hardy peasant—his frame was firmly and regularly moulded, and the flashing of his proud eye told of a spirit that quailed not at the face of man.

“Sassenagh,” he began, “you ordher us to disperse in quiet, an’ it aint the fear ov yer swords or pistols ill make us obey; bud as we mane no harum to you or yours, iv you surrindhur to our keepin’ that thrimblin’ thraitor, Cahill, we’ll separate athout farther annoyin’ or intherruptin’ you.”

Here a loud cheer from his companions told that he had spoken their sentiments; and the being of whom he spoke, on hearing his demand, listened with intense eagerness, as if his welfare in this world and the next depended on the answer.

“Mr. Cahill,” answered the officer, “is here under my protection, and I dare not disobey my orders by deserting him. But, whether or no, I would not give him up to men seemingly thirsting for his blood. Again I desire you to disperse quietly—as you see we are well prepared to enforce obedience.”

A low scoffing sound proceeded from the dense body, as their leader answered—“Agin I tell you, we don’t dhread yer power, nor fear yer shinin’ arms; bud we must get a grip ov the thievin’ procthor that’s shiverin’ an’ shakin’ there forenint us—as unasy as a hin on a hot griddle.”

A hearty laugh passing through the crowd testified their enjoyment of his simile, and he continued in the same sneering tone—

“Just sind him acrass to us as we wish, an’ we’ll

trouble you wid no more ov our company. Don't you see how aiger we are to welcum him, an' the *omedhawn*, not knowin' his own intherest, thrying to avoid us."

"One word for all," was the reply, "while life lasts, I will never disobey my orders; Mr. Cahill is, and will be, safe from your murderous designs."

"Gintly, agra!" interrupted the peasant, still preserving his sneering manner, "you misundherstand us a thrifle. We don't mane to take his life, the coward! bud jist merely to lave our mark on him by way of tachein' him to behave betther for the future. Jist to sthrip him ov a taste ov his ugly nose or ears; bud by no manner ov manes to desthroy his beauty out and out, which takin' his life might chance to do. So don't you stan' in our way, an' it 'ill be a great improvemint to him intirely."

"Your insolent manner shall not sway me," was the rapid answer; "while I can wield a sword, he never shall be in your power."

"Then sorra a fut ye'll lave this till we saize him, an' no thanks to ye," impetuously exclaimed the spokesman, throwing off all reserve; upon which the blood rushed in a tumult to the young officer's cheek, and exclaiming, "insolent scoundrel, dare you threaten?" he made his horse spring forward to overturn the speaker; but he, bounding lightly aside, with one blow of his cudgel, given with lightning-like celerity, sent the uplifted sword many feet into the air, and retreated again to his party, while their shouts of exultation and defiance, seemed to rend the very skies. The whole mounted party upon this advanced, tho'

the peasantry did not move an inch, but the shouting ceased, and they remained in sullen silence, as if awaiting an attack. The officer, who had again recovered his sword, made a second effort to move the mob to obedience, but without effect; and as their menacing appearance was increasing every instant, he gave orders to his men to form a square with Cahill in the centre, and in this order they endeavoured to force their way through the ranks of their numerous opponents. For every inch of ground they moved, the whole multitude regularly advanced another; and as they left the town, and came upon the high road, they perceived that the fields on each side were filled with men, advancing as if to impede their progress. The dangers of the handful of troops seemed momentarily to increase; and the occasional shouts of the multitude sent a chill to the stoutest. As to the being they protected, he seemed almost paralysed with fear, and at every wild cry he shuddered, as if heard his death knell. At length they arrived at a part of the road which was deep and narrow, having a high wall on one side, and a thick hedge at the other. At this point the first symptoms of an attack began to manifest themselves, as a heavy shower of stones, and other missiles, descended on the troopers from each side of the road, while loud cries of "give him up, the monster"—"Turn out the bloody informer," &c. were heard above the loud hurroo with which the shower of missiles was accompanied. The escort suddenly stopped, unslung their carabines, and faced round to the crowd; when their officer again advanced a little,

and desired, nay, entreated them to retire. The same individual that had before held parley with him, who seemed their principal, if not their only leader, also advanced a little in front of his party, and made answer.

"Let us take ould Cahill, an' trate him as we plase, an' thin we'll retire athout molestin' you."

"You have already heard my sentiments on that point," was the determined answer, "he never shall be surrendered up."

"We tould you we didn't intind takin' his life, bud only a bit ov him, jist by the way ov a thriflin' keepsake," again quietly observed the peasant; "an' it 'ill be betther for you not to attempt to stop us, so take the thing asy, an' hand him over here."

"I perceive you are determined on violence," said the officer, retiring to the right of his own party, "and now, for the last time, desire you to depart, or I will order my men to fire."

A shower of stones more violent than the former one, was the answer to this last remark; on which he gave the words "ready," "present," in a cool, unshaken tone of voice. Ere the last fatal word passed his lips, he looked once more towards the crowd, and they all were stationary, seemingly wavering a little whether to advance or not, till the same voice that had spoken their sentiments shouted—

"Hurroo, boys, give the bloody sodgers another volley," and then another shower of stones flew like hail amongst the troopers. He hesitated no longer, but gave the word, "fire." There was a loud report, a bright flash, and three of the foremost of the assailants fell, desperately wounded; while their former

spokesman, who headed them, suddenly stopped in his career, clenched his outstretched hands, with convulsive violence, fell to the earth, his heart's blood gushing from the wound. Two or three others in the rear were also numbered amongst the killed or wounded—among the former was an elderly woman, who was a mere looker on as the crowd passed by, and although standing at a considerable distance, was struck by a ball in the forehead.

The sudden and effective volley from the soldiers appeared to have taken the entire multitude by surprise—they seemed actually paralysed and unnerved. They thronged round the bodies of their killed and wounded friends, gazing upon them with a kind of stupid stare. Some hastily retreated—others, but they were very few, made a movement as if for revenge; but the majority felt all their evil passions as if suddenly quelled by some unseen power, and with deep and bitter grief surrounded the body of their leader—lately exulting in the consciousness of strength, now a lifeless mass, cold, still, and feelingless! After some slight interruption, and a couple of harmless volleys, the soldiers were suffered to depart; and the younger and more hot-headed, who had followed them for the purpose of revenge, returned to their companions, crest-fallen and silent.

The dull and monotonous calm which succeeded, was infinitely more appalling than the former tumult—the loud wail of grief occasionally breaking the stillness which reigned—and again dying away in melancholy cadence. Not far from the spot where the leader, or spokesman of the party had fallen, lay three bodies in

the cold embrace of death. Two of them were males, and the third an aged female; her grey hairs straggled from beneath her clean white cap; and there was no disfiguring mark on her person, save a small blue spot in the centre of her forehead, where the bullet had entered, and from which a single drop of blood issued, and was now congealed and stationary. In the countenances of all the persons standing round, grief and consternation held alternate sway.

At the side of the aged female, stood a fine looking youth; his face was hidden in both his hands, but the tremulous workings of his athletic frame could be easily seen; low, heart-gushing groans occasionally burst from him, and a shudder would then pass over him, as if his soul within shrunk back appalled from the extent and reality of his grief. Before him stood, or rather knelt, a pale, anxious looking young woman with long dishevelled black hair, and soft dark eyes, now filled with tears, and at every shuddering of his frame, her pale lips parted, as though it were in uttering words of comfort.

"James!" said she, "James, *agra!* don't give up to id now so bitterly: you're not the only one that has lost on this dhreadful day; an' you should strive to conquer such violent grief."

He suddenly took both his hands from before his agonized features, and looking on her with much tenderness, feebly uttered—

"Lucy—me darlin' Lucy—God may bless you for your kindness to me, an' he will too; bud don't sthrive to change my sorrow into resignation, fur I'm too deeply afflicted for that."

"It'll do no good to be givin' way to such phrenzies," said she again; "it'll not alther things a bit, an' 'ill only make thim worse. James, do be more calm, an' don't shudder so fearfully as you do whin I spake: pluck up heart now, an' be thankful its no worse."

"No worse, Lucy," he bitterly repeated. "No worse! how could id be worse?—me mother, me poor ould mother! that nursed me on her lap, an' rared, an' brought me up with love an' affection, to be sthruck down afore my eyes—murdered—slain! a quiet crater, wid a heart so warm an' tindher, to be shot like a dog before her only son. Gracious father! I can't bear id—I can't bear id."

"James, dear James," hastily exclaimed Lucy, her eyes filling with tears; "now id brakes my very heart to listen to you. Oh, don't stare so wildly—don't look so desparin'. What can you do?—you know id's too late fur grievin'."

"Bud id's not too late for revinge!" interrupted he, starting up; "an' revinged I will be, iv I was to die for id:" then perceiving the gush of tears from her eyes, with which his last furious action was accompanied, he stooped, passed his hand round her waist, and gently lifting her up, continued—

"Oh, Lucy! my own young wife, you cannot, will not, ever know how she loved her son—how she watched me—every turn—how she studied to please me—how she made id the business of her life to make me happy: an' now, in her ould age, whin she was livin' undher my roof, an' atin' my male, to have her killed before my face—her! the poor ould cratur, that loved every thing she looked on. Oh, Lucy! iv you

knew her as I do, you might imagine the misery I feel, an' the deep revinge I am determined to have !"

He then slowly moved towards the group surrounding the other bodies, leading his young wife with him, and stood amongst them, without a single tear bedewing his cheek, while she wept plentifully ; but there was a nervous restlessness about him, and a moving of the muscles of the mouth, that he could not repress, and which spoke silently his deep and heartfelt emotion.

Litters of boughs were hastily constructed for the wounded, and others for the dead, and in less than an hour the entire group had departed. The calm sun still shone with unclouded beauty. All was peace below, and there was no mark, save here and there a small pool of black blood, to tell that human beings had not an hour before been writhing in the last dreadful agonies of departing life.

On the evening of the third day after that on which the occurrences narrated took place, in the interior of a large barn, that stood within a few miles of the spot, groups of men and women sat in different companies around the walls, which had been originally whitewashed, but to which time, the destroyer ! had then given a dingy appearance, suiting well with the gloomy aspect of the place. The light at the upper end was very brilliant, while the lower came under the expressive denomination of "darkness visible ;" the effect of the entire was fine—one half of the figures distinctly seen, and the other sitting in the deep shade, save when now and then a pale ray of moon-light streaming through the

open door, lit up their rugged features. It was a scene only to be met with in our native land—a genuine Irish wake! At the upper end of the barn, supported on a low hastily constructed frame, lay the body of the young man, the spokesman of the party, “dacinly dhressed wid clane linen,” and already placed in the coffin. The features were strongly marked and regular, bearing no trace of agony or torture; but they looked doubly pale from the bright glare of eleven candles placed at regular distances, on either side. The lid was laid athwart the coffin, so as to form the appearance of a cross, and on a bright plate in its centre was rudely engraven, “Bryan Murphy, aged 27.” On the lid were several saucers, containing pipes, tobacco, and snuff, which, as soon as emptied, were regularly replenished; and that was pretty often, as at a wake every peasant takes care to fill his horn snuff-box and tobacco pouch, these being luxuries he does not meet with every day. Four or five aged females were seated about the coffin, conversing in low tones, and sometimes giving utterance to a deep, melancholy, and by no means unmusical wail, as the merits of the deceased chanced to come under discussion. They were the keeners, but were not then employed in their vocation, as they were talking of the circumstances under which Bryan had met his death, and hazarding various conjectures as to whether it would be revenged. Large jugs of punch, composed of the “raal stuff,” that “niver grew wake at the sight ov a murdherin’ gauger,” were occasionally handed round by the more youthful of the party; and many a comely “boy,” and black-eyed “colleen,”

was sitting apart from the group, and "coortin away quite cozily;" their parents, in the mean time, perhaps pledging each other to the happiness of the young folk—that is when no obstacle intervened, and when the boy, besides being "clane an' likely," was steady and industrious, while the colleen, "havin' got the dacint rarin an' bringing up, an' the idication," in addition to it was careful and thrifty, besides "havin' a thrifle of goold" to purchase a cow or pig. The occasional exclamation of "Arrah, Jim, be aisy!" uttered half pettishly, half in good humour, whenever it reached the ear of the elder portion, caused a smile to pass over their quiet features; and the feeling that prompted that smile, often stealing to their hearts, reminded them of their own young days, to which era they looked back with pride, and a something like regret. About the centre of the barn, on an elevated seat, was Murdock, the blind piper, and near him almost all the youth of both sexes were posted. They were busily engaged in supplying him with punch, knowing from experience that when a trifle elevated he played with double vigour; and sure enough, having drank as much as would float a small navy, he seized his pipes, and after one or two discordant symphonies, began "the wind that shakes the barley." A tight-limbed boy immediately bounded forward, half leading, half dragging a cherry-cheeked and seemingly reluctant girl; and then with a kind of introductory or animating whoop, began "tatterin' away fur the bare life." His partner, the moment she "felt the boord undher her," lost all affectation of modesty, and "welted the flure" with as much rapidity of motion,

and precision, as if her life depended on keeping time. Then the shouts of "hurroo, the little darlin'"—"maybe she doesn't throosh it in style"—throth, she'll tire you"—the laughter, and good-humoured taunts occasionally interchanged—made it appear one merry-making scene, as if such a thing as grief were not in the world. But by degrees the shouts grew less and less frequent, laughter less loud; and when the cessation of the music told that the dance had ended, each swain led his drooping partner to a seat. The elder party as they passed them by, pleasantly remarking—"Deuce take the boy in the counthry aquil to him, any how"—"Jist obsarve the purty crathur athout the sign of hate on her, an' she affther tirin' down a pair ov them—musha, good loock attind her!"—while a thought of what they formerly had accomplished themselves, gave their faces a placid serene expression.

The bustle and laughter now grew more and more boisterous as the potteen began to be profusely distributed, till suddenly every sound of merriment ceased, and every eye was fixed intently on a figure that stood for a moment at the opened door, with the moonlight streaming full on her white dress, and who then slowly approached the coffin, speaking not as she passed along. It was Ellen Murphy, the wife of the deceased, who when her husband was brought home, all pale and bloody, seemed as if she had received a death-stroke—she did not utter a single exclamation—did not shed a single tear, but one heart-breaking sob burst from her quivering lips, and she fell into the arms of her brother, senseless, and seemingly without

life. She had remained in that state during the two days that, according to custom, they kept the body, the slightest breathing alone telling that she yet lived; and the surprise of all may well be conceived at seeing her entering the barn. Her attendant had stolen to take a "peep at the fun," and at that precise moment awaking from her stupor, every thing was revealed to her at one instant's thought, so rising from her bed, she hastily huddled on some loose clothing, and appeared as has been described.

Her head now bent over the pale, fixed features of her husband, and her long coal-black hair, dishevelled and unbound, floated along the white drapery that shrouded the body of the dead. A thick choking sob, with a low wail of bitter grief, occasionally burst from her lips, and at length raising her head, she flung back her dark hair, and revealed her pale and marble features, agonized and full of deep distress: then she began a wild chaunt or keening in her native tongue, her body swaying to and fro "like a reed shaken by the wind," as if in harmony with her song of grief. The conclusion of each sentence was caught up by the keeners on each side, and prolonged with a deep and melancholy cadence:—

"Oh! husband of my heart! you have left me now in sorrow—I mourn beside thy cold form."—"My heart is breaking—it will soon cease to beat, and I'll be laid low."—"Beside my love I'll rest ere long, and the green grass will grow above my head."—"Strong was your arm in the fight, and yet your heart was soft—you would not harm a child."—"Proud was I once to be your choice, but now you are cold and dead,

ullah!"—"I'll never see thy smile again, to warm me like the summer noon-day sun."—"Your little child will cry out 'Father,' but you will not be there to stop his mouth with kisses."—"You have gone from me for ever. I care not for life, since you cease to live."—"Oh! pulse of my heart! I will not live to see thy name forgotten: we will rest in the same deep silent grave, ullah."

There was something irresistibly touching in her overwhelming grief, and in the pathos of her melancholy chaunt, that gradually became lower and lower, till at length, with one wild prolonged, quivering wail from the keeners, it entirely died away, and all again was silence. Then after a little commenced the buzz of voices, and at intervals the merry laugh—for such is the mercurial nature of the Irish feelings, that sadness rests upon them only for a season. But the dance was not again resumed, neither was the buzz so loud as before, as "it wouldn't be dacent afore the widow." She—poor bereaved one! sat like a statue, unmindful of all around her—life, passion, and feeling all concentrated in one wistful gaze upon the features of the silent dead: he was her all, and without him she felt that she was alone in the world—alone and in misery.

Bryan Murphy was decently interred on the following day, and his afflicted widow survived him but a very few months.

It has already been mentioned, that the younger Mooney, immediately after his rencounter with Cabill in his father's cottage, had gone off to reside with a relative in a distant part of the country, but through

the means of a letter directed for his father, which Cahill had intercepted, his retreat was discovered, and from information conveyed to him through his friends, it became necessary for him from time to time to change his abode. Hearing of the state of things at home, and how Cahill was persecuting his unoffending parent and sister—the bitterest feelings of hatred and revenge took possession of his soul, and he at once resolved on returning to the neighbourhood of his former residence, in order to join himself with the party who have been described as making the attack on Cahill at the time he was rescued by his father. The better to prevent recognition, he endeavoured to alter his general appearance as much as possible, as he feared the reward offered for his apprehension might induce some of his former neighbours to give notice to the authorities of his return to his own district. He had been for some months absent, and on a fine clear night, in the month of January, 1830, once more came within sight of scenes with which he was well acquainted—every stunted tree and bramble bush seemed to be replete with early recollections. As he came suddenly, in one of the turnings of the narrow path, to the edge of a stream which ran through the valley that lay before him, he perceived two wild looking figures sitting composedly on its opposite bank, at the very place where he should land from the last stepping-stone. They were both rather low sized, but very muscular, and were clad in the white frize jacket generally worn, while two caps of fur, evidently of their own rude manufacture, were pulled deeply over their brows, and nearly concealed their features.

Though his approach must have been perceived, they did not move a limb ; and as he stepped from one stone to another, till he stood upon the last one, the silence continued perfectly unbroken. At length the young man gave them the general salutation of—

“ God save you boys.”

To which they both answered, “ God save you kindly, *agragal*,” without moving an inch.

“ Would you be pleased to move a little aside, and allow a stranger to pass ?” again he asked.

“ An’ might a dacint boy ax for what id you be wantin’ to pass here athout offendin,’ ” was the reply.

“ A gleam of indignation at being thus questioned, for a moment lit up his proud dark eye, but subduing his rising choler, he answered,

“ My business has nothing to do with you or yours, but by what right do you thus question me ?”

“ Maybe we have a right, and maybe we haven’t,” was the ready answer: bud, anyhow, divil recave the fut you’ll pass till we know your business ; seein’ as how you might be an informer, or a gager, comin’ still huntin,’ though to spake thruth, you havn’t mooch the cut iv aither.”

“ Well then,” said the youth, smiling involuntary at the rude compliment, “ I have travelled many a weary mile, to look once more on the home where I was born, and yonder valley is the spot.”

“ An’ might a body ask what was the name the priest (bless his rev’rence !) gev you when he threw his hand acrass you ?”

“ Ah then, boys dear, Maurice Mooney was never the one to deny his name to friend or foe, and I sup-

pose you have heard of that in this part of the country afore now."

As if frantic with joy, they both bounded up, and with a hurroo that was revebrated with many a wild echo, flung their caps and sticks into the air, shouting, "its himself, the darlin', that didn't forget the cabin where he was rared, nor the father that giv him birth, and is just come back among us to see himself righted. Hurra Maurice Mooney for iver," and so saying, they set out on a smart trot along the river side, telling Maurice to follow them; nor did they once stop to draw breath, tho' having to go a considerable distance, till they arrived at the entrance of a low hut or *sheeling*, built in the rudest and most careless manner, seeming, in fact, dug out of the mossy and ivy clad bank that bent nearly over it. With one dash of the leader's foot the door flew open, and in he bounded, his companion and Maurice quickly following; when to the surprise of the latter, who should he perceive advancing from an inner or sleeping apartment, but a form he well knew, his own father; as the wood fire suddenly lighted up the entire group, he and young Maurice stood for a moment gazing at each other without the power of utterance; at length, the younger ejaculating, "Gracious Heaven, my father!" bounded forward, and hung upon his neck. The mutual embrace was passionate and fervid; and the father's broken ejaculations of "God bless and presarve my boy, that didn't forget the ould home! Oh! I'm wake wid the joy ov seein' you! I could cry like a child, &c.," were affecting in the extreme. It was altogether a most extraordinary and impressive scene; the red glare of the

fire giving it a peculiarly wild appearance. The father and son folded in each others arms, and the two followers looking on with joy in their rugged features. "Oh ! Maurice, *avic ma chree !*" exclaimed the father, evidently bowed down with heart-felt anguish, "iv you knew the threatment I have had to bear—if you knew the sorrow an' the sufferin' your poor father wint through since you left us, the very heart id bleed within you. Afther being turned out of my house and home, where I once had pace, an' happiness, an' joy, and knowing that you were a brandid outlaw, wid a mark upon your head, an' a price upon your blood, and myself denounced as a rebel, and my own lovely daughter carried away I know not where. Do you think I could endhure such wrongs, and endhure them patiently ? Oh, no ! oh, no ! my dhrame day and night was a dhream of revenge. I thought ov Corny Cahill ! I knew it was he did it all. I met some ould followers ov ours, some nights ago, and we burned his house, his wheat, an' all ; but the ould villian himself again escaped ; or he had with him in his house a number of the peelers, who defended it gallantly, and though we burned it over their heads, the black-hearted villian got out of the windy before the boys had gained an entrance, and so he made his escape. I sint for you, an' thought of hidin' here till you would cum, thin to fly to any distant place, as the blood-hounds will soon be on our thrack."

The whole expression of the old man's face here became changed, and its absolutely frightful look of ferocity, had an appalling contrast with the pale, determined, anxious features of his son.

"Oh, father!" young Maurice had just commenced, "where is my sister, my own dear sister," the tremor of his voice telling his anguish at the recital he had heard, when the door burst open, and one of the followers who had recently quitted them, rushed in, gasping with haste, and father and son, with one impulse darted from the *sheeling*, as he cried "away, away, the soldiers are on the mountain wid one of Cahill's min leading thim on."

Maurice followed his father into the depths of the valley, who fled as rapidly as if he had the spring of youth in his veins, when suddenly they were both seized by the nervous grasp of two men who rushed from a thick hedge nearly opposite their path. They attempted to make some resistance, but were soon overpowered, as three or four more advanced on them from the same cover, other soldiers coming up to the assistance of their comrades, and binding the hands of both, they proceeded slowly and cautiously along, two of the party guarding the father, who was a little in advance, and the others, about ten in number, and well armed, round the son. When arrived at the ford of the river, a slight embarrassment took place, and one of the party crossed singly, for the purpose of reconnoitering. Having reported that all was silent on the opposite bank, he again joined his comrades, and the old man with his guards was ordered to cross first. They landed without interruption, and had proceeded a little way forward, when, as if by magic, two figures sprung from a bunch of bramble at their side, and a single blow from each levelled the two guards. The elder Mooney was then caught up

in the arms of one of them, a powerful young man, and carried rapidly down the course of the stream, the trampling of his conductors' feet alone breaking the silence observed by one through surprise, and by the other through caution. The whole transaction, which did not occupy an instant, was seen by the party behind, and in the same moment several carabines sent their bullets whizzing through the air in the direction in which they fled, while three or four of the soliders rapidly crossed the stream to give chase. They ran down for some distance, and then stopped to listen, and heard the crackling of the bramble bushes on the opposite side to which they were. Conceiving that the pursued had again recrossed the stream, they dashed, without delay, into the water, but having beat about for nearly an hour without discovering any trace, they again joined their comrades. Then all, with their remaining prisoner, slowly and watchfully marched along the rugged mountain path. Their caution was needless, as they met with no further interruption.

Mooney's athletic bearer never lagged in speed till, after passing many a deep and soft morass, and dashing through many a bramble hedge, they arrived at the centre of the mountain. Then letting down his rescued charge, he drew a long breath, and flinging his blackthorn in the air he caught it in its fall, gave it a twirl, though not a menacing one, round Mooney's head, and shouted "och, the darlin' *shillelagh*, that laid thim pair of spalpeens nate an' clane on their backs, atbout sayin' by yer lave, or given' thim any thing to break their fall. But bedad, I'm thinkin' we'd

betther be movin'; my companion 'ill be afther us, as I just sint him to mislade thim a bit, the set iv *omed-havens*."—then leading the way up the mountain, he was passively followed by Mooney, who hardly spoke, save in monosyllables, so bewildered was he by the suddenness of his rescue, and anguished by the capture of his son. His guide seeing him not disposed to be talkative, strode on, occasionally chaunting with stentorian lungs—

"Hurroo fur the sweet shillelagh oh!
That laid the bloody peelers low.

Hurroo, hurroo," &c. &c.

till the rocks about them rang with a hundred echoes.

The next evening, about dusk, a party consisting of four mounted dragoons, passed along the high road, towards Carlow, with a prisoner, strongly bound, walking in their centre. It was the younger Mooney whom they were leading to jail, having left their comrades behind to try and recapture his father. They advanced but slowly in consequence of their captive not being mounted, who was frequently urged forward in cruel caprice by the corporal commanding the detachment. It was almost dusk, and they were yet some miles from their destination, and they loudly murmured against their absent captain for not allowing the prisoner a horse. As they entered a part of the road over which the trees seemed actually to meet, they closed nearer to each other, and seemed to have a foreboding that all was not right—when on a sudden their horses bounded from the earth as if startled by a thunder clap, and their riders felt their hearts sink within them at a wild shout, which seemed to

proceed from an hundred throats. They stopped, as if hesitating what course to pursue, when each trooper felt himself firmly grasped from behind by a pair of brawney arms, whose owners had dropped from the trees overhead, directly behind them, and at the same moment others bounding over the hedge, seized their horses' heads, and with wonderful celerity deprived them of their arms. The next moment the elder Mooney, who had led the rescue, was by the side of his son, who was freed and unbound, while his companions were busily engaged in binding the troopers.

The arms of the four being tied behind their backs, Maurice gave orders that they should be allowed to depart unhurt, but that they should retrace their steps on the road which they had just passed, as they were then near where assistance might easily be procured. They turned their horses round, and were just setting off, when the last, an ill-looking villain, by a sudden wrench, freed one of his arms, and drawing from his bosom a pistol, which had been over-looked in the search, shouted, "for one of the rebel's hearts," and pulling the trigger, spurred his horse, and with his companions darted off with the speed of light. The elder Mooney flinging his arms wildly upwards, hiccupped violently, and with one low groan fell lifeless into his son's arms.

Returning again to the first scene of outrage—on the morning after the destruction of Cahill's house and property, several parties of police and military scoured the country, searching the houses of suspected individuals—among others, that of a young man named Owen Duncan, who lived in a cottage

which he had erected in a valley on the opposite side of the mountain chain on which Mr. Cahill's house was situated. He was a tenant of Cahill's, and through the badness of the times and the low price of all kinds of cattle and corn, he had run into arrears with his landlord; Cahill, who had amassed a considerable portion of his wealth by selling off the cattle of his tenantry, and taking possession of their farms, after years of toil and considerable sums of money having been expended upon them—without the slightest remorse had seized upon *poor Bess*, the last remaining cow of the unfortunate Owen Duncan, who had been but a short time previously married to an interesting girl, the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood. The seizure had taken place but a day or two previous to the time at which the attack had been made on Cahill's house, and on which occasion one of the police had been shot. From these circumstances he was naturally suspected to have formed one of the party who had accompanied Michael Mooney, and this suspicion was strengthened by the circumstance of his having borrowed a gun from the gamekeeper of a neighbouring gentleman, as he said, to shoot hares on the adjacent mountain; it was rendered still stronger by his absence from home when the police called at his dwelling. In fact, the report of the police to the magistrate was, that he had absconded. His wife Ellen was in a miserable state of mind, her whole soul was tortured with conflicting emotions. Owen's long absence, as well as his borrowing the gun, seemed to bespeak his guilt; and yet, when she recollected the gentleness of his manner

and his hitherto blameless life, she could not deem him so, no matter how circumstances seemed against him. But then, the harrowing idea that it *might be*, came in to blast her hopes, and her state of suspense was one of deep and acute misery.

She was sitting alone ; the fire had almost entirely gone out. With her head bent forward and her hands clasped tightly round her knees, her body was swaying to and fro, as if the agitation of her mind would not allow of its repose. Her eyes were dry, but red from former weeping ; and she was occasionally muttering, " Nō, nō, he can't be guilty"—"Owen commit a murdher !—It must be an unthruth !—he nevir would do it." Gradually, as she thus thought aloud, her motions became more rapid, her cheeks were no longer dry ; when the light that entered through the open door becoming suddenly shaded, she turned round, and raising her tearful eyes to question the intruder ; the next moment she sprang eagerly forward, and hung on his neck, for it was Owen himself.

"Oh, heaven be praised," she joyfully exclaimed, "yer come back at last, to give the lie to all their reports, an' to prove yer innocence."

"Ellen, my darlint," he answered, "I knew you'd be glad to get me back," and he kissed again and again her burning lips ; "but what do you mane, acushla ?—What reports do you spake ov, an' ov what am I accused ?"

"Oh, thin, Owen, I'm glad you didn't even hear ov id ; an' the poliss here sarchin' the house to make you pres'ner. Shure, avick, the house of Mr. Cahill that sazed poor *Black Bess*, was burned over his head, and

one of the poliss was murdered the very night you wint to shoot the hares ; an' on account ov yer bor-ryin' the gun, an' threatenin' Mr. Cahill the day of the sale, they said it was you that done id ; bud I giv thim all the lie, fur I knew you wor innocent. Now, Owen, a higur, you look tired, sit down, an' I'll get you some-thin' to ate. Och, bud I'm glad that ye returned safe !"

The overjoyed wife soon heaped fresh turf on the fire, and partly blowing, partly fanning it into a flame, hung a large iron pot over it, from a hook firmly fixed in the wall. While these preparations were going forward, Owen laid aside his rough outside coat, and going to the door, looked out, as if in irresolution.

"Ellen," at length said he, turning suddenly round, "I'm thinkin' that I'd betther go to the poliss barrack an' surrindher—or rather, see what they have to say agin me ; as I'm an innocent man, I've no dhread ; an' if I wait till they come an' take me, it'll look as if I was afeared."

"Thrue fur you, agra," she answered ; "bud it's time enough yit a bit—no one knows ov yer bein' here. You look slaved, an' had betther rest yerself, an' ate a bit of something before you go."

"Ellen," said he, "since I saw you last, I wint through a dale ov hardship : an' I little thought, on my return, that I'd be accused ov so black a crime."

"Och, shure enough, Owen darlint ; but I hope it'll be all fur the best. I little thought I'd see the day that you'd be suspected ov murder."

"Well, Ellen aroon, all's in it is, it can't be helped. Bud as I was sayin'—whin I lift this, I cut across by

Shemus Doyle's, an' so up into the mountain, where I knew the hares were coorsin' about in plenty. I shot two or three ov thim; an' as night began to fall, I was thinkin' ov comin home, whin I heerd the barkin' ov a dog a little farther up, in the wild part, where I niver venthured afore. I dunna what prompted me to folly id; bud, any how, I did, an' wint on farther an' farther. Well, Ellen agra, I at last come to a deep valley, full up a'most of furze an' brambles, an' I seen a black thing runnin' down the edge ov id. It was so far off, I thought it was a hare, an' so I lets fly, an' it rowled over an' over. Whin I dhrew near, what was it bud a purty black spaniel; an' you may be shure I was sorry fur shootin' it, an' making such a mistake. I lays down the gun, an' takes id in my arms, an' the poor cratur licked the hand that shot id. Thin suddenly there comes up three strhrange min, an' sazin' me as if I wor a child, they carrid me down wid thim, cursin' an' abusin' me all the way. As they made me take a solemn oath not to revale what I saw there, I can't tell you any more, bud they thrated me badly, an' it was only yestherday I escaped."

"Well, Owen, a hagur, we ought to be thankful that you're back here safe; bud do you think the magisthrates will be satisfied with this story—they are always anxious to do justice, but they must be satisfied."

"In throth, they are, machree; bud shure I'll sware to id; an', besides, you know, the raal murderer may be discovered—for God never lets it, ov all other crimes, go athout punishment. An' now I'll jist go to the barracks at onst, and be out ov suspinse."

Ere Duncan had concluded this sentence, the tramp of feet was heard outside, and in a few seconds the cabin was full of armed men, who came to take him prisoner. He had been seen entering his cabin; and they immediately, as soon as they could muster a party, set out to make him captive. As he was known to most of them, and did not make the slightest attempt at resistance, they treated him gently, but bound his hands firmly behind his back, and took every necessary precaution. Though Ellen, while it seemed at a distance, had conversed calmly about his surrender, she was violently agitated at the appearance of the armed force. She clung to her husband's knees, and refused to depart from him, wildly screaming, "He's innocent! My husband's innocent!" and when all was prepared, she walked by his side to the magistrate's house, (a distance of three miles) her choking sobs and burning tears attesting the violence of her uncontrolled feelings. A short examination was gone through there; and the circumstantial evidence that was adduced made the case look very serious. One man positively swore, that he had seen Duncan pass by in the morning, in the direction of Mr. Cahill's house, and that he was armed with a gun. His only cow having been seized by Cahill, a threat that he was heard uttering, and his absence from home, were duly commented on; and finally, he was committed to prison to abide his trial at the ensuing Assizes. While all this was going forward, Ellen's emotions were agonizing. She stared wildly at the magistrate and the two witnesses; and as the evidence was proceeded with, she sometimes hastily put back her hair, as if

she thought she were under the influence of a dream. But when his final committal was made out, and her mind glanced rapidly at the concurrent testimony, and the danger of Owen, she rushed forward, and flinging her arms round him, wildly exclaimed—

“They sha’n’t part us—they sha’n’t tear us asunder! No, no, Owen, I will go wid you to preson! Oh, is id come to this wid us?—You to be dhragged from home, accused ov murdher—and I—I—Father of mercies, keep me in my sinuses—I’m goin’ mad—wild, wild mad!”

“Ellen!” said Owen, gently unwinding her arms, and kissing her forehead, while a scalding tear fell from his eye on her cheek—“Ellen, asthore machree! don’t be overcome. There’s a good girl, dhry yer eyes. That God that knows I’m guiltless, ’ill bring me safe through all. May his blessin’ be on you, my poor colleen, till we meet agin! You know you can come an’ see me. Heaven purtect you, Ellen, a lanna!—Heaven purtect you!”

When he was finally removed, she seemed to lose all power, and but for the arm of a bystander would have fallen to the ground. It was not without assistance that she was at length enabled to reach her cabin.

It is strange how man’s feelings and powers are swayed by outward circumstances, and how his pride and strength may be entirely overcome by disheartening appearances! So it was with Owen; although constantly visited in prison by his faithful wife—although conscious of his own innocence—and although daily receiving assurances of hope from a numerous

circle of friends—yet still his spirit drooped; the gloom of imprisonment, the idea of danger, the ignominy of public execution, and all the horrors of innocent conviction, gradually wore away his mental strength; and when the assize time approached, he was but a thin shadow of the former bluff, healthy Owen Duncan. In so short a time as this, can care and harrowing thought exhibit its influence on the human frame!

Never was there a finer or more heavenly morning than that which ushered in the day of trial. The court-house was crowded to suffocation, the mob outside fearfully numerous, and never before, perhaps, was the town in which the assizes was held, in such a state of feverish excitement.

A batch of Irish tithe arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong party of police, principally those who were supposed to have attacked Mr. Cahill's house. Many was the execration poured forth on landlords and tithe proctors as they passed by to the jail, bound with ropes and with buckles to the common cars of the country—some of them badly wounded too, a half-healed broken brow, or tied up arm, giving vivid evidence of the fact.

But, although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painful, the appearance of Owen Duncan was peculiarly striking, his features were comely, and full of goodness and gentleness. His clear blue eye was neither sulky, nor savage, nor reckless, but seemed to express only great awe of his situation, unless when, from some sudden mental recurrence to home—perhaps it quailed or be-

came suffused with tears. The murder of the policeman was as nought in the minds of all, in comparison with Duncan's accusation. The former was an occurrence of too frequent repetition, to be *very much* thought of; but the latter—namely, Owen's being suspected—was a subject of the extremest wonder. His former high character—his sobriety—his quietness, and his being a native of the town, in some measure accounted for this latter feeling; and there was an inward conviction in most men's minds, that he was guiltless of the crime of which he was accused.

By twelve o'clock next day four of the men, including Owen Duncan, were placed at the bar of their country; three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. Although the court-house was crowded, yet when the prisoner was called to the bar, a pin could be heard to drop in any part of the place. There was a single female figure leaning on the arm of an aged and silver-haired, though hale and healthy countryman, within a few feet of the dock; and as the prisoner advanced, and laying his hand on the iron railing, confronted the judges in the court, she slowly raised the hood of the cloak, in which she was completely muffled, and gazed long and earnestly on his face. There was in that wistful look a fear—a hope—an undying tenderness; and when his eye met hers, there was a proud, yet soft and warm expression in its glance, that re-assured her sinking heart. As she looked round on the court, and the many strange faces, and all the striking paraphernalia of justice, a slight shudder crept silently o'er her frame, and she

clung closer to her companion, as if to ask for all the protection he could afford. It was Ellen and her father, who came, the former summoned as a witness, and the latter to accompany and support the daughter of his aged heart.

Duncan was arraigned; and on being asked the usual question of "guilty, or not guilty?" he answered in a calm, clear voice, "Not guilty, my Lord!" and the trial proceeded. The same evidence that was given at the magistrate's house was a second time repeated; and the police, one and all, from some strange mistake—for surely they thought they were in the right—distinctly deposed that his was the hand which slew one of their force, and badly wounded another. In vain did he protest with the energy of a young man pleading for his life; in vain did his fellow-prisoners support him; he and they were found guilty in common; but his fate was the terrific one—of him the example was to be made; and while the other men were only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to be hanged by the neck within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the judge ushered in the last words of his sentence, a shriek—a woman's shriek—and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the silent court-house, and then a heavy fall. Owen Duncan had been rolling from side to side during his sentence; at the soul shrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy; his hands which had grasped the bar of the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise; the blood mounted to his very forehead; his lips parted widely, and, having loudly shouted out—"Ellen!

Ellen !” he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock—obviously no impulse to escape dictated the action ; he wanted to raise his wife from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his arms—and that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of another, became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus impeded, however, he was easily secured, and instantly let down, through a trap-door in the bottom of the dock, to his “condemned cell,” continuing till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us to call out, “Ellen, my beloved Ellen.”

One of the counsel in the case, having good reason from the confession of one of the party who had turned king’s evidence, to believe that Owen Duncan was innocent, at once formed the resolution if possible to obtain a commutation of the sentence, and resolved on hearing what the wounded policeman, who knew Owen, might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, and, even though his evidence might be favourable, he must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the judge would leave our town that day. He, and another friend, an attorney, set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded policeman that Owen Duncan was not the man who had wounded him. He knew him well, and he did not think he was present on the occasion at all. The next business was to convey the new evidence into town ; they did so, in a carriage

borrowed from a gentleman in the neighbourhood. He was confronted with the prisoners, and cautioned to say nothing that might give a false hope to the object of interest; but after leaving the cell he persisted in exculpating him from having either killed his comrade or wounded himself, and moreover, pointed out the real culprit among those who had been put upon their trial, and who much resembled Duncan.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit embodying this fact with the evidence of the two convicted persons, was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped in his expenses for the road by some friends, started for Dublin, as fast as four horses could gallop. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. The good attorney must do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to have an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be emerging into eternity. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the judge, and after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached, it was a thing to be done. Next morning Duncan's friend, the counsellor, who resided in the neighbourhood, called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell. He was a gentleman of most amiable character; and stated "his poor penitent" was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young wife.

Early on the second morning the black flag was

waving over the door of the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution. Counsellor H—— having sent his name to the governor of the prison, was admitted, first, into the outer yard, then by the guard-room door, into the inner courts of the jail. Counsellor H—— had gone to intreat the Sheriff (whom he knew, and who was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came; they spoke in whispers, though there was not a creature to overhear them. The Sheriff agreed at his peril to make any change in the hour; and his eyes brightened with real benevolence, while he put back his watch three quarters of an hour, and asseverated that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, “and let them hang himself for his mistake.” This point arranged, one o’clock struck! The governor, pale and agitated, appeared making a sad signal to the sheriff; he was shown the infallible watch, and retired again without a word. All was silence around, save some most melancholy, most appalling sounds; one caused by the step of the sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison; another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his spiritual comforter, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison. The minutes flew. The governor

appeared again. The sheriff entered the prison with him, but in a few minutes the governor came out, bareheaded, and with tears on his cheeks. The clergyman and his penitent followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and both were praying audibly. At this moment Owen Duncan had passed the threshold into the yard, with a firm step, his knees kept peculiarly stiff, as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eyes widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going to the execution-room, straight on before him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and the clergyman, also bareheaded, Counsellor H—— snatched his hat from his head. The action attracted attention, their glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered! The unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, in that otherwise lonely court-yard, seemed to have touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic vision of heaven. As he faltered, the young minister passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees and knelt with him, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity. The governor, the sheriff, and the counsellor, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. At this instant all were startled, while they knelt, by the shrieks of Ellen, as it afterwards proved,

at the outer gates; she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail insisting on seeing Owen and dying with him—and then there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, as the attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise, was observed in the distance—The result was that Ellen and Owen, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented couple, the government having kindly consented to allow of this arrangement, and a number of persons in the town who had full confidence in Owen's innocence, having kindly made up a small sum to enable them to get forward in a foreign land.

With the close of the proceedings at the assizes, two of the party having been sent out of the country, and others imprisoned for a longer or shorter period, there appeared to be a cessation of the outrages which had for months previously kept the country in a continual state of excitement and alarm. Mr. Cahill got his house re-built—and in about five or six months the attendance of the police to protect his person and property was dispensed with, not being considered any longer requisite. Things thus continued for about a year from this date, and not the slightest suspicion existed in the minds of Mr. Cahill or his friends that any feelings of enmity or revenge existed against him—as from the time of the assizes he was observed to be very much altered in his manner and conduct towards the tenants residing on the properties over which he had authority. About three miles from his

house, on the side of a rocky hill, there resided for some years an old woman named Nanny Boyd, who, although having the general reputation of being a witch or spae-woman, was considered inoffensive and harmless. Her residence was a hut or cabin, standing in a bleak and lonely situation on the mountain side—a more desolate looking spot could not well be imagined, the eye having nothing to rest on save the wild heath and fern which covered the rocks, in the midst of which, the hut was erected. Her character as a witch, and the dreariness of the place, had the effect of deterring any of the neighbouring peasantry from intruding on her abode, or even passing close by it after nightfall. In this miserable cabin, about a year and a half from the time the assizes had been held, a number of persons congregated together. It was evident, however, from their familiarity with Nanny Boyd, and other circumstances, that this was not the first time they had met in this place. The rude joke, and boisterous laugh, at once declared their characters. The cabin consisted of but one small apartment, in the centre of which blazed a huge fire of dried peat. The smoke sought egress where it might, but still left a sufficient canopy over the heads of the occupants, as completely to hide the dingy and charred rafters, though it did not seem in the slightest degree to annoy the optical powers of any one, so accustomed were they all to this kind of atmosphere. Round the fire were seated several who appeared as if engaged in some noisy and angry disputation. However, this did not prevent the bottle from being freely passed amongst them; and so cordial were they in embracing

it, that Nanny, who sat a little apart, was often called on to replenish it with mountain-dew. On a table or dresser that stood by the wall, were three or four large pistols, an old sword or two, and a few rusted bayonets: piled against it were also two large muskets, evidently kept with more care than the rest of the arms, for they were brightly polished, and of a superior description. A couple of powder-horns, a tin box containing shot and bullets, and a large iron mallet, used in breaking open doors, completed the array.

"Come, Nanny acushla, give us another dhrop ov that you gev us last," exclaimed one, whose rolling eyes gave token of approaching intoxication; "you're not used to be sparin', an' considherin' the way you get id, needn't be so—eh? Dick what do you say to another dhrink?"

"Game to the last," answered the man addressed—"never refuse it."

"Why, Nanny," observed a low but muscularly formed man, who seemed from his manner to exercise some slight command amongst his associates, "what's the matter wid you to-night? sure we're goin' to do what you've long been axin' us; an' what you first gev us lave to meet here for—that ould villian Cahill, that sint poor Bob off afore he could look about him, 'ill resave his pay to-night, anyhow. What say you, boys?"

"No doubt ov it!—All right!—Whoo! sartainly!" they grumbled and shouted in reply; and then, the whiskey having been brought, the health of Nanny's absent son, and their former companion, was loudly proposed and drank.

"I say, Dick," hiccupped the first speaker, who now began to wax drunk, "what in your op—op—opinion should we do to the ould sinner? You know, I'm (hiccup) not natherally crule, bud (hiccup) if we jist cut the ears off the baste, an' (hiccup) lave him hard ov hearin' for the rest of his life!"

"I'm not the man to disagree wid a reasonable idaya," laconically answered Dick.

"What do you say to that, my ould (hiccup) woman?" again asked he, addressing Nanny, who had drawn near to listen; "suppose we sarve him that-away, will you be (hiccup) satisfied; or maybe you'd sooner we'd prevint his bein' annoyed wid a cough by (hiccup) cuttin' his informin' throat!"

While he spoke, an indescribable expression lighted up the old woman's eye, and she stood a moment, as if a struggle were going on between long-brooded-over revenge and some newly awakened sympathy. The rest of the men were busy with other schemes, and did not even hear the last conversation, for they had before agreed to pay Cahill a visit that night, and Nanny had eagerly entered into their intentions; he having transported her only son, and when he was torn from her arms, in the madness of grief she had vowed vengeance.

She had endured many griefs, and many mortifications, but met every thing in that way with patience, as the dream of her soul was revenge, and that dream by such means alone, could be realized. However, when on the very point of its completion, one of those sudden and mysterious changes which often takes place in the human mind made her waver in her purpose.

And she muttered, "hadn't yez bettther wait," scarcely knowing what she was about to propose—"another night 'ill do as well for him."

"How's this," interrupted one of them, "Nanny, you growing lukewarm!—you proposin' another night—are you beginnin' to be afeard we'll be hindhered from payin' him off, or are you repentin' yer former anxious desire?"

"No—no!" hastily answered she, dreading lest they should discover her feelings, as she well knew that many amongst them had revenge to be gratified as well as herself.

"You did not feel so three years ago," said a deep voice at her elbow, "whin your only son was sint off from home an' counthry through *his* manes!"

Nanny started, she knew not why, at the tones of the speaker, and turned round to look closer at him; but his back was towards her, and a large loose coat prevented all recognition of his person; besides bringing an occasional newly enrolled stranger there, was a common circumstance, so she soon forget the momentary surprise she had met in her anxiety about their intention.

"He is a brute—his heart is harder nor steel, an' he must be punished," said another, whose bent brow and flashing black eye spoke of malignity and crime—"the informher an' the prosecuthor, must feel our vingeance!"

The men having ascertained that it was time they were stirring, hastily equipped themselves, and prepared to start. The bright moonbeams silvered the motionless leaves of the trees that surrounded Cahill's

house—there was not a stir within—when they drew near the door, their leader, accompanied by two others, advanced, and with the butt end of a pistol rapped violently against it: upon which a stir was immediately heard inside, and a trembling voice demanded—

“Who is there?”

“Open the doore,” thundered one of them, “an’ you’ll soon know.”

He then waited a moment, as if in expectation of his demand being complied with, and on the person inside again asking what was wanted, answered—

“We want yer own purty self, Mr. Cahill. Just to hold a little converse wid you about ould times.”

“It’s too late,” answered the voice from within, with a forced calmness, that ill disguised the speaker’s terror, “I can’t let you in at this hour of the night.”

“Och, how mighty particular yer growin’ all ov a sudden, acushla,” interrupted the person who had before spoken. When the individual who appeared to be the leader shouted out, in the quick sharp tone of command—

“Advance, men, an’ smash the door—there’s no use in delayin’ longer.”

An almost instantaneous crash was the answer, the door flew from its hinges, and four or five of the men rushed into the house, the rest keeping watch outside. Exclamations of surprise and terror, were heard within; and the next moment they appeared dragging with them the unfortunate and trembling owner, while a loud shout from the rest spoke their eagerness for his punishment. Amidst prayers for mercy, and

entreaties, he was dragged to the centre of the gravelled walk, placed on his knees, and his hands firmly tied behind his back.

"Fur God's sake gentlemen," said the trembling Cahill, "what is the matther?—shure yer not goin' to murder me—gentlemen!"

"Aisy, wid yer palavarin'," answered one of them, striking him rudely across the mouth, "or may be we will—cum on peacefully, an' we'll not take yer life all out, but iv ye continue yer cursed squalling, look at that—(and he held a pistol to his head)—it's gapin' to blow yer brains out, and faix its a'most a pity to baulk id."

They then led, or rather dragged him to some distance from the house, leaving two of their party as guards over the other inmates.

"Now, Misther Cahill *acushla*," asked one, in a jeering tone, "would you be jist plased to make yer choice between two purty little invintions of ours—*cardin'* or *ear-ticklin'*."

The unfortunate man trembled violently, and his livid lips opened, but he could not utter a word.

"What an obstinate, silent ould baste you are," said the same man, "not to give a civil answer to my question. Bud maybe the look o'this plaything id drive spake out ov you—oh, you may stare now!" Saying this, he drew forth a board with a thick handle, the bottom part of which was closely studded with nails and sharp pieces of iron, in imitation of the cards they used for wool, and continued—"Would ye admire the taste of this in the flesh ov yer back, my inform-in' ould codger!—eh?"

Upon this, shouts of "Card him! card him!" arose from the group. His hands were quickly unloosed, and he was violently dashed on his face, while some held his legs, and others his arms. Then his back was stripped, and the stranger laid the board flatly on it, with the sharp points touching the flesh, while another pressing it down, a third drew it rapidly along the entire back, tearing up the flesh and muscles, and sinews, in a frightful manner—piercing shrieks, again and again renewed, told the agony of the sufferer—"Now Mr. Cahill, said the leader, take that first taste in remembrance of the way in which you threatened Maurice Mooney and his daughter, when you had the power over them—and know that it is the vengeance of God that is now coming down upon you."

"Fur the sake of your wives and your children," shrieked Cahill in despair, scarcely knowing what he said, "spare me from the torture!—I'll sware never to try an' find you out!—I'll sware to leave the counthry to-morrow!—this instant!—forgive me only this once!"

"Listen to the deludhin' tongue ov the baste," said the last speaker, "thryin' to *cum over us soft* agin; musha bud yer a fine boy wid yer spakin' weapon any how, and I think it id be a pity not to slit it a little bit; boys yez all know a parrot spakes betther whin its tongue's cut, and why not an INFORMER."

At the mention of this second horrid cruelty, the terrified Cahill shuddered convulsively; and when they all uproariously agreed with the proposal of the last speaker, his senses seemed actually to desert him from

fear and agony. The cold drops of sweat fell thickly from his brow as they violently seized him, and despite his frantic struggles, fastened a strong cord with a noose on it round his neck. One of them then pushed him back, and laying his knee upon his chest, pulled it so tightly that his face grew black—the veins in his forehead swelled, and his tongue protruded considerably from his mouth.

“Hould an now, that’ll do,” said the spokesman, and at the same time he quietly opened a clasp knife, and seizing the thrust out member with his nails, he pulled it till it could come no farther forwards, and cut it off from the very root. “Loose him now, avick,” he then calmly said to the man who was assisting him, who immediately unfastened the cord—The poor mangled and tortured man, now lay bleeding and senseless from the extreme pain.

“I wondher would he be so glib with his *gab* iv he wor sinsible now,” he continued in an unmoved gravity of accent—whoo! bud what a tongue the baste had, as long as my arm, and almost as thick—in throth its no wondher he could sware an’ give evidence.”

“I’d put it in his pocket iv he had one on him,” said another, “an’ whin he wakes it ’ill divart the hunger off him.”

Still writhing in agony the unfortunate man lay extended on the ground, when another of the party approaching him exclaimed, “and now, you ould villian for my revenge, which I long promised agin you. Do you recollect how my poor ould mother lost her life by the sodgers through you, and how you had my broder and poor ould Nanny Boyd’s son sent across

the broad says, jist for nothing at all at all—but now wid the help ov God, I'll prevint you ever agin sind-ing any other dacint boy from his own land;" and he finished his oration by claiming his ears.

Here the leader of the party interfered, declaring "the ould sinner had got enough, that all their vengeance and revenge should be satisfied by what had been done." In a few minutes after they all had departed, and there was no trace save a pool of blood, to tell the deed that had been there perpetrated; the servants on being released had removed the mangled body home, where having lingered for some time, the unfortunate man expired under the most excruciating agonies of mental and bodily suffering.

Nothing could exceed the amazement and horror of the entire neighbourhood, on hearing next morning of the deed of horror which had been perpetrated—Rich and poor joined together, and a large reward was immediately offered for such information as would lead to the conviction of the perpetrators of the brutal proceedings. To the amount of local subscriptions, a large sum was added by the Government—but months passed away and not the slightest clue could be obtained towards implicating any one of the guilty and blood-thirsty actors in the terrific tragedy.

About three years after the occurrences narrated, two travellers pursued their starlit way by a beaten horse-track, that extended eastward from the parish chapel of K—— along a dark and undivided heath. The more conspicuous of the two was a horseman, whose

garb presented that semi-genteel cut and cloth which usually indicates the class of persons in Irish society called half-sirs. A large whip loaded with lead graced his right hand, which, with a pair of rusty spurs, that seemed to have been once plated, and whose well-worn rowels were no longer capable of effective duty, was in constant application to the sides of the lean, bony gelding which he bestrode, to enable him to keep up with the active pedestrian that accompanied him, whose agile and firm step outstripped the stumbling pace of his four-footed companion. The man on foot carried a short gun on his shoulder, and as the keen night breeze blew aside his loose upper coat, a pair of pistols might be seen stuck in the broad leather belt that circled his waist; his years were less than those of his companion—and seemed to be not more than about four and twenty.

They passed almost silently along, till they came where the footway descended the side of a glen, which bore the shattered remains of an ancient wood. Right below, a turbid mountain-stream dashed among the shapeless rocks that impeded its narrow bed; and far down, on the opposite side, rose dimly against the dark clouds a thick cluster of trees. Pursuing the path that traversed the side of the glen in nearly the direction of the river, after crossing a field, and passing a haggart that contained some ricks of corn and hay, they reached a house, the glazed windows of which, and well thatched roof, bespoke a comfortable residence, according to the estimate generally formed of Irish comforts. This was the habitation of the individual on horseback.

They entered silently, and when beyond the porch, glided suddenly into an inner apartment, where the mistress of the house, a good-looking woman, waited the arrival of her husband. The table was laid, and a piece of beef and a barn-door fowl shrunk to narrow dimensions beneath the sharp knife and keen appetites of the two.

"Captain," said the host, "I fear you have done nothing; however, the dinner, though poor, was not a churlish one, and you have a welcome and twenty."

"Thank you, Mr. Sellman," the guest replied, "the dinner carries its own excuse; and I have not felt more at ease, nor eaten a heartier meal, since I was forced three years ago from my father's house, and driven upon the *shackraune*. Since then I have been obliged to seek concealment in the most retired parts of the country. My family, by unceasing oppression, were ejected from their snug farm. My father was shot by a ruffianly soldier, and my sister died of a broken heart. The villainy of those who should have shown a good example to my class in society, has driven me to deeds at which my soul revolts; and for my own preservation I am become, what I was at first falsely sworn to be, a whiteboy, and a man of blood. I would fain erase from my memory many a deed of violence, but recollection haunts me even as the shadow pursues its substance. Would to heaven I could escape to a land where my grievous wrongs and my own crimes are unknown; but the vigilance of the police will hardly permit this last resource, and I dread that the large reward offered for my apprehension will induce some miscreant to betray me. But to antici-

pate evil is folly ; here let us fill a bumper, and toast high hanging to all informers."

The whiteboy captain raised his glass—his host hesitated—the blood of his cheek retreated to his heart, as he lifted the brimmer in his trembling hand, the sparkling punch sprinkled the table ; but the next moment saw him regain his self-possession—the blood returned from its citadel to light his blanched cheek and pallid lip, while with unfaltering tone he drank the toast, and drained the tumbler dry.

The hostess, who was retiring with the fragments of the dinner, stood still, evidently affected by the stifled tone of the stranger. Now casting a look of keen reproach at her husband, and then a glance of commiseration at the guest, she retired, wiping off the tear that stood in her large blue eye. The glasses were filled and emptied in quick succession ; and the host, by his example and urgent solicitation, seemed desirous of making his guest drink deeply.

The night was now far advanced, and the owner of the house retired, leaving his guest to occupy a bed, which stood in the apartment. The whiteboy, though strongly under the influence of the deep potations of the night, forgot not to examine the state of his trusty gun and pistols, which he placed on a table beside his bed. Heavy with drink, he was soon asleep ; but his slumber was restless, and his dreams oppressive. Many an undefined and painful appearance was presented to his mind's view, inflicting terror on his troubled soul. Vague and formless images rolled along as drifting clouds before the autumn wind, until panting and breathless with mental agony he

awoke—the trampling of horsemen yet resounded in his ears—he strove to shake off the trammels of this mental delusion, but in vain—for it was dreadful reality; the horses' hoofs beating thick and heavy on the pavement outside. Prepared for the worst, he started from the bed, and vainly groped for the fire-arms which he had laid beside him as he went to repose. Then he heard whispers, and saw the light streaming through the door-way of his apartment, which had been left open to facilitate the entrance of his captors. He now knew that his treacherous host had betrayed him, and he resolved not to be taken alive. Standing before the door, as a tall sergeant of dragoons entered, with a lantern in one hand, and his drawn sabre in the other, the whiteboy struck him so powerful a blow of his clenched fist under the ear, that he extended him on the floor; then snatching the sword from the grasp of the prostrate soldier, he rushed upon the file that pressed forward thick and fierce, in alarm at the clash produced by the heavy accoutrements of the fallen dragoon. The whiteboy captain, who was no other than Maurice Mooney himself, rushed upon them with the wildness of despair—cut the right shoulder of the foremost man nearly in two, and laid open the cheek of the second. The soldiers, astonished at this unexpected attack, reeled backward from their single enemy—they beheld with superstitious awe the naked apparition, and shrunk from his flashing steel. Aided by their irresolution he gained the door unhurt, and sprung over the large ditch in front. A dozen carabines were discharged at him,

and several drove forward in pursuit; but he soon gained the glen, where the tall rocks and stunted trees of the decayed wood quickly hid him from his disappointed pursuers.

The dragoons now proceeded to explore the glen. Though the moon shone out occasionally, the white-boy could easily have baffled their pursuit, did not the treacherous Sellman lead them along all the windings of the way. The object of their search had now stolen to the edge of the river, where the stream winded within a high projecting bank. The shouts of the soldiers intermixed with occasional execrations on the bloody rebel and their own eyes and limbs, sounded nearer and nearer. He now saw no chance of escape but by plunging into the stream—down he went, and crouching beneath the willows that shaded the bank, with his head only above the water, he waited the approach of his pursuers. Led by their guide, they explored every nook around; the strong glare of the bog-deal torches, with which farmers are furnished in the decline of autumn for the spearing of salmon in the streams, and which the dragoons bore from Sellman's to light them in their search, fell full before his lurking place, and illuminated the stream around. Secure from observation, he held his post, till the receding torch-light left him in pitchy darkness, the heavy tramp of the dismounted dragoons ceased to strike his ear, and the loud hallo and the uncouth oath came fainter and fainter in the distance, as the soldiers returned to their horses, weary and disappointed. When the whiteboy found his enemies gone, he crawled, after an

immersion of half an hour, from his lurking-place, stiff and trembling; the cold had nearly frozen the life in his heart, and his limbs for some time refused their wonted motion; but as he moved along, the vital glow returned. He crossed the river, and moving at a quick rate along the heath which he traversed the preceding evening with his traitor friend, at length arrived at a well-known hospitable cabin, after having travelled nearly six miles. Here he was furnished with some articles of dress, which enabled him to pass on to a haunt of greater safety.

In three months after this singular escape, and about break of day, a strong party of foot police were observed to direct their course to a hamlet situated at the foot of a hill, which forms a link in that mountain chain extending from Fermoy towards the Atlantic on the west. Two persons accompanied them, whose dress indicated no connexion with the police establishment. The less considerable of these personages was a long-legged, shoeless fellow; his upper garment told the part of the country from which he came, a shapeless caubeen surmounted his lank, thin locks, between which gleamed two grey eyes of sinister cast and various obliquity. He was an informer, induced by the promise of some reward, to betray the whiteboy captain. The other, who was mounted on the lean, bony gelding already noticed, carried a gun. His garb also was that of another part of the country. It was Sellman himself, the traitor, who, under the guise of a friend, had invited the whiteboy captain to his house in order to effect his capture; and who for the sake of the large reward now offered for him, dead or

alive, had traced him into a distant part of the country.

As the party advanced towards the cluster of cabins, that sent forth from many a roof and door the deep blue smoke of the morning fire into the brightening atmosphere, they perceived a man armed with a long gun rush out of one of them. It was the unfortunate whiteboy, who crossed the fields with great rapidity, and left the police far behind ; but Sellman, who led the pursuit, pushed forward, unimpeded by ditch or fence. The whiteboy was now at one extremity of a large field, while his traitor friend, with his companion by his side, entered at the other, and the police came on slowly and far behind. The captain was long celebrated for the accuracy of his aim, and it was said that he could hit the smallest mark within range of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he turned, and saw Sellman alone continue the pursuit, and he resolved to await his enemy's approach, in order to get his shoeless companion, who he recognized as an old companion of his own, within range of his shot. Sellman now checked his speed, and he and the whiteboy stood for one moment regarding each other with fierce malignity. The latter seeing him present his gun, at once raised his to his shoulder, but ere he could discharge it, the ball from that of his adversary entered his breast, and he fell prostrate to the ground. Rallying all his strength, he raised himself on his knee, and quick as thought, as Sellman turned towards the police with a shout of triumph, he sent a bullet directly through his head, and in the twinkling of an eye he fell from his horse a lifeless corpse, one foot still

sticking in the stirrup, and in this way was dragged along by the frightened animal for some distance. Scarcely had the shot fired at Sellman taken effect, when the whiteboy discharged the second barrel of his gun at his former companion, laid him low in the dust; and then, as if still not satisfied with the vengeance he had taken on his pursuers, was about reloading, when the party of police, who had now come within pistol shot, observing his intention, fired a volley, and he fell again prostrate to the earth, his body pierced with a dozen bullets.



THE ROCKITE.

IT has often puzzled me to find out what qualification my good old father could possibly have seen in me to induce him to educate me for the church. Indeed the only way I can solve the riddle is by giving him credit for the possession of much of that absurd opposition to nature which regulates the conduct of many parents towards their children. He was an honest farmer, of means, which although moderate in the days he lived, would, by proper management, now, most undoubtedly, entitle their possessor to the universal rank of esquire, and perhaps to a seat on the bench. As I was his only child, on expressing my dislike to the profession for which he intended me, he at once renounced his resolution, and I was allowed to remain as I was, spending the morning of my existence in idleness and dissipation. He died, and I consequently became the possessor of the farm and all his other worldly property—still I was unhappy. The attainments which I had laboured to acquire, and on which I founded my expectations of an entry into genteel society, were apparently despised or thought valueless by those of my neighbours, who looked upon themselves as entitled

to the rank of gentlemen—to me low society and drinking were the consequence.

On a cold September morning I had gone out shooting, and having traversed much bog, was both cold and hungry by the time I reached a poteen distillery, where I had been once before, in company with some of my usual associates, and to which that circumstance gave me a facility of entrance. The occurrences of that evening are easily described; I was soon drunk—reason left me first, and I have an indistinct recollection of doing and saying many foolish things, with the clearest possible conception of their absurdity. On my waking next morning, the owner of the house, after the usual congratulations, accosted me with—

“An’, faith, your honour took it mighty stout.”

“Aye, that reminds me,” said I, pulling out my purse; “how much did I take?”

“Oh! sure it isn’t the liquor I mane, much good may do you with it, but the other thing, it’ll be a feather in your cap while you live.”

A little doubtful of that, and puzzled by his manner, I asked him—but there’s no use in detailing the conversation; in my drunken fit I had taken the Rockite oath, and he was the bearer of a summons to me to join the body at an appointed place on the following evening; and now for my *first appearance*:

With a nondescript mixture of sensations, and a firm intention to make the most of my new situation, I left home, as if for night shooting, and set off for the rendezvous; it was in the mountainy country, in the opposite direction from the bog where my servants conceived me to be engaged, and a part, too, where

my acquaintances were very few (that is my old acquaintances), and my friends easily counted. I had never seen the leader, who was now master of my destinies ; but report, which spoke much of his skill, his valour, his extraordinary power over his followers, said little of his mercy, and less of his disposition. He had been, for many years previously, an outlaw, and all the wild characters who managed to get themselves into a similar predicament, sought his retreat, and shared his fortunes ; so that at the time I mention, he had more than a score followers who never parted him, and whose retreat never could be discovered by the government : independent of these, half the country owned him the leader of their political combinations ; and the strict discipline that he enforced—the strict obedience that he exacted, and the certain, and often horrible punishment with which he followed up a breach of either, rendered him at once the terror of government, and the master of those over whom his authority extended. These considerations began to have some weight with me ; the idea of returning presented itself, but was soon banished, since I had no desire to form an example to any of those who were engaged in the mad schemes of such a desperado ; I proceeded, and was already close to the spot appointed ; the night was extremely dark, yet I was near enough to perceive that I was alone, and likely to be so ; the possibility of my being humbugged by my friend of the still occurred, and was welcomed. I had turned to retrace my steps, intent only on how I should resent the trick, when “Who goes there ?” “A friend.” “What friend ?” followed in quick succes-

sion. I gave my name, and close by my side a stranger sprung over a low hedge, which had concealed him from my view. He grasped my hand in a provokingly familiar style, as I thought, and set out with a long string of compliments on my punctuality, spirit, &c.

We proceeded up the valley, and as we went, I ventured to ask him some questions relative to the captain, not telling much for my idea of his amiability, and was answered by an "I am he," that made me pause. I ventured to stammer out a description of excuse, which he cut short, by assuring me, in rather a bitter tone, that none was necessary: that my ready acceptance of the oath, and strict adherence to his command, proved I could not be guilty of any disrespect. I was in a precious pickle; he relieved me, however, by a shrill whistle. There was a heavy sound on all sides; a rush, and a clamour, and in less than a minute we stood in the midst of two hundred armed men. Long ere I had recovered my astonishment, and perhaps, my fright, I was marching by his side, followed in stealth and silence by the whole body. We had scarcely passed the populous district, when the moon rose, and I had an opportunity of beholding my extraordinary comrade. He was a large, strong man; partly grey, with a cast of features and demeanour which left me in doubt whether I should set him down for a gentleman turned ruffian, or a ruffian turned gentleman. The results of the march certainly helped me to a conclusion, which, however far from the truth, I most implicitly believed, until circumstances, and a knowledge of his history, led me to form one more charitable, and more merited. After a march of nearly an hour,

we stood on the skirts of a wood, which formed part of the demesne of Major ——, a magistrate who, on some occasions, had been rather troublesome to my new friend. The whistle was repeated, and answered; and a peasant, armed, as he would say himself, emerged from the shade, and with a low obeisance stood before the captain.

"Well, Coghlan, any thing since?" inquired the leader.

"Nothing, your honour, sence last night?"

"Perhaps you made a mistake," said the captain.

"Bedad," replied the new-comer, "may be I did, your honour; but, anyhow, twasn't for nothin' that he was with the major all yesterday working in the garden—*mauryiah*; but can't your honour send for him, and see him yourself; he's up an' writin', for I peeped into his cabin as I passed by; the colleen an' her mother is both with him; so maybe you'd find one o' the strangers, and get him here quietly, and thin shure we'll see."

The captain turned round, and having selected a man from the ranks, directed him to go for Flood, the person alluded to in the above conversation, and tell him he was wanted for parade; adding, that if possible he should have the paper he was writing, brought, without alarming him or his companions.

After an interval of about twenty minutes, spent by all in the deepest silence, by me in the deepest anxiety, the messenger arrived, accompanied by the countryman, Flood, for whom he had been sent. The silence was first broken by the latter making his reverence to the captain, and adding, "that he didn't

know the boys were to be out to-night, or shure he'd be wid them; but, anyhow, he didn't keep his honour long waitin'; for it was lucky he was up making out his account agin the major."—"Humph!" was the only answer, and mounting a style that led into the wood, he gave the command, "follow, boys;" and in a very short time we were in its farthest recesses. The silence was still unbroken, save by the suppressed whisper among the party, or some remark of careless gaiety, delivered by the unsuspecting new-comer, in rather a louder key, and left unnoticed. He was evidently strictly watched, and his conversation as strictly shunned. I was still beside the leader—and although in the deep darkness I could not recognize more than his figure; his emotion was evident by his restless gait, and even by his breathing. After a little we reached a part of the wood, where was about a rood of land clear of any timber, except here and there a stunted thorn or holly; and there the word, "halt," was given in a whisper that thrilled to the farthest rank, and of itself half told of some horrible intention in the mind of him that pronounced it: in the same tone he directed them to light a fire; and having seated himself on a bank, motioned me to sit beside him. Alas! the honours of this world are hard to bear. I'd as soon have sat on a kish of pikeheads. However, I conquered my repugnance, and obeyed him. His head sank upon his hand, and he remained in that position until the blaze, rising higher and higher from the crackling and sapless branches that had been gathered and lit at his command, gave to its immediate precincts the full light of noon-day, and

with its highest flickerings, half defining the trunks of the distant trees, made our really formidable number appear as if surrounded and defended by one still more formidable. Its effect on my companions was singularly wild and uncouth, as thrown in lazy groups on the elastic brushwood, or standing beside the blaze, which in its different gradations of light, according to their different distances, varied the expression of their countenances, and glanced upon their savage weapons—they afforded such a strikingly romantic, I might almost say classical appearance, that it half reconciled me to their lawless society. The outlaw again raised his head, and the usual stern calmness of his countenance was the only expression that my scrutiny could discover there; and when he had called out to Flood to come forward, there was not a tone in his voice that betrayed him.—The wretch presented himself with the same carelessness as before, and which, whether real or affected, excited my strongest pity for his dangerous situation; but standing as he did, between me and the fire, it was utterly impossible to distinguish any thing but the darkness of his figure, contrasted with its almost dazzling brightness.

“Flood,” proceeded the captain, “you were up when I sent for you; what were you doing?”

A dawn of the truth seemed to burst upon his mind. but recovering himself quickly, he answered,

“Sure I told your honour I was making out an account of the day’s work agin the major, bad luck to him. I’m a poor boy, your honour, depending on my day’s work, and I’d like to have every thing fair and straight.”

"Indeed!" answered the outlaw; "an' I'll be bound an industrious, quiet boy like you has a long balance in your favour. Would you let me look at that account now?"

"I—I—haven't it about me, your honour," replied he. "You lie you have; responded a voice from the crowd—"didn't you put it in your pocket when I opened the door?"

"Eh—in my pocket," stammered the detected ruffian, and thrusting his hand in, the crackling of paper was distinctly heard, "not it at all, your honour," he proceeded, "only a bit of an ould copy that I was trying the pins on, no use at all;" and drawing it out he made an effort to throw it into the flames, but his nerveless arm refused its office—the paper fell within a foot of the blaze, and was handed to the captain before the terrified wretch recovered his surprise. Every eye started into eager watchfulness; and the agonized breathings of Flood were all that could be heard, until the captain, after glancing his eye over the paper, exclaimed,

"Why, Flood, I believe you were going to ask me to make a sergeant of you, you have taken such a correct list of us. What was the major to give you for this?"

Every demonstration of despair that he had so long laboured to control burst out with double violence. His head sunk upon his breast, and his knees tottered so, that the arm of an infant might have hurled him to the ground. His guilt was but too evident.

"Well, Sir," said the captain, turning round to me, and placing his arm on my shoulder in such a manner

that his fingers fell on my breast, and could perceive every beat of my heart; "what, think you, should be the fate of an informer?"

My voice was choked, but he could read my feelings too well from my heart.

"You are young, Sir," he said bitterly, and after a short pause, thundered out to Flood, "Villain, if you know a prayer, say it, for your time is short."

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the victim; "and mercy! mercy!" repeated a young female, rushing from her covert in the brushwood, immediately behind us, and throwing herself on her knees before the captain, ere an arm could arrest her progress.

"Ha!" shouted he, "who the deuce is this!"

"His sweetheart, your honour," answered Coghlan; "she followed us, I suppose, and that's what brought her here!"

The poor girl clung to his knees, still shrieking for mercy; but with one vigorous effort he unloosed her grasp, and gave her into the unwilling charge of Coghlan, who stood next to him. She still struggled with her detainer, until at one time she caught a view of his face, and recognized him; to him her prayers were then directed. She knelt to him—she shrieked—she almost dragged his herculean frame from his place, when the report of a dozen muskets cut short her entreaties. She turned round, and saw the dying blaze light up the convulsed features of the informer, and then fell powerless into the arms of Coghlan.

"Dead, is he?" asked our leader, of one of those who had gone up to examine him.

"Nothing surer, your honour," was the answer.

He then rose from his seat, as if to depart, but was stopped and whispered to by Coghlan.

"Indeed," said he, "then there's more to be done."

But whatever that more was, he seemed to have but little relish for it, as after a short pause he continued,

"No, no, *we've* done enough—try what you can do now," and handing him a pistol from his belt, departed, attended by his followers. Seeing me accompanying him, he desired me make for home as quickly as I could, for I had a far way to go, a command which was, undoubtedly, the only pleasing one to my ears that he uttered since I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I obeyed him, and just as I was on the road, heard a shot fired in the wood, which I supposed was by accident, or some signal. However, I hastened home, and arrived just at day-dawn, unperceived by any one. The first news I heard next day was, that a man and his sweetheart had been found shot in Major ****'s wood, by the shepherd. An investigation was held by the magistrates, and immense rewards were offered for the slightest information, but in vain.

As the associates of my drunken jollity were for the most part to be the partners of the more honourable career that had now opened before me, it seemed unnecessary, that in our military character, we should change the haunts we had used as bacchanalians. The poteen-house was therefore still the head quarters and rendezvous, and never did the moonshine glitter on a temple better suited for the two-fold rite; a priest and priestess more punctual in the presidency, or a set of

more zealous votaries altogether than our cabin, our landlord, and ourselves presented. Accordingly, for almost every night during the first week or fortnight after the occurrence mentioned, we wooed the sister spirits of mischief and poteen.

On the last of those nights a circumstance occurred to me, which made such a powerful impression on my mind, and awakened so many of its wildest emotions, that I doubt if ever I shall forget it. Before I launch into the account, I shall briefly describe the situation of the house and its environs, and thus save myself much circumlocution and confusion when I come to the localities of my scenery. It was a large comfortable cabin, of the old style, with a floor nearly three feet below the earth outside, whether from that unaccountable desire of the peasantry to have low floors, or as an additional concealment, I cannot tell; behind were some rude out-houses, standing at right angles from the mansion, in one of which, almost inaccessible to any unfriendly visitor, the dear destructive beverage was manufactured. The immediate position of the premises was among a cluster of rocky swellings, where the grey lime-stone, scantily covered by the niggard and sun-burnt verdure, and in many parts utterly bare, by the similarity of its appearance to the rude-built walls and roofing of the distillery, rendered discovery from a distant point impossible, or from a near one improbable. A wide extent of bog, whose other border was lost in the horizon, stretched almost to the scrubby point I have described, and afforded it, with but little trouble, and as short carriage as possible, the indispensable requisites of turf and water, a

fine clear stream being the only division. Beyond it, on the other side of the bog, the country partook of the same uncultivated, savage character, until it was lost amid the general sterility of that mountainy tract, wherein was the concealed residence of our lawless captain and his followers. In fact, it was so situated that even a friend might wander through scrub and moor, and over rock and hillock for a long summer's day, and yet fail to discover the object of his search, were it not for a large, old ash, which towered on an adjacent eminence, to the view of the whole surrounding country.

As the night referred to had been fixed upon to finish off the chief stock for the ensuing winter, a larger number than ordinary were met to celebrate the joyful occasion. The song and story were put in alternate requisition, and at the close of each, the cruise-keen was sent on its maddening circuit, until one simultaneous roar of drunken merriment drowned all the efforts of the ambitious artists. A loud rapping at the door checked it more suddenly than if the priest himself had come in; fear and doubt were the unanimous features of the whole gathering, until the ragged colleen that attended us went to the door, and on receiving some private signal from without, opened it for the entrance of a small, middle-aged man, muscular and wiry, with a bushy beard, and hair that would defy the exertions of the most skilful friseur. On his back was slung a wallet, that betokened his calling, and the few rags that screened him from the winds of heaven, seemed to say little for his profits. However, with all that confidence so peculiar to his

caste, as well as to that of other vagabonds, he came forward into the full glare of the blaze from the burning deal, that served us for candles, and with its lurid and awful light gave rather an unprepossessing appearance to our orgies and ourselves, and to the new-comer in particular.

"Why, then, boys," said he, looking round, "ye are putting in a night of it; could'nt ye give a body welcome."

"Shemus! Shemus!" was echoed from all quarters; and then half a dozen sprung from their seats to grasp the rough hand he offered; while "Shemus, avich, here," and "no, but here," and "Shemus, agraph, with me you know," and every form of uncouth invitation that such poor courtesy could bestow, was lavished on the happy individual; one of my herculean neighbours, through his eagerness for the close company of that important personage, shoving me half off the best chair, where I had been ensconced as the lion of the night, before the coming of my more fortunate rival. At last he was seated, and I began to recognize him as a fellow that used frequently call for small jobs at my house, though the little respect then and there paid him, almost made me doubt he could be the much honoured being before me. He was in reality the general agent of the disaffected in all parts of the country, and had served to extend the influence of our redoubted leader perhaps more than any other individual in existence. He now commenced a tirade upon our recent horrible performances—and cursed all informers in a manner very amusing to his listeners.

"Bedad, boys, yez have the shine of the country

now to yeerselves; the Glin lads are beat down intirely; they only kilt one, but ye finished two. Oh! ye're the darlints; an' who's this we have here?" continued the ruffian, looking over towards me. "Ah, I'm mighty proud to see you in such honest company, avich," at length exclaimed he, after recognizing me, and at the same time offering his hand with the most provoking air of patronage imaginable. Not considering it very safe to insult such a popular gentleman, I accepted it with as much appearance of humility as I could command, which seemed to soothe him a little, as patting me on the head, he went on, "a fine, likely gossoon, heaven bless him; an' on the straight way to glory. Well, avich, an' did ye shoot ere a policeman yet?"

I was actually struck dumb with the fellow's impudence: and the bewildered stare with which alone I answered the question, excited such loud merriment, that I had a little time to recover myself; by that time he was expressing some loud encomiums on our captain, but was interrupted by one of those most familiar with him, inquiring,

"Arrah, Shemus, tell us who was he afore he turned out; for some how or other he doesn't look like one of ourselves, at all, at all."

"Give us the cruiskeen, then, an' I will," answered he, and after a long draught, that would have inspired eloquence in a bog-stick, thus proceeded:—

"Why, thin, indeed, it's thrue for you, he's not like one of ourselves; an' myself seen the time when he'd be hard set afore he'd keep company with the likes of uz, until the blow came on him, and then shure he was

glad enough to do it. Ye see I can't tell ye his raal name, bekase I'm sworn not; but anyhow his father was a great gintleman of the ould stock; an' he had the ould house, an' a bit of land about it that kept him equal, ye see, to the upstarts; an' they got angry at that, an' one o' them, a black villian, took advantage o' the law on him, and dhruv him out of house and land, a beggar, all as one, on the world. Well, my dear, the ould gintleman and his gossoon, him that's captain now, were thrated mighty dacint by all the honest people about the country; every body offered to keep them, but he was too spirited for that, an' used to work his day's work, though in throth 'twas a poor hand he made of it; but anyhow it satisfied his pride, an' every now an' then a present 'id come to him by post of a pound or two from some one that pitied him, for no one dare offer it open; but still it fretted him greatly, to think himself, an' his poor innocent gossoon, should live and die the way that none of their people afore them ever did; so at last he took courage, an' wrote a letter to a relation, that lived beyant in Spain, or Amerikey, or some where thereabouts, axing him to take them over, an' make a soger or something o' the boy, an' he'd be contint with any thing for himself. But still, with all the hope of the good living before him, he couldn't bear the thought o' spending his days away from Ireland, and never to see the ould friends and ould sights again; so his poor heart broke within him afore an answer could come back, or the boy's fate be settled; and he had his wish at last, for he died in his own country, and was buried with his own people. Well, boys, a mighty dacint wake and

berrin he had ; an' just when 'twas over, a bit o' comfort came to the orphan in the shape of a letter, from the relation, consinting to take him, and having the travelling money inside, an' away he went, for he hadn't many good byes to say, or much to settle ; and though he wasn't much more nor a gossoon, still he was mighty cute, an' understood well what killed his poor father ; an' by raison of that, whin he was going away, he swore black vingeance on king an' country, an' more especially on the ould villian that was in his father's place, an' all his kith, kin, and generation. Well, after staying a few years with the relation, he became a great pet, an' there was talk of his leaving him all his goold, for he had no child of his own, nntil an unlucky split kem between them, by raison of his wanting him to marry a great rich lady in them parts, and, bedad, the captain didn't like her ; and more be token, he was mindful of a promise he made one Kathleen Carroll, a little girl that was kind to him somehow or other, afore he went ; so he renounced them intirely, and came home with little weight enough in his purse, but plenty on his heart ; an' more the pity, for as I tould ye afore, he was the raal ould breed. To make a long story short, boys, he married Kathleen, an' with what little he had, bought out an' out a little farm that was jist then to be sould, outside his own raal estate, an' was getting on right well, an' had raison, as you'd think, to be happy ; for the wife was handsome and genteel, an' brought him one little girl, the only being he ever seemed to make free with. Well, my jewels, what I'm after telling ye, I had mostly from hearsay ; but now I'm going to tell yez hat I

saw with my own two eyes, an' a quare story it is, as ye'll say yeerselves when ye hear it. One time that myself an' my fadher, the heavens be his bed, was rambling thereabouts, doing a little job now and thin whin we could get it, we came to his house at the fall of one of the long winter nights, and settled to stay there till morning; we got the failta, to be sure, as every one did, but the sorra word more, for he was mighty dark and proud, and sat in front of the fire with his little daughter Aileen dhu on his lap; that's her that's in the mountains with him now, an' a fine, likely girl she's grown up, an' the living image o' the mother that was the beauty of the world intirely. But, murther boys, I was running away with the story. I must tell yez, the ould rascal that put his father out was dead, and left a sou behind him, that was the darlint of the whole country; kept horses and hounds, and gave parties to the quality, and lived half his time in Dublin, and was, altogether the raal sort of a boy. Well, to turn back to the captain, he sat with us the way I mentioned for a good half hour, with the little crathur on his knee, playing an' coaxing him, but all to no use, till at last a neighbour came in, an' afther 'good look to all here,' an' all that, he asked where was Kathleen? 'I don't know,' says the captain, sulkily; 'but I know where she ought to be.' 'Sure enough, you're just right,' says the other, 'she's where she oughtn't to be, for one that's come from the big house this minute, saw her come out o' one o' the plantations with the master, an' she's gone in with him.' My jewel, he flung the child out of his arms into mine, like a clod, and leaped into the middle of

the flure, eyeing the man like a wild beast. At last says he, half choked, ' my Kathleen in company with one of that cursed breed—that's a lie, Martin.' 'Sorra a lie in it,' says the other, ' an' more betoken, it's not her first time neither, though nobody liked to tell you of it.' When he heard that, he gave a groan, as if his heart was bursting, and ran out of the house, without hat or any thing. We all followed, but 'twas no use—we couldn't come up to him at all, at all; but we saw 'twas towards the ould place he ran. Whatever he saw or heard there, no one ever knew from him; but, at any rate, the sarvints tould us after, that the coach was ordered to be ready in the dawn of the morning, to take the couple off to Dublin in all secrecy; an' I suppose he found that out too; for before you'd think he was there, he was back agin, and tould us all to follow him. We knew well what was in his mind, but not a word he said until he gothered a number of the boys; an' them were the boys that were afeerd of nothin.' 'Deed ye're good, likely boys yeerselves; an' I wouldn't like to make little of ye—ye're good, brave boys, and showed yeer pluck right well the other night; but now ye're no more to them boys—no, no more than they were to Fann M'Coul, as I'll show ye if ye have patience. Well, as I said, he gothered the boys, and tould them what happened, in a long grand speech, for all the world like a counselor; and he asked wouldn't they revinge him; and they all said they would; so without more delay he led the way to the big house. One had a gun, another a bayonet on a pole, another a soord, another a stave, all had something or other but myself, for I was

only a spalpeen, and besides had the child in my arms, for I didn't like to leave her behind, and no one to take care of her, though the father didn't seem to notice her at all, even when she cried with the cowl, as she did once or twice afore we got there. Well, when we came to the big house it was all bolted and barred, and we made so much noise breaking in, that the chap within guessed what we were at, and ran with Kathleen, that was shouting and roaring, into the parlour, bekase the door of it was the strongest in the house, so that when we came to it, we found all we could do wouldn't break it in. 'That won't do,' says the captain, laughing, 'he shant't foil us this way.' So he got furniture, and barred up the door with it on the outside, and sent a parcel round under the window, that was a good way from the ground; and then, after sending out the sarvints prisoners, he went into a room under the parlour, and made a bonfire of tables and chairs, and boxes, and every thing he could lay his hands on, and came out, and locked the door behind him. Well, we all knew rightly what he was at, and the blood run cowl in us, but not a word was spoke until the ceiling above began to take fire, and then we heard them opening the door, and trying to get out, but that was impossible, by raison of all the furniture against it. The captain burst out laughing, as if it was the pleasantest job he ever done in his life; and the next minute the shutters were unbarred and opened, and all without was as clear as the noon-day, for the fire was beginning to take head inside; then he laughed louder than ever, 'till at last the unfortunate wretch ran, with Kathleen in his arms in a

dead faint, and stood on the window-stool, to escape the fire behind. The first that noticed them rightly was the child in my arms, and she began to cry out, 'mamma, mamma,' so that you'd pity her, and to stretch out her little hands to get to her; then every body saw them, and gave a loud shout, except the captain, for, with all his laughing, the child's call cut him to the heart, and his head sunk down on his hand, and myself thought he was going to fall. Well, as soon as the shout was over, the chap above began to beg and pray that they'd save him, and he'd give up house an' land, and never trouble any one about it. 'Yis, to be sure,' says the captain, and taking a gun from one of the boys, he fired up at him quietly, and man and woman tumbled headlong back into the fire. He just looked for a moment in at the window below, and then ordered us all to march the sarvints down to the gate-house, and leave the place to the fire. Bedad the stoutest man there trembled at his voice, and obeyed him, so he locked the sarvints up in the gate-house, and commanded them, on pain of death, not to attempt to stir out until morning. A little after the boys all scattered, and nobody was wid him but the father and myself, and the man that brought the bad news; so we went home with him, and there, my dear, he cried like a child for a good long hour, and took poor Aileen from me, and almost smothered her with kisses. He then went into his room, and made a bundle of whatever he thought valuable, and with it on his back, and the child in his arms, went off to the mountain, where he's living ever since, and that's all *I know* more nor yeerselves about the captain."

Amid the confused and stammered applauses of his rude auditory, the story-teller proceeded to light his pipe, and whiffing it away, with his eyes thrown round his companions, in evident self-gratulation, and his caubeen placed side-ways on his bewildered-looking head, he formed, for the moment, the most perfect picture of complacency and rakish pride that ever fell to my lot to laugh at. His enjoyments were, however, soon interrupted by the renewed inquiry—

“But, Shemus, agra, you didn’t tell us what happened the boys aither. How did they get off, avich?”

“Why, then,” answered he, “they got off as all bould men in the world get off; for good courage always brings good luck along wid it, as yeerselves ’ll find out yit, never fear. Not one more nor six of them, besides the captain, was ever swore against, an’ they managed to make off to him, where they’re all safe to this blessed day, barrin’ two of them that was shot, and one o’ them dhrowned a year or two ago. But, saints above, what’s this?” exclaimed he, springing from his seat in utter dismay, followed by the whole assembly, as a ragged little boy rushed in, and by the contortions of his body and countenance seemed to warn us of some dreadful danger, for which his tongue could not find utterance.

“Aw, aw, aw!” gasped the terrified creature, convulsed with his exertions, as the tinker rushed forward to seize him, and was checked by his sister, the servant of the house, throwing herself in his way, with,

“Och! sure you wouldn’t hurt the poor afflicted crathur, that’s that way from the cradle; he stutters

sir, he stutters. What is it, Paudh, avich ; take time and tell us."

The appearance of the whole group was highly ludicrous, eagerly and vainly watching for the tidings which the boy found it utterly impossible to articulate. At last the tinker roared out,

"Sing it you brat;" and the boy availing himself of that well-known specific to his impediment, chanted forth in admirable style,

"The gauger is coming."

The effect was electric. In a moment the whole house was full of the half-naked workmen; each questioning the little informant as to the number, &c. of the enemy, which on discovering to be smaller than is usually sent out on such expeditions, they determined to face, and if possible compel them to retreat. The safety of all depended on this movement, which, however, could be only managed by stratagem, as almost the only weapon of worth amongst us was my gun, on which they did not seem much to rely, and which, at any rate, could be of but little avail against our well-armed opponents. We at once proceeded out on the side the enemy approached. A rude sort of ditch lay in their advance, and in the cover of that we were all drawn up, and the necessary directions given. The moon was pretty bright, and we could see them stealthily approaching, ignorant of our discovery of their intentions; their number was so small as almost to invite more decisive operations; for a moment that counsel was entertained, but, to my ineffable satisfaction, was abandoned, and the original one adhered to, *time* enough to save some of our number from the

gallows, and more from the bayonet. They were already within a few yards of the ditch, utterly unsuspecting its hostile contents, when a wild yell of defiance running along our line arrested their further progress, and was answered by a harmless volley over our heads from the whole detachment; and then they wavered, and fulfilled my wishes at least, by a speedy retreat. At length, after seeing them, as we thought, fairly out of the neighbourhood, we ventured from our concealment; and having enjoyed some hearty laughs at the expense of the disappointed excisemen, were about to return, when the quick eye of the tinker caught an object moving rather suspiciously in our direction. A hasty examination followed, and then the universally expressed opinion, that the soldiers had returned to the attack, most probably with such a reinforcement as it would be in vain to contend with. Retreat was the only measure proposed, and was acceded to by all but the distiller, who opposed it with prayers and entreaties, that we shouldn't leave him to the mercy of the soldiers, after his decent treatment, and suggesting the possibility of "Mr. —— shooting the straggler beyant, bad fortune to him!"

Had he proposed to me to blow out my own brains I could not have been more astonished, and my too evident reluctance made him instantly change his ground.

"Oh, Shemus, agra! take the gun you, and shoot, for the boy is timid you see."

"Me shoot," shrieked the tinker; what do I know about yeer guns an' things, or any but this; an' by this an' by that, I'll drive it into the coward's skull if he doesn't; so shoot this minit, or"—at the same time

brandishing his hammer over my head, ready to perform his horrid resolution if I persisted in my disobedience. The full misery of my situation presented itself to my awakened senses; now for the first time the consequences of what I had looked on as a frolic, began to assume a serious character, and the alternative of dying or murdering seemed inevitable. I looked round for assistance—there was none; all gave a tacit consent to the motion, or shunned interference. Habitually indifferent whether I lived or died, I looked up almost for mercy to the tinker, and his grim eye glared on me full of decision, and the murderous hammer was poised ready for the descent. I grasped the gun nervously, and presented it. Had I attempted an aim I had most assuredly failed, such was my trepidation; but the random shot succeeded. I did not, I could not see my success, for I fell back half senseless on the ditch; but the unearthly groan that followed, and the glad shout of my comrades told me that I had saved my life, and was now—a murderer. They all rushed simultaneously forward to take advantage of the panic which they supposed one death would strike into the hearts of their opponents, and I was alone. I cannot exactly understand now, why the mere act of charitably sending a fellow-creature out of this dirty world, should have excited such misery in my mind; but that may be the effect of habit; for nothing is more certain, than that in that moment of loneliness I underwent pangs which it would be madness to attempt describing. All bodily sense left me; confused recollections of the comparative innocence and respectability of my past life, were placed in horrible

contrast with the present and the future; and all these were heightened by the loud laugh of joy that echoed in my ears from my savage companions when they had reached their murdered victim. It awakened me to a deeper sense of my guilt, and the cup was full when that laugh subsided from exhaustion, and the wild cries of the tinker broke on my ear, that but too well recognised them. Gracious heaven! thought I, have I done a deed that even that wretch can mourn—this was too much; I reloaded my gun, and was about to finish my wretchedness, when the return of some of the party prevented me. The laugh was renewed, and they seemed very devils.

“You did it, sir, you did it!” exclaimed one fellow, amid the convulsions of laughter. “You dhruv the ball through and through him.”

“Who! who!” I shrieked, recovering the power of speech with an almost herculean effort, and the laugh rose louder than ever as I was answered,

“Shemus the tinker’s jack ass.”

The still-hunting party which had alarmed us so much at the poteen-house (which, by the bye, was utterly destroyed on the day after) having called at my house for assistance in their progress, without finding me at home, suspicions as to my ways and haunts were whispered rather unfavourably among the neighbouring magistrates, and I was placed under a system of espionage, which only had the effect of compelling me to use greater secrecy and caution for the future. Thus the few meetings that took place under these circumstances, partook less and less of that drunken, reckless character which our former assemblies had

exhibited; we met as desperadoes whose every act was watched, and the ferocity which at first only existed in the suspicions of our rulers, began gradually to find room in our breasts, from the consciousness of our being suspected. At the time of which I write, party spirit was just as high in Ireland as ever it was, or ever can be: and the little town in the neighbourhood of which I lived, was the focus of, perhaps, the fiercest and most ungovernable factions that existed then in our land of ire. A large fair was shortly to be held in it; and instinct, or a busy body, which ever you like, informed each party privately that they were to be attacked by the other, and murdered during the confusion and confidence of the occasion. This was not long reaching the local authorities, and every precaution which at the time was available was used to prevent bloodshed; but on the morning of the fair the quiet appearance of the peasantry, the circumstance so unusual of their coming without sticks, together with the immense quantity of women who accompanied them, (the very worst sign, if they knew but all) lulled the magistracy into such security, that the measures at first taken were laid aside for the moment, and only not utterly abandoned from their negligence or indolence. In this state affairs stood until about noon, when they underwent a change as sudden to all parties, as it was fatal to me.

About that time, a man of gigantic stature and make, rushed yelling and bloody from one of the tents near which I was standing—his clothes, different in their colour, texture, and fashion, from those of the *peasantry*, as well as the general interest he excited

among the towns-people, proclaimed him a mechanic of their body. It was not until some time after that I learned he was their champion, the redoubted Mosey M'Neil. He was a northern weaver, deeply imbued with northern notions, and with little, very little, of northern honesty, for he was known over the whole country as a sheep-stealer. However, his superior skill as a craftsman in a trade to which the lower order of Protestants in that district almost to a man belonged, as well as his immense strength, and high party spirit, gained for him the precedency in all matters of faction, or even of common life. No wonder, then, that the appearance of such a man, in such a state, was sufficient warning of an approaching combat, to all those versed in the signs and tokens of an Irish row. It seems he was drinking in a tent with a mixed party, and having become a little heated with liquour, upbraided some one with being a rebel; to which it was at once answered, that "Anyhow, it was dacinter to be a rebel nor a sheep-stealer." This allusion to his well-known avocation not pleasing Mosey, he struck the man a blow, and in return got what is technically called a good licking. Burning with rage, he hurried home for his arms, followed by his whole party; for the story had already spread through the town like wildfire, with, of course, some few additions to whet the appetite of those inclined to peace. Nor were the leaders of the other party so remiss in the necessary preparations as had been expected, or as appearances seemed to tell. On the preceding evening, large bundles of sticks had been deposited by trusty messengers in the areas and other

places about town, which, during the first moments of the disturbance, ere the authorities were fully aware of their danger, the leaders took the opportunity of bringing to light, and dividing among the eager expectants ; while the few, who from the insufficiency of the supply were left unarmed, flew to the girls, who, dear creatures, never saw a good fight yet spoiled for want of a stick or a stone, and had, accordingly, each brought with them under their cloaks, a good serviceable wattle, only for fear that Barny, or Micky, or Paddy, or any body might want one. All stood now armed and ready for battle, to the amount of two or three hundred ; to resist them, or attempt dispersing them were mere madness, so that magistrates, constables, soldiers, and all who were not closely interested in the fray, flew from the dangerous arena to whatever house was open to them. Nor had they many choices, for at the moment of Mosey's sudden appearance every inhabitant of the town, well aware from habit of what was coming on, closed up shops, windows, and doors, in fine, almost every access to the lower part of their houses ; never opening them save for the admission of some near relative or peculiar favourite, and that only during the comparative quiet that existed before the actual collision of the conflicting parties ; as it had often happened that the fight raged even to the very garret of the house which might have been incautiously left open for the overpowered fugitive to seek as a refuge.

From an idea of superior security, I was the last disinterested person that quitted the street, and was *just* about seeking an asylum at the little inn where

my horse was stabled, when my old comrades, observing me sneak from among them, rushed forward, and pulled me into the very middle of the crowd, and with one universal shout of exultation, elected me their leader. My brain swam when I contemplated my dangerous eminence. I expostulated, I prayed : but the shouts made it useless—they did not understand my signs, and they could not hear my voice. Twenty or thirty offered me their sticks, each praising his own, and claiming for it the honour of my choice. The handiest wattle in the whole party was chosen for me, and placed in my unresisting hand, amid the almost deafening whoops of my partizans, and to the surprise of those who viewed the scene from the windows above us. Scarcely was the election completed when a dark mass and loud shouts at the other end of the town announced the approach of our adversaries, bristling with bayonets, pitchforks, and old swords, while not a few added to their imposing appearance by an old gun, rescued for the occasion from the dust and cobwebs in which it had lain perhaps for the last century. But the figure that moved in front arrested and claimed my whole attention. It was Mosey again—the marks of his recent discomfiture still crimsoning his upper person, and rendered more awful by the host of bad passions indicated on his brow, as well as the immense show of bone and muscle that appeared beneath his tattered shirt, for that bloodstained habiliment and his trowsers were the only covering that he retained. He strode some feet in front of his party, brandishing a rusty sword, which from its length and rude magnitude, appeared as if

the genius of antiquity herself had preserved it for his special use, as the best and only image of her own darling giants. The scene altogether was almost new to me ; need I say, the situation was utterly so. All combined, deprived me of sense or thought ; I merely recollect a wild rushing of the combatants—the yells now of victory, now of defeat, deprived me of the little consciousness I possessed, nor did I recover it, until the jostling of the crowd threw me immediately before the terrible swordsman, and almost within the sweep of his weapon, whose deep red rust was already darkened by a deeper stain. He seemed to recognize me as the leader of his hated opponents, for with a wild yell of delight he sprung forward, singling me out as his victim. He raised his broad-sword high for a blow that would need no second. The whole of his immense strength was applied to it, and the only protection I had was the light stick that until now had hung useless in my hand. I threw it up as a guard, more from instinct than the slightest confidence in its efficacy ; and the sneer with which he watched the movement, told me nothing to expect from mercy. The blow was descending, and with a desperate spring I shunned it ; but ere it was more than begun, a stone from the rere, flung by some one enabled to take aim at his head so high above all others, struck him on the forehead. The immense weapon came sweeping harmless down, and with its impetus swung round the listless form of the giant, and hurled him senseless at the feet of those whose main stay he was until that fatal moment. The result needs not many words to tell. Bearing the body of Mosey in safety from our

re-invigorated attacks, the attacking party fled, or rather retreated to their own houses.

The authority with which I had been so unpleasantly invested, I now exerted with success in restraining my exulting followers. The show of resistance I made to him before whom all others fled, gained me a reputation so great, that when I directed them to return peacefully to the country, the retrograde movement was universal. I was borne away in triumph: and some of the party having secured my horse from the inn-stables, and decorated him with ribbons and other finery from the deserted standings, made even the animal share in the honours of the occasion. Luckily for me and the ringleaders of the disturbance, that night was spent in secret conclave, and the consideration of what measures we should take to resist or evade the expected hostility of the magistrates. This circumstance, in all probability, saved half a score of us from the gallows, as, long ere morning, an armed party scoured the whole country in search of us, but only succeeded in catching a few, who too securely remained at home, and whom, on account of the terrible confusion, and the comparatively subordinate parts which they filled in the day's work, they could not identify.

The failure of this attempt taught us all a precaution, which we were no way slow to practice. The same retreat which we had used then, served us as a nightly abode until the results were known, while the numerous videttes we had stationed in all quarters left surprise by day time a measure which would have been unavailing if attempted. In addition to this, a

constant communication was kept up between us and some friends in town who formed a watch on the motions of the opposite party. From these we learned that the informations of our discomfited foes had been taken, and also received a list of the names sworn to as the aggressors. Mine was at the head of the list, sworn to by Mosey M'Neile as having inflicted the wound, and being prime agitator of the whole disturbance! I must acknowledge I was but little anxious as to the result, from the consideration of the many disinterested witnesses who viewed my compulsory election, as well as the cause of Mosey's wounds being so generally known among my own party, not to mention the many frightful scars inflicted by the savage weapons they used against us, and which at least showed that we were but sharers in the list of misfortunes. In fact we only waited Mosey's recovery to proceed in a body and demand a fair investigation, as until then matters were rather doubtful from the uncertainty of his life. The almost hourly accounts we received of his health were so fluctuating, as to leave it useless to depend on any one bulletin, if I may so call them. At length, towards the end of the week they became more steadily favourable. On the evening of the eighth day he actually plied his trade for some minutes, and sat until late with the crowds who came to congratulate him on his recovery. On the following day we determined to put our measures into execution. All was ready, and we were actually on our way, when the appalling news arrived of his sudden dissolution. It was the critical ninth day—and his dying words denounced me as his murderer.

Terrified as I was at this announcement, my case still seemed far from desperate. At first I relied upon the inhabitants of the town, who were nearly all witnesses of the circumstances that occurred ; but I soon learned that nothing was to be expected from that quarter—they all coincided in the death words of their favourite champion ; and my last resource was to turn to my companions, as if they were not already overjoyed each at his own escape, and willing to shift on my shoulders the weight of that common danger, which they first compelled me to share, and then left me altogether to sustain alone. It was but too evident that my life was to pay the forfeit of my rashness, and their villainy : and if a doubt remained on my mind, it was removed, when at the approach of a large body of military which had been sent for my capture, they fled to their homes or their hiding places, according as each preferred to shun or brave the uncertain danger ; but not one spoke to me, encouraged me, or even pointed out a mode of safety ; and in less than a minute I stood abandoned even by my own. I still, however, had time to secrete myself, but where, was the question, since I feared lest in the paroxysm of their cowardice, they should even betray my concealment. I heard the shout of the military as they scattered to secure the cabins—they were coming nearer and nearer—and alone and unseen I at length succeeded in taking refuge in a large tract of scrub that was adjacent, in which were many hiding-places, unknown except to those in its immediate vicinity. In one of these I remained secure, while the wood was surrounded and searched ; and often as I

have braved the same danger since, never did my feelings reach the same pitch of intensity to which they were carried in that interval. It was the depth of the night before I ventured out of my bower, if I may so call it, and having reconnoitred the whole country as well as the darkness permitted, I stealthily sought the cabin of a man, who I thought, if any were so, would be true to me. Hunger and thirst had deprived me of the little strength that exertion and anxiety had left me, and it was with difficulty I crawled to the door and craved admittance. When it was opened, I fainted across the threshold. On my revival I learned that I had not been wholly abandoned, for means had been found to communicate the circumstances to the captain, who in return, directed that on the following night I should take the opportunity of joining him in the mountains, and appointed a place where I should meet the person under whose guidance I was to take this perilous and uncertain journey.

Having partaken of food and sleep, and arranged to meet my guide, I set off at the dawn of day, with some cold potatoes in my pocket, to regain my hiding-place, it being a measure of too much danger to remain abroad while such a vigilant search was persevered in. Nor did I miscalculate the danger; for I was scarce couched in my lair, when the wood was again occupied, and searched with a determination almost vindictive, kept alive by the armed yeomanry, so many of whom swarmed about my concealment, and to whom the deceased was an old and dear comrade. Scarce a bush escaped from their vigorous search, and nothing would have saved me, but the circumstance of the

scrub in which I was concealed being seated on a mass of loose limestone, in whose fissures it was possible for one young, active, and, moreover, reasonably fond of life as I was, to insinuate himself. Foiled in their exertions, they next began to try the points of their weapons on every spot where a man could by any possibility fit, while others, less interested, skulked from the fruitless labour, and seated themselves wherever rest invited. The cozy little spot that I selected could scarcely escape having an inmate when this desire began to operate—nor did it. A fat sergeant of Highlanders came puffing to the place, and throwing himself on the treacherous branches that entwined so closely as to lead one to suppose them the actual soil, he tumbled through them, rustling and clattering, until he reached the bottom, where I had nestled myself among the rocks and grass, so that a man would want more senses than one to find me. Luckily for me, the sense of feeling, by far the most dangerous to me, was rendered so callous to the poor sergeant by the buffets he received in his fall, that when he alit seat-wise on my breast, the transition was too pleasing to require much investigation; and merely contenting himself with the observation, “*Mon, mon, but the grass is vara soft!*” he commenced picking the thorns out of those parts which his peculiarities of dress left most undefended: now and then commenting on the chase, of which he had a splendid view through the bushes, in such a manner that even the imminent danger in which I was could scarce enable me to restrain my laughter.

“There they gang,” said he—“there they gang, the

dolted carls, with their guns, and their spits, and their bayonets, and their swords. May they be protected from each other, for there'll be bloodshed among them if they can't find the croppy to cool themselves on. Eh, sirs, there's corporal Campbell with his kilt in ribands, and his puir hurdies all bluidy with the briars. Och, och ! but the man is a fule. Whisht, they have him. No, it's a 'puir crethur of a yeoman that tumbled through the brake, an' they're pullin' him out. Eh, but he's killed, I'm thinkin'. My certie, if they catch the croppy they'll mak' mince mate of him. Oh, dear, how that chiel Swaney blows his trumpet, as if he wad never get out ov this place. Mon, mon ! how will I get out mysel without break-in' my neek, an' they'll leave me here to the mercy of the cropies ?”

The question, however, was quickly solved, for some of the yeomanry still prowling about, unwilling to abandon the pursuit, heard the rustle he made in the endeavour to rise, which was at once answered by a thrust of a bayonet in pike fashion, which wounding a part rather sensitive for such usage, helped the poor Highlander to clear all obstacles with a bound, screaming, “The croppy ! the croppy !” at the pitch of his lungs, and at the same instant ten or a dozen yeomen plunged right through after him, to the imminent danger of their lower habiliments.

“Saul o' me,” shouted the enraged Highlander, when he perceived his assailants, and foremost among them the weapon which achieved his dishonour, reeking with his blood—“Saul o' me ! ye awkward loons. whilk o' ye did that ?”

Roars of laughter succeeded his question, and not without cause—there stood the poor man, swelling with rage, and pressing his hand upon the wound, from which a slight stream trickled down his thighs, already bracket with the consequences of his former mishap, and stamping and mouthing in a manner certainly not the most awe inspiring. The clamour excited by the incident drew together the retiring parties; and much to my satisfaction, cold iron and hot blood began to be displayed on both sides. At length the commanders and magistrates made their appearance, and after much exertion, and many attempts to appease the wounded serjeant, the tumult was in some measure got under. After a day spent in fruitless search, during which every cabin and hedge for miles around were examined, the party was at length drawn off, and a fine frosty moon, which soon after arose, aided me to trace them on their departure, until they were utterly beyond fear of returning; then cautiously gathering my cramped limbs from their several hiding-places, I emerged from the concealment, just in time to see the first blaze from my pleasant home, on which they now spent their baffled fury. Many bitter regrets occupied me for a few moments; but at length they subsided, at the reflection of how little it mattered to me now, for I had chosen the life of an outlaw.

Having reached the place appointed as a rendezvous between me and my guide, I began to whistle (not at my loudest, however) the tune of Patrick's-day, which was the signal arranged for his appearance; but my teeth were chattering at such a rate, between cold

and anxiety, that did not the fellow guess something by my appearance, he would never have been able to discover my identity by my musical exertions. However, he showed himself from behind a clump within a few yards of me, and advancing to the spot whence my abortive attempts at whistling proceeded, announced his presence by the usual salutation, "God save you."

"God save you kindly," answered I; "I'm thinking we're looking for one another."

"'Deed I'm thinkin' so, avick. An' what sort of a night is id, for we've two roads to choose—one for the darkness, an' one for the moonlight."

"Why, my good fellow," said I, "your eyes must be little use to you, if they haven't told you before this that we might pick pins where we're standing."

"'Deed you're right, achra, you're right. 'Tis a good score o' years, come next Patrickmas, since my eyes wor the least use to me—I'm blind, avourneen!"

"Blind!" shouted I—"why, what the deuce—oh, this is regular mockery! How, in the name of wonder, can you lead me the length of my nose—and in the night too?"

"There's not a stone on the road you're goin' that I don't know; an' thin, you know, night and day is all one to me—that's one advantage I have over yees that have eyes. But let us be goin'—down the boreen, avick, that's the road."

And so we proceeded; not, however, without a few execrations escaping me at what I thought the wanton *disposition* of my new governor, in appointing me such

a guide. I wronged him. The danger of despatching any of his outlawed and marked followers to fill such a service would, in the present distracted state of the country, most probably have been attended with the worst results; and he judged rightly when he considered how few would suspect a blind piper of going on such an errand. The poor man himself was one little likely, even from his manners, to attract such a suspicion; and it was no small wonder to me, how a creature of such gentle habits and peaceable avocations, could have been connected with so lawless a gang. I expressed my surprise to him as soon as we reached the safe part of our road, and was answered by the following story, which I relate in his own words:—

“It’s more nor twinty years ago sence I was marrid to as purty a colleen as was in the seven counties—she’s dead an’ gone long afore the throuble kem on me that’s weighin’ on me now. We wor coortin’ for as good as three years afore we marrid, for we were poor, an’ couldn’t bring that about, ontill I by workin’ hard on week days, an’ pipin’ on Sundays an’ holidays, an’ she spinnin’ for the neighbours whin she could get it to do, scraped together a few pounds to pay the priest, an’ buy a few sticks o’ furniture; an’ thin we got marrid—an’ oh, it’s I was the happy boy thin! I thought if I had only her, an’ my spade, an’ my pipes, the world might go where it liked for me. Well, I wint to live to her ould father, up jist where we we’re goin’, an’ brought my mother wid me; an’ we wor goin on widout a pin’s worth to throuble us, until I raised the spite ov a big rascal ov the name ov Farrell—the

Farrells of Knocknamoe, your honour—by raison that I was takin' all the custom from him, for he was a musicianer too. An' what does he do, but goes to a magistrate, and swears a robbery agin me, that a great reward entirely was offered for discoverin', an' that I had no more to do wid than the child unborn. Jist about the same time, there was a terrible small-pox in this place, an' 'twas clearin' the people off by scores, and my poor Biddy cocht it—wirra, wirra! that was the sore sickness to me! ochone, ochone, my heart breaks whin I think ov it!—she coteht it, an' I ran off to the nearest town to get somethin' for her, an' 'twas there I hard the other throuble that was to come over me, by raison ov Jack Farrell: an' if my heart was heavy whin I set out, sure 'twas twice worse whin I was goin' back—the more especially since I found Biddy, the cushla, all as one as dyin'. 'Well, I tould the ould people what I hard, an' they war for my lavin' the place intirely for a few days; but I'd as soon give myself up as do that: an' I tuck the poor sick crathur in my arms, an' said I'd never lave her in spite of all their prayers. So, thin, the ould man ups an' he tells how, whin he was once workin' in the little platee garden, he found a cave jist at the wall ov the cabin, an' he nevir spoke to any one about it, so if I could get into id now, all would be safe. Well avick, we groped about for id, an' found it, sure enough, an' what was lucky, found that by rootin' undher the bedstead we could make a way into id; an' so we did, an' I wint in, an' the place was covered up with a big stone, so that sorra one could find me, barrin' they knew the saycret. I wasn't long in, whin

I hard a great stampin' over head, for the sogers war come lookin' for me ; an' through a little chink in the rock that looked outward, I saw as good as fifty horsemen all about the house, an' hard every word they war sayin'. To be sure, whin they found I was gone, they war angry enough ; bud they had to go off with themselves nivertheless. An' so 'as soon as they war gone, my mother made off to him that's captain now, bud he was a farmin' gintleman thin—an', oh, Sir, did you hear how id kem about that he turued captain—dth, dth ! wasn't id horrid ? My mother, as I was sayin', wint off to him, for she was an ould retainer of his family, an' she tould all how it was wid us ; an' good loock be his portion, he gev his word that he would do his best to bring out the truth. They kem to me an' tould me the help I was to get, an' gev me somethin' to eat through the chink, an' tould me Biddy was betther ; bud they wouldn't let me out by no manner of manes, for they said the place was too well watched still. To make a long story short, Sir, I fell sick myself wid all I had to go through : an' thin a way was made for the ould woman to come in an' out to me, for I wasn't able to crawl the length ov my shoe I was so sick ; an' all I asked them was to carry me out, an' lave me by Biddy's side, an' let me live or die there as id 'ud plase God ; bud that they would'nt do, for the tould me the sogers war lookin' for me two or three times afther ; and I believed them, more especially as one night that I was half asleep an' awake, I thought I herd great rustling an' throuble about the place. an' guessed it was them. In a couple ov days news come that I was freed from the warrant.

Mr. —, the captain I mane, took so much throuble to prove my innocence, that he wasn't long afore he showed them all the bottom of the schame, an' got Farrell thransported; an' thin I made my way out into the house to see my darlint, bud every thing seemed black night about me. I called her name, but there was no answer, an' my hert began to misgive me. I made over to the bed, for I knew the way, an' laid my hand softly on id, thinkin' she might be asleep. 'Twas empty, asthore—an' I flung myself on id, as if I was sthruken at once, an' began to cry as if the life was lavin' me. They all found me out, an' as soon as they saw I knew all, the grief that they kept down before, for fear I'd discover, bruck out, an' we all cried ourselves sick; an' if she wasn't keened at the funeral, she could'nt say bud we made up for id thin. Whin they carried me half dead from the bed, they found I was blind; but 'twas little throuble to me whin I hadn't her to look at—more a relief than anything else, since I couldn't miss her sweet face—so what use would eyes be to a poor stripped crathur like me. The ould man died soon after, between grief an' ould age; an', sure enough, whin I laid my hand on his cowl'd face, I cried salt tears that I wasn't in his place, huggin' the darlint that I knew was in his arms now in another world. It wasn't long ontill the captain's throuble kem, an' I bethought ov the cave, an' made it up for him; and the place being lonely, an' one thing an' another that was said about it, he never was throubled in it by soger or any body else from that day to this. But whisht—isn't that a voice? Down, down, here—there's a scrub somewhere here—

abouts—do you see it—now stoop, an' whoever it is, we're safe."

Crouching in the scrub, which I found no difficulty in reaching, we awaited in security the approach of the coming intruder, whom we first discovered by the snatches of singing borne to our ears by the slight night breeze. The voice was near us, and the piper seemed to recognize it, for leaving the cover, he stood upright, and bade me do the same.

"It's only one ov the boys," said he, "comin', I suppose, to give you the welcome afore the others. He might hould his tongue, though. Half an hour ago, that noise 'ud put a halter about both yeer necks."

We had just reached the path agin when the deputation, if I may so call him, staggered up to us; and on recognizing where he was, let a "Whoo!" out of him, that if there was a yeoman within a mile of us would have placed us in rather an awkward dilemma.

"Music, my darlint, is that you? Your honour, I'm mortal glad to see you."

The road, which until now had lain through bog and uninhabited wastes, began to assume a different aspect. We had now to wind, by a scarcely observable path, through rocks that opposed our passage at almost every step. More than once we were compelled to climb these obstacles by the aid of the scanty shrubs which chance had planted here and there through their crevices; and at length the path entered by a sudden turn, into a dark ravine, overhung by sloe and arbutus that almost hid from our view the face of heaven. Just at this moment a soldierly "Who goes

there?" uttered from the depths of the ravine, caused me to start, as if I had been shot, as I conceived myself waylaid, and ruined at the very threshold of safety. I was, however, quickly re-assured by my companions, who bade me never fear, that it was only "sodger Jim," (an old deserter, the drill-master of the corps) who was posted at the entrance of the forbidden locality in the light of a guard, and was a little addicted to old habits of discipline, and other little points that made him the butt of his less regular comrades. No answer having been returned to his challenge, he again repeated, in a more commanding tone, "Who goes there?"

"Friends, an' confound you, you ould lobster—what the mischief 'ud bring any one else to such a place as this?" growled our new companion.

"Stand, friend, an' give the word," said the vigilant sentinel.

"Och, bad cess to you," muttered the same man, and proceeded to drag me onwards, while I really very much feared a ball from the rigid martinet should arrest my further progress. I ventured to remonstrate with both parties, and at last induced the drunken vagabond to say something.

"Confound you, Jim," said he, "but you're the greatest botheration a quiet man ever met wid—an' it's to your face I say it."

"Stand, friends, an' give the word, or it'll be worse for you!" was the answer returned by the ci-devant red-coat, and then in his undress tone he proceeded—"Pat Mullan, can't you be regular, an' give the word—you'd be enough to raise a mutiny in a whole bat-

talion. You won't? Well, then, here goes; an' you may pray for marcy."

"Whiskey, then! Whiskey! Whiskey! Whiskey! Monim an dhoul, have you enough of it yit!" shouted my enraged escort, "have you enough of it yit?" and at the same time seconded the question by a shower of stones, hurled in the direction of the speaker. The same "*on duty*" voice, instantly replied as of old, "Pass, Whiskey!" and then in the *undress* tone, "Pat Mullen, my boy, I'll report you—nothing but three hours a day at the triangles will ever civilize you."

Giving some contemptuous answer to this threat, the denounced acolyte advanced, and hurling the sentinel out of his way, left him sprawling on his back. I flew to lift him, and got a cuff from the angry wretch that sent me staggering to the other side. When I recovered its effects they were struggling as if in mortal quarrel. Terrified at the probable consequences of the row, particularly as one party was armed, I rushed forward to seize the gun; but before I could achieve that purpose it had exploded, without hurting any of us, it is true, but attended with consequences little less fatal to me at least. Both seemed pretty well sobered at the occurrence, and were indulging in loud recrimination as to whose was the fault, when five or six men, armed and aroused from their concealment by the noise, came hurriedly from the opposite direction to inquire the cause of the disturbance; and scarcely had this addition to our numbers been made, when the trampling of horses was distinctly heard advancing to us, and voices loudly hallowing told us but too clearly that we had been

discovered by some patrolling party. A hurried council was held, and it was at once determined that we should show ourselves, and if possible, lead our opponents from the scent so dangerous to the common safety, by appearing at some other point, from which we could, if necessary, retreat by a circuitous path to the house which had been so nearly discovered to them. The proposal was at once put in operation; and we were soon ensconced in some rocks a quarter of a mile distant from our former situation, while the horsemen seemed rapidly approaching the spot from which the shot had issued. Before they could reach it, however, another shot lured them away to our present ground, and the echo of it scarce ceased to ring among the rocks, when they stood before us to the number of half a dozen, well-mounted, and far better armed than we were. A volley from the rocks, instead of checking their career, only seemed to give them additional incitement, and spurring onward, springing over every obstacle, they soon set us flying into a less accessible part within a few yards of us.

"After them—after them," shouted a loud voice among the horsemen, "don't you see M—— among them, in the shooting jacket. Now, boys, for the reward!—a hundred pounds remember."

I was recognised, and horrible to relate, I was the very rearmost man. Nerveless with excess of energy, I was unable to keep up with my companions, and shouting for succour, fell almost senseless at the foot of the rock they were ascending. My call was answered, and the assailants kept at bay by a well-directed discharge; but there was too much to

be won, and the prey was too near them. One bolder—perhaps poorer—than the rest, spurred forward, in spite of all the missiles with which he was assailed, and grasping me by the collar, as I attempted to regain my feet, swung me with the force of a giant on the saddle before him. I was now neck or nothing with all parties; but though I could hear my friends spring forward to my rescue, all hope had left me. All was not lost, however, and before my captor could wheel round his horse, or his comrades come to his assistance, I was once more nearly dragged off the beast by the crowd now surrounding him. At the moment his life was more endangered than mine, nor did he appear ignorant of the circumstance; so prudently abandoning his prize, he burst back to his party, not, however, without venting his spite by inflicting on my shoulder a fearful gash of his sabre before I was quite out of his reach. A volley from the outlaws followed him, and was answered by another from the retreating horsemen, which passing harmlessly by the rest, lodged a brace of bullets in my side, as if fate herself was about to wreak her anger on me. I recollect nothing further, until animation began slowly to return in what appeared a closer atmosphere.

"Anyhow, he's alive an' recoverin'," said a voice over me, which seemed to proceed from one tolerably far advanced in the stage of mortal existence.

"I sincerely pity him!" ejaculated another, in tones so soft and kind, as at once to dispel the fear, which seized me at the first moment of consciousness, that I was to open my eyes in a murderer's dungeon. Half my misery vanished at the bare idea that I was

still free, and as looking around me, I caught merely a glimpse of the departing form of her whose words of pity had such a powerful effect on me. I saw enough, however, to know that I had never seen a lovelier face, or a lighter or more beautiful figure. I gazed for a moment on the place where she had vanished, and then turned my dim eye on her who I afterwards found had been appointed as my nurse and doctor, and a kind nurse she was to me.

“’Twas a bloody welcome, ashore, you got among us ; bud wid the Virgin’s help it won’t signify, if you lie quiet an’ do what you’re bid,” said she, handing me a glass of medicine.

“Am I safe?” was my only reply, and this uttered with the utmost difficulty and pain.

“Throth, you’ll see that if you only look about you ; bud you musn’t talk. You’re here wid ourselves, avick ; an’ that’s the captain’s daughter that was here jist now, an’ that made the dhrink for you.”

Exerting myself more than my weakened state could bear, I drank the potion, and sunk senseless on the bed on which I was laid.

In this distressing situation I know not how long I remained—I afterwards understood that the wounds I had received were considered of a dangerous nature, and that for some time it was not expected that I would recover—a slow intermitting fever having succeeded the state of insensibility into which I had been thrown by the potion administered. A naturally good constitution at length prevailed ; and after having been for three weeks confined to my bed, I was permitted to take some gentle exercise by walk-

ing to and fro along the gallery or passage which formed the approach to my subterranean chamber. The passage was lighted from the side by chinks or loop holes formed in it by the hand of nature, or cut out of the rock here and there by the hand of man. From these openings I enjoyed a far spread and extensive view of the surrounding country. I could see that our caverned domicile was situated on the side of an over-hanging range of cliffs or promontories, at the bottom of which rolled a rapid mountain stream—the country all round having a wild and desolate aspect—few huts or cottages were at all visible, and these far distant one from the other. It was not, however, until I was so far recovered as to be permitted to walk on the outside of my prison house, that I became acquainted with our real position. One fine morning after I had been for about a month a tenant of the cave, my kind nurse informed me that she had obtained leave for me from the captain to take a stroll in the open air—that I might fearlessly venture forth, as there were sentries posted in various directions who would give me timely intimation if danger were to be apprehended—that the blind man who had been my guide on a former occasion would again accompany me, but that I was not to go beyond the boundary which he would mark out for my morning's walk. Delighted at the thought of once more breathing the free air of heaven, I lost but a short time in preparing for my excursion, and following the directions given me, by winding my way through the long narrow passage or gallery, I at length climbed a rather steep ascent, which appeared to be its termination. Arrived

here, I felt rather in a dilemma, as there appeared no means of exit! when, as if by magic, I observed a large flag or slate glide gently and noiselessly to one side, and the next moment I found myself in a large cavern, where my former companion awaited me. He received me with a *caed millia failtha*—hoped I was recovered of my wounds, and that the fresh air would soon revive my spirits. Without doubt I was heartily glad to meet again one from whom I had once before derived considerable information, and placing myself entirely at his disposal, without loss of time we ascended through a trap door into his hut or cabin, and thence issued forth to enjoy the morning breeze.

Supposing that I was in the confidence of the captain, my guide was very communicative, and replied with great kindness and consideration to my various questions. On looking around me, I found that although the situation of the hut was wild and desolate in the extreme, still there were many things in the surrounding locality of an interesting character—the huge rock on which the hut rested, was elevated to an extraordinary height above the surrounding country, and fearfully overhung its base. In the far distance I could perceive “the dark blue sea,” while the intervening space was alternately covered with patches of arable land, red bog, and rocky mountain. In the opposite direction lay the wood in which the deed of darkness to which I have alluded had been perpetrated. Turning to another point, I could see, scattered all round, numerous memorials of days long gone bye—moates, raths, ruined castles, and the remains of chapels and churches, some of the latter

bearing ample testimony in their shattered walls, that many a foray and skirmish had taken place in their vicinity long since the use of fire-arms had been introduced into the country.

In the immediate neighbourhood, at the foot of the mountain, lay what was called the red bog, an extensive morass, covered with innumerable hillocks, looking green and verdant, but of such a nature, my guide informed me, as most certainly to engulf any individual not particularly acquainted with its peculiar locality. Such was its position, and so over-grown was it with rushes and long rank grass, as often to have afforded shelter to upwards of a hundred men, who were in the habit of taking refuge in it, when pursued by the military or police. As those who frequented it, could at once lead an enemy to the very spot where individuals might be concealed, the captain, he said, was obliged to treat with the greatest severity any one who might even be suspected of giving information to their enemies. On the side of the hill which sloped gently down to the bog, I was also told by my guide, the captain occasionally assembled his followers in the noon-day for the purpose of training, and of arranging for expeditions into various parts of the country. During those operations a sentinel was posted on the extreme summit of the rock, from which point of observation he could readily see for miles round the advance of any party of police or military moving in that direction, and on a given signal the entire party withdrew to the bog, and there, as if by enchantment, in a moment totally disappeared, not a single straggler remaining

within view to tempt the military to follow them. On enquiring what they did with their guns, pistols, and other weapons, he informed me that on the termination of their meetings, the locks were taken off the guns, and deposited in some dry situation prepared for them, while the barrels and stocks were thrown into the bog holes, the muzzles being stuffed with corks and the touch holes with small quills, and when again required for use a few minutes only were requisite to set them once more to rights. In this way the captain was enabled to keep up a standing army, and to carry on a kind of guerilla warfare with all those who opposed private distillation, or acted with severity to their tenants. It was next to impossible to detect any of the party, they being in league with the small farmers for miles round, and as they assisted them in not only making but in disposing of large quantities of illicit whiskey, they were in no danger of their informing on them; on the contrary they rendered them every assistance, at all times giving them timely warning of the approach of an enemy.

At the foot of the mountain, about a quarter of a mile from the hut on the top of the hill, I perceived a rather comfortable looking cottage, which on enquiry I learned from my companion was the residence of the captain's daughter and the elderly female who had acted as my doctress and nurse in the cave, and although my sightless friend seemed unwilling to admit the fact, it at once occurred to my mind that this cottage was connected with the subterranean chamber in which I had been located, by a continuation of the gallery. The people in the neighbourhood, he

assured me, knew not who they were, or where they had come from; that the elder female being deeply learned in the healing art, and having various specifics for diseases to which the people in that district were liable, they were greatly respected and esteemed, the peasantry often travelling miles to get her advice, or a small portion of the herbs she compounded; besides which, the priest of the parish had pronounced a curse on any one who might attempt to molest or interfere with them. Although many wondered how she and her youthful companion contrived to maintain themselves, none ventured to enquire, and they were suffered to enjoy their retirement without molestation. The police and military had indeed on more than one or two occasions visited the cottage in search of suspected individuals, but never finding any one in it besides the two females, had deemed it useless to repeat their visits.

Having wandered about the rocks as long as my weak and enfeebled state of body would allow me, I now intimated to my companion my wish to return to my solitary abode. Having gained the summit of the hill, I sat down on the rock at the entrance to the hut, once more to survey the extended scene which presented itself, and as my eye rested on the rolling waves of the distant ocean, I inwardly resolved that the moment my bodily health would permit me I would throw up my present discreditable mode of life, and fly to some distant part of the world where my name and my doings would be unknown.

At that moment, however, the lovely face and sylph like form which met my view on my first awakening

to consciousness after having been carried into the cavern, having flashed on my recollection, put all my notions of liberty to flight; for though during the period of illness I had often tried, but never was able, again to hear her voice, or see her person, nor to obtain from my kind nurse any information concerning her, still I could not obliterate from my recollection the image that had so strongly impressed it. I still cherished the hope that I should meet her again; nor was the fulfilment of my expectations long delayed; for that very evening the captain himself paid me a visit, and politely invited me into his apartment, which I found to be another good sized room hollowed out of the rock, situated at a little distance from my own, and rather more comfortably furnished. Here to my surprise and delight I was introduced to the being who above all others I wished to see. My host introduced her to me as his daughter, and me to her as the son of an old friend, and one of his faithful followers.

The evening passed pleasantly away, for although the captain at first appeared somewhat reserved and austere, apparently resolved to keep up his tone of authority, by degrees his sternness and formality vanished, and to my astonishment I found that the man who when exercising command over his followers seemed to have his heart steeled against all the sympathies and sensibilities of our nature, in reality possessed much gentleness and kindness of disposition. As I afterwards found the only recreation which he enjoyed was the society of his daughter, the lovely and *gentle Aileen*; and it was indeed strange to see that

man of blood and crime—for such no doubt was his character—how his breast appeared to soften, and his better nature to overcome the darkness of his assumed disposition, while he endeavoured to instil into her mind precepts by which he himself was not guided. As he afterwards informed me he had always been fond of reading, and in the loneliness of his cavern he beguiled the tedium of the time by instructing her in whatever he considered might be serviceable to her in after life—indeed it appeared as if she was the only being for whom on earth he had the slightest regard or affection. Reared from her earliest childhood, in a kind of solitary loneliness, she knew little of the world beyond what she could glean from a few books, which, with a small stock of furniture, had been preserved from the wreck of the cottage in which she had spent her infant days. Aware to a certain extent of the causes which led her father to adopt his present mode of life, and to live an outlaw from civilized society ; and knowing also the risk he ran of being made amenable to the law of the land, she lived in a constant state of unpleasant foreboding and alarm. Driven as it were from the abodes of man, and led to hate and despise them, he had ever evinced the greatest kindness and affection for her; and she in return loved him tenderly; the consequence was, that even in early youth the once blooming and lovely child had become pale and pensive, and long before the spring of life had passed, the beautiful flower appeared as though it were doomed to droop and wither long ere it had reached the meridian of its prime.

I was not a little surprised to find the captain so communicative, even during the first evening of our being together, as to allow me to become acquainted with much of his past history; and I was no less astonished to observe that in recurring to scenes of childhood and of youth—to circumstances which had transpired many years before—the big bright tear occasionally started to his eye, and his bosom appeared to be agitated with deep-felt emotions.

With the numerous illicit distillers who resided in the neighbouring country, he informed me he lived on the most friendly terms. He protected and assisted them, and they, in return, helped him to dispose of the produce of a small still which he had erected at the side of the red bog which lay nearest to the sea coast. By this means he was enabled to live in comfort (so far as his isolated condition would allow of his being so), besides keeping a number of men in pay, and supplying them with arms and ammunition. Before the close of the evening I had entered fully into the feelings of the captain and his lovely daughter, and determined from that time forward to share their fortunes, be they what they might. As may well be supposed, I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as possible to Aileen; but while she evinced the greatest kindness and attention, she appeared to be much more reserved and diffident than I had expected or could have wished. Her very reserve, however, appeared only to heighten my admiration, and gave a keener relish to my enjoyment, as I afterwards reviewed in thought the entire scene of the evening.

At an early hour next morning my faithful nurse paid

me a visit, and informed me that the captain had left home for the day, but hoped to return at a sufficiently early hour in the evening to allow of his having the pleasure of joining me as on the previous night; that in the meantime I was to join my blind companion, who would accompany me to the red bog, and there instruct me in its various windings and capabilities. I now found my female friend much more communicative than she before had been. I learned from her the true position of my rocky asylum; that about midway in the gallery there were three rooms or chambers, and that, as I suspected, these were connected with the cottage in which she and the captain's daughter lived, and the hut which formed the entrance at the top. She spoke in the highest terms of the kindness of "the ould masther," as she called him, and her affection for the daughter could not have been greater had she been her own child.

Having, as directed, joined my former companion of the hut, we proceeded to the red bog, and there found that it fully verified the description I had received of it. Blind as my guide was he took me to the very spot where the guns were secreted, and yet, I do believe, an individual not aware of its locality might have searched till doomsday before he could have found one of them. I had, however, to follow his track as closely as possible, for I could perceive as I passed along, by trying with a stick which I carried with me, that at the very edge of the pathway on which we walked there were pits, that had we made one false step, would have overwhelmed us in a moment. In the course of our walk I was assured by my

companion, that the captain was a real gentleman—that he never took advantage of any man—that although he was an outlaw, and had the character of being a freebooter, he was never known to annoy any one who had not injured him or some of the party with which he was connected, and that the people for miles round looked up to him to do them justice. I had known myself indeed that the inhabitants of that district were always a very lawless set, rich and poor being nearly all engaged in the trade of illicit distillation; and, therefore, I was in some measure prepared to acquiesce in the feeling entertained towards the captain by those whom he had served. Having taken a regular survey of the red bog, as I considered it might be serviceable to me in future operations, I returned once more to my domicile, and in the evening found the captain to be as good as his word; again I was permitted to join him and Aileen, and now, though years have since passed away, and time, that changes all things, has somewhat altered her, the image impressed upon my heart at that moment appears as perfect and as lovely as it then did.

Nearly a month passed away from the time I had first been introduced, every evening bringing with it a renewal of my happiness; and Aileen having now become quite familiar, treated me as if I were her brother, and on her account, I presume, the captain as if I were his son; when one evening, as we were conversing together, he informed me that on the night following his party would be engaged in rather an important undertaking, and as he was anxious to have *with him* some one on whom he could really depend,

he wished me particularly to accompany him. The intelligence fell like a thunder-bolt on my heart; I had not once dreamt of being so soon placed on such active service; I hated the entire party and their lawless proceedings, but suppressing my feelings, I at once intimated my readiness to follow wherever the captain might lead. At this moment my eye met Aileen's, and in it I could read the anguish of her heart; her father she knew would be exposed to great danger, and I was vain enough to suppose that her feeling for me possessed some slight share in causing the emotion. No doubt the danger was imminent, for the captain afterwards explained, that in consequence of government having just then imposed a heavy fine on every townland in which an illicit still should be found, many of the farmers who possessed land, but who had for years been engaged in the trade, now withdrew from the association, and it was feared that some of them, to save themselves the penalty, and to share in the reward offered, might give such private information as would lead to the discovery of the other parties concerned. The smuggling business having for some time previously been carried on with more than ordinary activity, in consequence of a good harvest and the very low prices for all kinds of grain, an additional number of gaugers had recently been sent into that part of the country, and the old ones had become more on the alert and more determined; several parties of police and military had also been placed at their disposal, and were located in the immediate neighbourhood. Large quantities of illicit whiskey had been hid in various places in the bog

and along the coast, ready for sending off when an opportunity might offer, and a small vessel being expected to visit that part of the coast on the evening I have referred to, by means of which a considerable portion of it might be conveyed away, every preparation had been made to insure its safe delivery.

The evening came, and no doubt I quitted with a heavy heart an abode in which I had for the last few weeks enjoyed so much of peace and happiness, not having the satisfaction of even seeing or taking leave of the dear girl, to whom I was now sincerely attached. At dusk the captain and I quitted the cave together. We moved forward in solemn silence, not a word being uttered by either. He appeared lost in thought, and I was in no mood for conversation. I could easily perceive that his mind was ill at ease—he had parted from his daughter, and, as she had once before told me, he never left the place on any expedition, that she did not feel as if her heart would break, as if it were the last time she would ever see him alive; knowing the risks he ran, and the company he was obliged to keep—I had no doubt, therefore, it was the parting from his child which had so affected him.

As we descended the hill, the same “who goes there?” which had led to my unfortunate adventure with the dragoons, again struck upon my ear, but in this instance the countersign having been given in all due form, we proceeded without interruption. At the foot of the hill the captain appeared to have regained his spirits; being there joined by a number of “the boys,” he entered into conversation with them on the

news of the day, especially with reference to the doings of the guagers and the military. In the course of the conversation I learned that the place of rendezvous for the evening was a cave situated on the sea coast, some miles distant, and that there was to be a full attendance of our party, to provide against surprise or attack.

"Have you seen O'Rourke or Shemus Magra lately?" inquired the captain, addressing the ruffian who had on a former evening given him the information relative to the unfortunate Flood.

"Sorra a bit of me has, nor will your honour see them this night aither, I'm thinkin'," was the reply; "I've heard they have given us up all together—they say they'll have no more to do with *stillin'*, that its bringing a curse on the country, an' only they're afeerd of yer honor and the boys, I'm thinkin' it would not be long till they'd giv information agin all the stills in the country."

"What makes you think that, Coghlan?" rejoined the captain.

"Why jist bekase I was convarsin' wid one of the sarvint min at O'Rourke's, and he tould me as much, in ordher that I might put the boys on their guard."

"Have any of the guagers been seen down to this neighbourhood lately?" the captain again inquired.

"Aye, faix, three or four of them, and they had the sodjers and police with them all this blessed mornin', an' went very near to where some of the stuff is laid by, but havin' no one to shew them the way, they seemed afeerd to trust themselves in the bog. They afterwards marched on quite smart to the very spot

where yez are going to just now, but after looking all about them they returned home with their fingers in their mouths, for the tide was in, and the skulkin' villains wouldn't wet their nice polished boots in turnin' the point, where they might have chanced to get what they were looking for."

"Why, how do you know that, Coghlan; were you with us when we were putting it by?"

"No, faix, your honour, but one of the boys tould me of it."

"Humph—so some of them have been talking about where the kegs are stowed in the cave," observed the captain significantly, "well, we'll see"—then sending out videttes or scouts in different directions, he desired them to keep a sharp look out, and give instant information of any movement.

As we advanced forward we were here and there joined by one and another of the party, who, as they approached, gave a particular whistle, which at once told us they were friends. Arrived at the place appointed for meeting, it was found that we numbered over eighty, all tolerably well armed. They at once formed into line, and as the captain walked along from one end to the other, each individual told his name, and the entire party were complimented for their punctuality. He then explained to them what the object of their meeting that night was, and assigned various duties to different individuals.

"Where are the horses?" he then enquired.

"Just at the end of the bog, yer honor, all ready for the road," was the reply.

Several squads were at once sent off with directions

to bring as many kegs of the poteen as the horses could carry, while one of the party was sent round to the top of the cliff with a lighted brand—this being the signal agreed upon with the captain of the smack, which was expected to be on the coast during the night. Ten or twelve of the stoutest of the men were then selected to accompany the captain and myself to the cavern where the whiskey was stored. Proceeding round the point or headland that jutted out into the sea, at a short distance from it we halted at a spot where, about six feet above the level of the strand, there was an archway or opening in the face of the rock. We at once entered, and some pieces of bogwood been lighted, found it to be of extraordinary dimensions—so large, indeed, that the immense flambeaux we carried were insufficient to enable us to see its termination. Following the captain, I found that the inner or upper end was perfectly dry, and covered with fine sand, although I was told when the tide was in, a boat might sail up into the cavern a considerable way. There was no appearance of any thing being stored in it, till the captain having ordered three or four of the stoutest fellows present to remove a huge rock, a lesser cave presented itself, in which a great many kegs containing the precious liquor were stowed away—these I was informed belonged to the captain. The party at once commenced removing them to the mouth or entrance of the cavern, so as to have them ready for shipment the moment the tide would allow the boat from the vessel to approach us.

The conversation again turned on the probability of the revenue officers having received any information

of our movements—various circumstances led to the belief that such was the case, and that it was in consequence of this, the military and police had that morning visited the bog and the neighbourhood of the cavern.

In less than an hour from the time of our arrival, the man on the look out from the brow of the cliff, conveyed the pleasing intelligence that our signal had been answered by a vessel in the distance—and a few minutes afterwards we ourselves could see from the mouth of the cavern, a light heaving to and fro, as if suspended from the mast head of some ship or boat. We had also the satisfaction of seeing that the men sent with the horses to the bog, had returned in safety, without having experienced any interruption, each horse carrying two or four kegs nicely slung across his back—These being speedily deposited on the beach, the parties without loss of time returned for another load, so that by the time the tide rose sufficiently high to allow of the smack nearing the shore, the entire quantity, belonging to various owners, lay ready for shipment.

Expressing my surprise how the quantity to be sent off could be landed at any port without great risk of being seized by the revenue officers, the captain, smiling at my want of knowledge, asked did I suppose the kegs would be landed as they then were—and then informed me that the smack was nominally a herring boat, and that into each barrel of herrings a keg of poteen was introduced, and so covered up that if opened at either end it could not be discovered.

The boat having at length arrived, not a moment

was lost in freighting it with the kegs from the cavern, belonging to the captain, and being conveyed at once to the vessel, which had anchored a few hundred yards from the beach, were delivered in safety. All hands now proceeded to the shore, where the other parcels had been deposited—every fear having vanished relative to any interruption from the guagers or military; when, just as the boat had again neared the shore, a succession of shrill whistles conveyed from one point to another, told of danger to be apprehended. In an instant the loud voice of the captain was heard collecting his scattered forces, and marshalling them on the strand, in readiness for appointment to the positions he intended them to occupy. All who had guns were ordered to look well to their flints and priming, and to be determined not to lose their property without a struggle, even though it should be at the risk of their lives. After a few moments of suspense, one of the scouts or sentinels came in, nearly breathless, with the intelligence that a very large body of the police and military were advancing towards us in double quick time. As they were still a considerable distance off, however, (the messenger having come by a direct bye-path) the captain had ample time to make his arrangements, and issue his orders. From the beach the entire body advanced towards the road or path by which the enemy were approaching; a little way on they came to a narrow defile, on either side of which the rocks rose to a considerable height—at the entrance of this pass, the captain took up his position, giving directions that the passage should be blocked up by a kind of barricade, to be formed of the rocks

and stones lying around. This order having been executed in an incredibly short space of time, the main body of his force was stationed behind it, while some of the best marksmen were placed in the rere of the rocks along the line of road on either side, to fire on the enemy as they passed along, and to prevent them leaving the road.

Having arranged thus far, and charged his men to be steady, and not to fire or move from their position till he gave the word, he desired them the moment the military came within view to give them three cheers, in order that they might be aware of their numbers, and that by the reverberation of their voices the opposing party might be led to think they outnumbered even more than they did. He then, in order to animate their courage, placed before them the certainty of victory, and at the same time of saving their property, if they stood together and obeyed his orders; assuring them, that large as the body of police and military were, their force was much larger—nor did he forget to remind them that it was better to die bravely, fighting like men, than to be hanged like a parcel of cur dogs.

Appointing sentinels to two or three points of observation, and desiring the drill master to the corps along with another, to deal out a measure of potteen to each man, he turned to me, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, desired me to follow him, as he wished to place me in a position, from which I would be able to prevent their being surprised from the rere. I of course instantly obeyed, and quick as thought we *had turned an angle* of the road which hid us from the

observation of the others. We had proceeded but a few paces when he laid his hand on my shoulder, and in an under-tone, scarcely audible to myself, in a few sentences explained what surprised and astonished me :—“Edward,” said he, “it was the expectation of what has now occurred, and the fear of what may be the result, that made me request you to accompany us this evening, ere your strength was sufficient for such an enterprise ; but listen to me, I had your future good in view as well as my own. I have had a presentiment for some time past of what is this night to take place. I will not desert my men, or the property entrusted to me, while two of them remain together ; nor will I suffer myself to be taken alive ; I know, therefore, that my doom is sealed ; and though for my own life I care little, still you know there is one being on earth for whom I would risk a thousand lives if I had them ; to your care I entrust her ; make her your own, and may you be as happy as I have been miserable”—then pulling a large bundle of bank notes from the breast of his coat, where he had stuffed them, he forced them into my hand, saying, “take these, they are the payment of the poteen just sent off ; you will find more of them in my room when you return to the cavern ; give this ring to Aileen, and tell her my last thoughts will be of her ;—at about one hundred yards distance in a straight line from where we now stand you will find your former guide, he will lead you to a place of safety, where you can remain till the fray is over ; now, mark me, Edward, do as I desire, and may God be with you,”—so saying, he shook me warmly by the hand, and ere I could utter a single

word, he was out of my sight, and had rejoined his party.

The entire scene or interview scarcely occupied a minute, and I now stood alone, half paralyzed with astonishment, and scarcely knowing how to act. I did not like to desert him in the time of peril and of need, and yet I well knew to disobey his injunctions might be fatal to myself, and ruinous to the interests of the individual for whom his affection was stronger than death itself. I therefore, after a few moments hesitation, advanced to where my sightless guide was stationed. He seemed quite prepared for my coming, having already received his instructions from the captain himself, and on my telling him how matters stood, and how the party were stationed, fastening a pony which he had with him, to serve in case of need, to a stunted tree, he conducted me by a subterranean passage to a ruined tower that stood on the beach, at a very short distance from the spot which was to be, in a few moments more, the scene of mortal combat.

We had scarcely entered our place of refuge, when the huzzas and shouts of defiance from the captain's party announced the near approach of the military. Having clambered up the broken stair way, I found on looking out at the upper loophole that I had a full view of the contending parties—the captain and his men arranged as I left them, while the military and police had drawn up in battle array at about fifty yards from them, in their front.

The moon now shining in full splendour, and the surrounding atmosphere being particularly clear, it

was as light as day, so that I was thus enabled distinctly to observe every movement that took place. I could perceive that a council of war was held by the heads of the military and police; and it was evident they had not anticipated to meet such a force as that which now appeared before them; their conference was short, and apparently decisive; for the officer in command advancing half way between the parties, in a loud commanding voice, called upon the captain's men to surrender—

“In the name of his Majesty I call upon you to lay down your arms, otherwise I shall be obliged to give the command to fire upon you; and recollect that you will be rendered accountable for every drop of blood that may be shed upon this occasion. I give you five minutes to make up your minds on the point.”

To which the captain, advancing a few steps in front of his men, in a voice equally commanding and authoritative, replied,

“We do not require your five minutes—your summons is vain—and we tell you plainly we will not surrender, nor give up our property or lives to you; and in return I now call upon you without one minute's delay to retrace your steps, and leave us to mind our own affairs.”

“Your blood be on your own heads, then,” was the simple reply made by the veteran as he returned to the head of his party, who were at once ordered to advance.

Ere they had moved forward a dozen paces, however, the words “present, fire,” having been given

by the captain, a volley from his party caused them to pause for a moment, several of the shots having taken effect. The next instant the order to fire was given to the soldiers, who with military promptness returned the salute, but their shot told with little effect on the captain's party, who were protected in a great degree by the barricade which had been formed on the road. Another cheer was now given, and immediately followed by another volley, which again told effectively on the military—the parties posted behind the rocks along the road doing great mischief, without it being perceived where the shots came from.

Observing that the military and police, on account of their position, and the barricade in front, waged unequal warfare, the officer at once gave the command to charge, when his men, infuriated by the havoc which had already been made amongst their number, dashed forward, under a galling fire, with the usual impetuosity of British soldiers. Having reached the barricade the conflict became terrific—the sharp shooters from the rocks behind taking down those who attempted to get to the rear by climbing up the rocks, while the barrier on the road in front rendered it next to impossible for the military to gain a foot of ground beyond it, or to drive their opponents from their position. The captain observing his advantage, now ordered a number of his men, who, from the narrowness of the place he could not employ to advantage, to move round to the rear of the military, and thus enclose them on every side.

Turning towards the beach to obey this order, to their utter astonishment they observed a large boat

filled with armed men, pulling with all expedition towards the shore. They at once returned and informed the captain, who in a short time found himself in the exact position which he had designed for his adversaries—as he was in a few minutes placed between two fires; for the marines having landed, at once attacked the captain's party in the rear, and thus threw them into utter confusion, they being altogether unprepared for such an attack. The captain perceiving the perilous position in which he was placed, endeavoured to rally his men, and get them into line so as to keep them together. They were still more numerous than their opponents, and appeared determined on death or victory. Drawing off those who were following the military, (now in full retreat, not being aware of the succour which had arrived) he directed all his energies against the marines, hoping to disperse them before the others would be able to reform and return to the charge. But in this he was foiled, for the marines having come to close quarters with his men, did such execution with their cutlasses, and the military now being made aware of the advance of their friends, the tide of war was speedily turned against him; the great body of his men being uncertain of the numbers they had to contend with, appeared to lose heart, and finally fled from the scene of combat; no entreaty of the captain being able to control them, or make them stand their ground; he and five or six others alone remaining to carry on the unequal strife. One by one they fell, nor would one of them surrender, although repeatedly called upon to do so by both the marines and the military, who

appeared as if unwilling to cut down men who had proved themselves to be so brave; and who could not possibly hope to effect any good by continuing their resistance. My eye instinctively followed the captain through the entire conflict, and when I saw him fall, apparently mortally wounded, I felt a sensation such as I had never experienced in my life before.

The entire place was covered with killed and wounded; nearly an equal number of the king's troops and of the outlaws having fallen. The wounded were with as little delay as possible removed to the nearest houses, the dead bodies being allowed to remain as they were till the morning. Four or five of the soldiers having been placed as a guard over the poteen, and to prevent any of the bodies being taken away, the marines returned to their vessel, taking with them their dead and wounded companions; and the military were marched back to the quarters which they had occupied in the neighbouring village.

Great was the anxiety of my sightless friend to know all that passed as quickly as it occurred; and when he heard of the route of "the boys," and that the captain had fallen, he gave way to the most uncontrolled feelings—"Och, what will become of miss Aileen, the darlint child," he exclaimed, "surely, sir, we wont lave the ould master in the hands of his inimies to disfigure him," and it was with difficulty I could prevent him from going down, at once, in hope of being able to carry away the dead or wounded body of the captain. On telling him that a guard of four soldiers had been left to protect the poteen and dead

bodies, all at once a new idea seemed to burst upon his mind, and as it were calculating how matters would terminate, he continued—"Niver fear, then, yer honour, we'll be all right yit—lave the sodgers to themselves—the poteen is before them, and if they once taste it, niver fear they'll take enough to make them sleep as sound as tops till the mornin' light, for though it's as sweet as new milk, it's the stuff that has the stringth in it. Just wait quietly and you'll see that in less than an honr they'll be all snorin' as comfortably as if they were by their own fire-sides, an' if my words doesn't come thrue, niver agin believe Paddy the piper." While he was speaking I observed that one of the soldiers had actually tapped a keg with the point of his bayonet, and that another having twisted up a piece of paper into the form of a tunnel, they commenced helping it out, as though it were small beer or new milk they were pouring down their throats. On my mentioning this to Paddy, he said, evidently pleased at his own shrewdness, "didn't I tell yer honor it wud be the case—lave them alone a bit, an' ye'll see if in less than the hour we may not take away what we like without once sayin' to them 'by yer lave.' In the mane time let me tell you, masther Edward, (for I know who you are as well as ye do yerself,) the ould masther had a great likin' for ye, an' so has miss Aileen. He knew somehow or other he wud go to his long home this blessed night—he tould me so whin comin' here, that he niver would see miss Aileen more—and that it was his desire that you shud take his place,

an' make the child of his heart yer own. He wasn't so bad, sir, all out, as the people thought; an' if he was bad, and hated a'most every body, he had good raison for it, an' more betoken sir, you'll know that some day or other; but as I said, somehow or other he knew well he'd be laid low this night, an' deed to tell the thruth, I bleeve he didn't much care, if he thought there was any one to take charge of his fair haired colleen—och, masther Edward, she's the beauty all out—you know that yourself, sir—she's a darlin cratur entirely; but I fear she'll niver git over the death of the masther, for she loved him beyant all the world, an' it 'ill brake her heart intirely when she hears he's no more; but at any risk we mustn't lave his body here to be ill used—it wud niver do to let the Sassenaghs have the satisfaction ov showin' him up at the market cross. You saw the pony I had wid me, an' I just borrowed it from a nabor in case of accidents, an' ye see as soon as the sodgers have taken enough, an' have settled themselves for the night, I'll slip round an' bring the cratur, an' we'll see if we can't have the ould gintleman home wid us agin, in spite ov sodgers or policemen."

Not wishing to interrupt my friend, who I perceived was fully in the captain's secrets, I allowed him to go on as long as he wished, to the end of his story, and then, in turn I communicated to him as much of what the captain had said to me as I deemed prudent. I also learned from him that the captain was aware that informations had been given to the authorities of the intended shipment, and this at once explained the mys-

tery of the marines landing at the time they did, as no doubt they came from a revenue cruiser sent to that particular part of the coast to intercept the smuggling vessel.

While we waited for the poteen to produce its due effect on the soldiers, my informant mentioned that he himself, and "sodger Jim," were the only two in the captain's confidence. He had employed Coghlan and Shemus, and others, as spies, but none of them had been made acquainted with the secrets of the cavern, nor did they know any thing of his private affairs. Sodger Jem, he expected, would meet him at the entrance to the tower, as he had been stationed to guard the point which the captain had assigned to me; who was so sure of being killed that night, that he had given them directions to carry home his body at any risk, not wishing it to be left as a public spectacle for his enemies to triumph over; and further, he desired that he might be buried in the grave of his forefathers.

We had now remained nearly an hour without perceiving that the poteen had the slightest effect on the soldiers—they must certainly have been fine old seasoned casks, as they drank like fishes, as much as would have made a dozen ordinary men drunk in half the time; still they kept themselves awake by joking and laughing, and singing songs; at length the efficacy of the spirit began to shew itself; one by one I could observe them stretch themselves along the rocks on which they were seated, off which, in a few minutes more, they, one after the other, rolled quietly into the road, and the hour had

scarcely elapsed until they were all in as profound a slumber as if each one had got an opium draught, or were reclining on beds of down.

On my reporting progress to my sightless friend, he seemed to chuckle with pleasure at the accuracy of his calculation, as he exclaimed, "an' didn't I tell you, masther Edward, that an hour wud finish them—och, an' iv the ould masther were alive how he wud glory in goin' down an' savin' them the throuble ov carryin' their arms to-morrow mornin'; but *his* opportunity is over, an' I'm thinkin' *ours* is come too late, agra. We have no use for fire arms now, so let them stay there; but now's our time for the body, afore the relief guard comes, so masther Edward jewel let us not lose a moment." Thus saying, he led the way, and in a few moments we had retraced our steps through the narrow passage, and gained the entrance, where to our great joy we found sodger Jem waiting for us with the pony. Having carefully covered up the opening or door way, by laying the large heavy flag over it, I and the man of war proceeded at once as stealthily as might be to the late scene of action, arranging with our blind friend to meet us at a certain point, to which Jem and I would carry the remains of the captain. Aware of the exact spot where he fell, we had little trouble in finding the body, although we experienced considerable difficulty in keeping clear of the others which lay thickly strewed around.

As we moved along, the thing that appeared most to engage the attention of the old sodger was the polished muskets that lay scattered about. Not observing or

eeding my anxiety to remove the body, he took up one after another, very deliberately examining each, until at last he found one that seemed to suit his taste, when he laid down his own gun, and very unceremoniously unbuckling the belts and cartouche box of one of the dead men threw them across one of his shoulders, desiring me, at the same time, to place the ould masther quietly on the other. This I lost no time in doing, and the veteran, seemingly well pleased with his load, walked off the field of battle as if in triumph; asking me as we passed along to pick him up a broad sword which he observed lying in our path, and to which he also seemed to take a fancy. Placing the captain on the pony, in the same position he had often sat before, we made his feet fast in the stirrups, sodger Jem supporting him on the one side, and I on the other, while our faithful guide, leading the little animal by the head, we commenced our melancholy journey. We had proceeded but a few paces, however, when Jem, as if recollecting himself, or thinking of something left behind, addressing me, with a true military salute, asked "ten minutes leave of absence." Having, as a matter of course, granted it, his sightless companion, seeming all at once to comprehend his meaning or intention, made a similar request, apologizing for leaving me alone with the masther, and for giving me the trouble of holding the reins, which he placed in my hands, assuring me at the same time that they would be back with me within the time specified. Away they went in double quick time, and certainly were as good as their words, for in less than ten min-

utes I perceived them walking back very deliberately, Jem carrying something on his shoulders, from which I soon discovered the cause of their absence—it was neither more nor less than one of the kegs of poteen which had been left lying on the beach.

“Well, masther Edward,” said my blind friend as they advanced, “don’t you think we did that dacintly, maybe it’ll be many a long day afore we’ll be at the makin’ of another dhrop of the same stuff, an’ we thought it but right just to bring a small taste of the crathur with us, in honour of the ould masther, besides ye know it woudn’t be ginteel to lave it all for the company, without taking a small dhrop of it ourselves—och, shure it’s thim that doesn’t understand the taste of it.”

On my saying I believed “the less of it that was made in any country the better, for it always led to loss of life and loss of property,” I was answered with—

“Thru for ye, masther Edward, but whose fault is it; what right has the government to prevint honest boys from makin’ a dhrop out ov their own corn, at a time whin there’s no prices to be got for oats or barley?”

I was about replying, when the old sodger, recurring to old times, observed—

“An’ shure yer honour must admit it is only a fair reprisal from the inemy—it would never do to let thim carry off all the spoils o’ war, afther us havin’ to fight for thim as we did.”

To this I assented, and was then informed that during *the time they were absent*, they had stowed away no

less than four other kegs in the entrance to the dark passage which led to the tower, a place of safety known to none but themselves and the captain, to whom it had often afforded shelter and safety, when hard run by his pursuers.

As the night was now far advanced, and it was absolutely necessary that we should be all caged before the morning light, we agreed that Jim should mount the pony behind the captain, and holding the keg in front, in this way get on as quickly as he could, while Paddy and I should take a short cut through the bog, where it would not be safe to venture with the pony; we considered also that it might be well, before the arrival of the captain's remains, to prepare poor Aileen for the sad sight which was to be presented to her view.

So varied, exciting, and extraordinary, had been the scenes of the night, that scarcely had I a moment for thought or reflection; but now, when left alone with my sightless companion, numerous conflicting emotions—intense pleasure, mingled with much pain and anxiety—continued to agitate my breast. The idea of being thus all at once left in full possession of one I now passionately loved, with something like an assurance that she regarded me with an equal affection, was no doubt well calculated to excite emotions of the most pleasing kind; but then, the idea that I could not reckon on my personal safety for a single hour, and that if anything happened to me, my poor Aileen would be left an unfriended stranger in a friendless world, had such a counteracting influence as to completely damp and depress my spirits, and to drive

away every sensation of pleasure and delight which I might otherwise have experienced. My guide appeared also to be lost in the cogitations of his own breast, not a word having passed between us while we travelled through the bog. Having arrived at the foot of the hill, on which stood the cottage and cavern, he slackened his pace, and pausing for a moment, observed—

“Och, masther Edward, jewel, I have just been thinking what ’ll become of poor miss Aileen, at all, at all ; och, sir, if ye knew what a kind heart she has, ye’d pity her intirely. I’m afeerd the darlin’ ’ll nivir get over it, for she loved the ould masther beyant any thing you can imagine. It would be hard for her to love any one else as well, tho’ to be shure if you’re as kind to her as he was there’s no tellin’ how her affections may turn, for you know, masther Edward, woman’s heart is always tinder ; but I have been just thinkin’ how will ye break the news to her—oh, sir, you must try and do it gintly—but listen ! I hear footsteps ! down wid yer honour behind the rock at the other side o’ the road.”

I had not heard the slightest noise, but now looking around me, I perceived two female figures, who I at once recognized as Aileen and my old nurse. This I intimated to my companion, and we immediately advanced to meet them. The moment they perceived us, Aileen sprang towards me, exclaiming,

“ Oh, Edward. where is my father, my dear father, has anything happened to him ? ”

Such was my emotion at the moment, that I really could not answer her ; but taking her gently by the

hand, and pressing her to my bosom, I remained silent.

"Oh, then," she exclaimed, "my worst fears are realized! tell me, oh tell me, does he still live, or has he fallen?"

"Dearest Aileen," I replied, "try and compose your mind; no doubt, something has happened your father—but it is just what I believe he wished for."

"Tell me, is he dead then," she exclaimed in a kind of frenzy.

"He is dead, dearest Aileen, but he fell on the battle field—a hero amidst a set of brave companions."

She uttered not a word in reply, but sank senseless on my bosom, apparently as devoid of life as her parent. I at once carried her round to the cottage, and our good nurse, although greatly affected by the intelligence, without loss of time applied such restoratives as she had at command, but all for a length of time apparently without the slightest effect. I felt her pulse, but it beat not; and having unfastened her dress at the neck and bosom, laying my hand gently upon her heart, I found all there still and motionless, so much so that I really began to fear the spirit had departed from its mortal tenement. The countenance once so lovely and animated, had now assumed the pale and settled stillness of death itself, and as she reclined on my arm she appeared more like a marble statue than a being possessing vitality. While she lay thus unconscious on my bosom, I observed a small locket hanging from her neck; I had the curiosity to see whose

was the image that it bore—it was that of her father, the being she loved best on earth—the impression of that simple circumstance told powerfully on my own feelings, and, as it were unconsciously, I pressed the dear inanimate being closer to my heart, at the same time impressing upon her marble lips a kiss of the fondest affection.

Whether or no the sympathies of nature had acted on her nervous system, I cannot say ; but unquestionably from that moment she began to recover strength, and I could at once perceive by the heaving of her bosom, that she was about to revive. My hand had still remained resting on her shoulder ; but now as she awakened to consciousness, gently removing it with hers, she retained it with that affectionate pressure, which speaks the soul's affection even more than words can do. Having never before experienced the true sensibility of refined feeling, I was altogether overcome, and could have cried like a child—I believe, indeed, I did shed more than one salt tear upon the occasion. The rugged feelings of my nature were completely dissolved, and I again pressed the dear maiden to my breast; and although she could not shed a tear before, she now felt her heart relieved by a copious flood—for a moment we both wept together; the next, gently disengaging herself from my embrace, she at once evinced a mind of a superior character.

“I thank you, dear Edward,” she said, “for your kindness and affection, but you must not risk your safety on my account; I know more of this place than you do; here you must not remain—every moment

you stay is at the peril of your life; therefore, it is now for you to consult what is best for your safety—will you remain in the cavern, or will you seek safety in flight? No doubt our cottage will be searched, and that perhaps before the morning light; let me ask you then, what have you resolved upon?”

“Upon never leaving, never forsaking you, my dearest Aileen; on this subject I have many things to tell you, but must defer the relation for another time. I have been charged with a message from your father for you, in which I am also interested, and it may in some measure comfort you to know that his last thoughts were of you, and his last prayer for your happiness; he sent you this ring as the last token of his love—but more of this to-morrow; and believe me dearest, if I am spared, it shall be the pride of my heart to render you happy; and as far as I can to make up the irreparable loss you have sustained.” So saying, I gently bore her to a couch or bed in the inner room of the cottage, and then kissing away the tears that rolled down her cheek, was about leaving her in the charge of her kind nurse, when she stopped me by asking, “Is there no possibility of my again seeing my beloved parent? the thought of never beholding him again even in death is as daggers to my soul; could I but hope that I might once again be permitted to see even his lifeless body, it would greatly alleviate my feelings.”

“You shall see him, dearest Aileen, and that to-morrow, if all is well; for we would not leave him to the tender mercy of his enemies, who no doubt would have wreaked their savage vengeance on his lifeless

body; and it may console you to know that he is, I believe, at this moment in his own chamber."

"Thanks, dearest Edward, many thanks for your kind consideration; most sincerely do I trust you may never suffer from having connected your interests with his."

Again affectionately pressing her to my breast, I left her for the night, and at once proceeded to the hut, where I found that Jem had safely arrived with the body and the keg: both had been carried down into the recesses of the cavern before I joined him and Paddy. Having arranged that on going inside, our blind friend was at once to retire to his bed in the hut, and so to place every thing in its natural position, as to impress any military that might visit him with the idea that when they had searched the cave beneath him, they had explored the extremity of his habitation, I took the old soldier with me, and having entered the passage, we so fastened the large slab or flag which formed the doorway, as to render its removal from without impracticable. We then proceeded to perform the same operation at the end which opened into the cottage, and having thus secured both entrances to our retreat, we proceeded to the room where lay the mortal remains of our once gallant captain; and such a sight as now presented itself to view!—scarcely a part of the body or limbs being free from a hack or a cut given by the swords or cutlasses of the marines or by the soldier's bayonets; to the bullets of his enemies he appeared to have been impervious, not a single *bullet* having injured him; the wound which caused

his death having evidently been inflicted by the thrust of a bayonet. After undressing the body, and washing away the blood from the many gaping stabs and wounds, we laid it on the bed which it had usually occupied, and the old sodger placing a night-cap on his head, to render his appearance the more natural, covered him up with the bed clothes, so that to any one not acquainted with the real facts of the case, it would have appeared as though the captain were merely taking his usual quiet rest in sleep.

My companion feeling somewhat thirsty after his night's work, proposed that we should tap the keg of poteen, just to try its quality ; but as I now felt myself to be the *major domo*, I at once invited him to partake of the comfortable supper which had been provided for the captain and myself on our return.

"An' sure yer honor, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' if the ould mather had been alive and well, I'm thinkin', I wouldn't be aiting so good a supper to-night; but the heavens be his bed, anyhow, he was always kind and gineros, and would share the last bit he had with any one who might want id."

"I do believe he would, Jem ; I can speak to the truth of that myself, for I found him to be kind and good-natured when I wanted protection ; but I think you had better turn to, now, and take your supper, as it is getting late." Thus invited, the honest fellow at once seated himself at the table, and commenced laying in a store of eatables which might have served a moderate man for a week, and as I suppose he considered good 'eating deserved good drinking,' he did ample justice also to the cruiskeen. So busy

was he, indeed, at the work, that he seemed for a time to forget me ; but appearing to recollect himself, he rose hastily from his seat, and apologizing for his thoughtlessness, as he handed me a chair, observed, "but shure, masther Edward, you'll ate a bit yerself, you had a hard bout of it th' night, sir, and you must be hungry ; sit down, sir, do sit down, and ate a bit to strengthin' yerself, for I fear its not all over wid us yet ; indeed ye may depind upon it, masther Edward, it was some of our own boys sould the pass upon us. They have played the thractor, the rascals, an' ye'll find before to-morrow night there 'ill be large rewards offered for every mother's son of uz, and yer own sweet self 'ill be at the head of the list, I'm thinkin'."

On my enquiring what he would advise to be done, he replied—

"Jist nothin' at all, yer honour ; let us keep quiet till the storm blows over ; they can't touch us in our fortess, an' so we'll jist stay quiet a bit, and thin if we can only get you and miss Aileen safe out of the clutches of the inemy, what matter about us, we're ould now, an' have seen enough of the world to contint us, an' besides, ye know, masther Edward, we've only to die wanst, an' if we're prepared for id the less matter ; it 'ill make little odds, after we're dead and gone, whither we were hanged or drowned ; but in the mane time we must take care of you an' the darlin young lady."

Touched by the simple devotion of the veteran, I could not but thank him from my heart, but I suggested that although we ourselves were secure in

our cavern, still there might be some danger of mischief befalling the females in the cottage.

"Sorra danger, masther Edward; they well know that the priest's curse would rest heavy on any one that would raise a hand against thim, barrin' it were some of our own boys, who neither fear priest nor divil. I'm shure, though, if some of the same boys could get a grip of you or me they'd make uz 'pay the piper'; they always thought I was too strict upon thim, the unorderly vagabonds."

Having complimented him upon his fidelity, and expressed a hope that he would be long spared to receive in some way or other the reward of his kindness, he rejoined—

"As for that, masther Edward, to be candid wid you, now that the masther's gone, and no one left that cares for me, barrin' yerself and miss Aileen, or to whom I can now be of service, it's not much matter to me when I go out of this weary world, for as I said, barrin' yerself an' miss Aileen, there's no one in it I care a straneen about, and I bleeve no one cares about me, and so ye perceive I'm even wid the world, for there's no love lost between us. Howsomever, I'm resolved to live as long as I can, and he'll be a good man, I'm thinkin', that 'll take Jim Soolyvan alive wid the new instrument I've now got."

Finding the old man from his frequent visits to the poteen had begun to be rather loquacious, I proposed we should try and get some sleep, as we might have some further business to perform in the morning.

Receiving my expressed wish as though it had been the command of a superior officer, he at once re-

sented, and merely divesting himself of his belts and the great coat he had upon him, he very unceremoniously stretched himself at full length by the side of his late honoured captain, observing that he would take care of him till the morning any way; and in less than five minutes was snoring away as sound as a top. When quitting the room I observed a parcel lying on the dressing table, directed for me. On opening it I found it to be a roll of bank notes, which at once reminded me of the other parcel I had received from the captain, and which I had totally forgotten till that moment. Indeed so confused was my mind at the time I received them, that when thus reminded of them I could not distinctly recollect what I had done with them; but on examining a shooting jacket I had worn, but which I had thrown off me on our coming into the cavern, I found that I had thrust the treasure carelessly into one of the pockets. Rolling all together, without examining or thinking of their value, I threw myself on my bed, in the hope of obtaining an hour's sleep; but so varied were my thoughts, and such was my anxiety on account of my beloved Aileen, that every attempt to compose my feelings proved fruitless, and after tossing about for half an hour, I got up, and wandered instinctively in the direction of the cottage. Just as I arrived at that part where it joined the passage, the sound of strange voices struck upon my ear. I at once perceived that it was a party of police sent to search it. I heard nurse assuring them most solemnly there was no one there but themselves two—still they insisted that *some one* had been seen going into it that night, and

that their orders were peremptory to search it most particularly. Poor Aileen was therefore obliged to leave her bed, but having done so, and the police having searched every corner several times, striking heavily with the butt end of their muskets on the flag or stone which formed the door-way, as if looking for some place of concealment, after the most minute investigation of the place, retired, evidently much disconcerted and chagrined, cursing the fellow who had by his information led them such a wild goose chase for nothing. Great indeed was my delight at finding they had decamped without in any way annoying the occupants of the cottage.

Proceeding in a short time after to the farther end of the gallery, I heard the same party cursing the poor blind man, and the fellows who gave the information, at the same time striking with their guns as they had done in the cottage, every part of the cavern where they thought it likely there could be a place of concealment. From the way in which the police acted, it appeared evident to me that it was some of our own lads that had given them the information; but as I had been assured by Paddy, that none of them but himself and sodger Jem were aware of the secrets of the cavern, I felt quite easy in my mind as to the result. Next morning, indeed, I found that my conjectures were well founded, as it was Coghlan who had turned informer, and was with the police, and who we supposed must have followed us, and seen us going in, both to the cottage and the hut. As the party retired from the cave, I distinctly heard them

swearing that whenever they caught me they would make mince meat of me and my cursed associates for having caused them such trouble and annoyance.

On returning to my room, having for the time being nothing further to do or think of, I once more threw myself on the bed, and feeling fairly wearied out with the previous night's engagements, I now, in a short time, fell into so profound a slumber that I did not awake till the day was far advanced. On getting up and going into the next room, I found nurse and the old sodger had done all honour to the late captain, having laid him out in state with the usual formalities; and indeed never before did I see him to such advantage—nature having restored his features to their original caste, he would now have been declared by a physiognomist to be both kind and benevolent, and altogether devoid of malignity or cruelty. Having found from nurse that Aileen, although still absorbed in grief of heart, appeared tranquil and resigned, I wished at once to visit her in the cottage, but against this procedure both nurse and Jem advised me strongly, as there was no knowing the moment the cottage might be surrounded by our enemies, and this before we could be well aware of their approach, as there was now no one to keep watch outside, who might warn us of our danger. It was agreed, however, that as soon as we had matters so disposed as to permit of Aileen seeing the remains of her father, nurse should take her place in the cottage, and send her in to us. Every thing being at length nicely *regulated* and arranged, and I myself having taken

some refreshment, nurse returned to the cottage, and in a few minutes after I had again the pleasure of embracing my own beloved Aileen. I endeavoured as well as I could to soothe her feelings, and to prepare her for viewing the mortal remains of the individual in whom but a day or two before every affection of her soul was centered. She appeared perfectly calm and composed, but I could at the same time easily perceive, that though not a single tear trickled down her cheek, the finest feelings of her mind were powerfully agitated; so much so indeed, that I feared greatly we should have a recurrence of the scene of the former evening; but in this I was mistaken, for on entering the chamber where the remains of her father lay, pausing for a moment, she gazed upon his countenance with a fixed and steady look, as if pleasingly disappointed in the aspect which his features wore, having expected, as she told me afterwards, to see him greatly disfigured; then advancing, and bending over the lifeless body, with an ardour of affection she kissed again and again his cold and pallid lips and cheek.

Having seated ourselves beside the bed, after allowing the first ebullition of feeling to subside, I mentioned to her in as delicate a way as I could, the desire expressed by her father on the previous evening, trusting that she would now allow me to supply, as far as I could, the place of him she had lost—to call her my own, and to share with her her future joys and sorrows; then pressing her affectionately to my bosom, I kissed away the tear that was rolling down her cheek. At this moment remembering the property

entrusted to my care, I handed her the roll of notes, frankly communicating to her the circumstances under which I had received them—that they were hers, not mine, and that I had not the most distant idea of their amount. The dear disinterested girl at once returned them, saying,

“Keep them, dearest Edward, you know best their value; if they will assist to take us from this wretched uncomfortable place, they will prove valuable indeed.”

Not being able to persuade her to retain them, I requested at all events she would assist me in seeing what their actual value was, when on counting them over, to my great surprise I found they amounted to upwards of five hundred pounds. This did not appear at all to surprise Aileen, as she merely observed, “thank Providence we shall not be thrown altogether penniless on the world; and now, dearest Edward, let me but once see the remains of my beloved parent placed quietly in the grave of his forefathers, as he requested, and then most willingly will I fulfil his wish—with pleasuræ I will go with you wherever Providence may direct our path, for I have now no other in this world to look to but you.”

The unaffected candor and simple pathos of my dear Aileen came home to my heart's best affections; I desired no more; when again turning to the deceased, she asked me had I observed the quiet calmness of his countenance, how kind and composed he appeared in death; that he looked as if he were smiling upon us. “Believe me, dear Edward, he was naturally kind and good natured, especially so to me; the tenderness *of his affection* I never can forget, and he would have

been so to all the world beside, but the world wouldn't let him. I do hope he died happy."

"His last thoughts were of you, dearest Aileen, and there can be no doubt that the idea of his having arranged in some measure for what he considered might conduce to your happiness after his decease, was one great cause of his now appearing so tranquil."

Tears again flowed in abundance, and stooping down she once more affectionately kissed the clay cold lips of him she had loved so well.

Wishing to draw her away from the melancholy scene, I now proposed we should at once retire, and consult with our three faithful friends as to how we should best proceed to carry out the wishes of their late master. On our joining them, I found that the burying-place of his ancestors was situated at some five or six miles distance, and as none of his former followers could now be trusted, they not having now the fear of the captain before their eyes, and a large reward being offered for the apprehension of myself and sodger Jem, it was necessary that we should proceed with great caution. To bring a coffin either to the cottage or the hut, would now be too dangerous a proceeding, as there could be no doubt there were numbers on the watch in the vicinity of our abode, who would give immediate notice to the police. In the midst of our difficulties it was suggested by Paddy that he should at once go over to father Maguire, the priest of the parish in which the grave yard was situated, as he had no doubt he would with pleasure arrange every thing for the burying of the captain,

having when a boy spent many a happy day with him in the mountains, before he was driven from house and home. We all agreed in the propriety of this movement, and having handed him the sum necessary for the various preparations, together with the payment of five or six able fellows in whom the priest could confide, to assist in carrying the body to its resting place, Paddy at once prepared to set out on the expedition; but just as he was leaving, he turned back, and calling me aside, begged my pardon for asking me should he say ever a word to his reverence about "the other thing." On enquiring from him what he meant, he replied—

"Arrah thin, masther Edwrrd, shure ye know that well enough yerself; isn't miss Aileen now yer own by right, both by the ould masther's desire and her own natheral inclination, and mayn't yez as well at onst get the few words said over yez by the holy man, and live together as man and wife should do?"

"No, no, Paddy, we mustn't be just in such a hurry, we must consult miss Aileen's own inclination as to that matter; as soon as I know her wishes I'll get you to perform your good offices with father Maguire for me."

"Och, masther Edward, that wasn't the way wid me when I was young; I thought I could niver have my purty colleen in my arms soon enough, but, sir, of coorse ye know what's best to do, and its all equal to me, though ye know there's an ould sayin' among the people here, that 'there's often a slip 'tween the cup and the lip,' so if ye take a frind's advice, sir, ye'll just be after axin' miss Aileen wid as little delay as

possible, and not be lavin' her by herself in the cottage these cowl'd winter nights, without any one to take care of her; for now that the captain's gone, I wouldn't be after puttin' it past some of the boys that knows she's there, to pay her a visit."

Thanking Paddy for his friendly hint, which I promised to attend to, I requested him to make as much haste as possible in arranging with father Maguire relative to the burying.

From the distance he had to travel and the various arrangements he had to make, the evening was far advanced before he again made his appearance. On his arrival, however, we were all much gratified to learn that every thing had been settled agreeably to our wishes—the kind priest having at once undertaken to have the coffin and the bearers at the cross roads which were a short distance from the cottage, the following evening at eight o'clock, and that he himself would accompany the mortal remains of his former friend to their last resting place, and see him interred in the grave of his forefathers like a gentleman and a Christian.

If my dear Aileen had that moment heard of an estate having been left to her, it could not apparently have afforded one-half the pleasure to her mind that this intelligence did, and the only matter now to be arranged was how the body should be conveyed to the cross roads, the place at which it was to be put into the coffin. This too was soon settled, by Jem saying—

"Arrah, thin, miss Aileen, don't distress yerself for one minit in thinkin' about that; shure nothin's aisier

in life, its not the first time I carried him in my arms whin he was a boy, little bigger than you miss whin I carried ye here, an' shure it would go very hard wid me if I couldn't carry him now as far as the cross roads, let alone to his grave, far as it is away ; leave it to me just, an' settle the rest yeerselves. How do ye mane to thravel yeerself, miss Aileen, for I know well ye'll nivir part the masther while there's a limb of him above ground."

"Oh, surely, Aileen, my love, you would never think of travelling at such an hour of the night such a distance?" I interposed ; "you may, I think, entrust to me and the other faithful friends now around you to see that last melancholy office performed for your father."

"Dearest Edward, prevent me not, I entreat you ; you know I have told you the moment the remains of my beloved parent are laid in their last resting place, I will go with you wherever you may wish ; and I now say more, I will then be guided by your wishes in every particular, but I would never forgive myself if I did not with my own eyes see that the request of my dear parent, more than once made of me while he was living, was strictly carried into effect, now that he is no more. Besides, dear Edward, when I tell you it will afford me a mournful pleasure, I am sure you would not wish to deprive me of it."

Amiable girl, I thought in my own mind as she spoke—what a world of happiness would ours be if such affection and fortitude existed generally—I will not for a moment restrain your feelings of filial affection and tenderness. I merely replied—

"Well, then, my love, we must provide some mode of conveyance for you; for you could never think of walking such a distance."

"Never fear, Edward; it is not the first time I have visited that burial-ground, with him who is now no more. I know well where it is, and the spot where his now lifeless body is to be laid—he himself pointed it out to me—and I then promised faithfully, if I survived him, to see his remains quietly deposited there."

Feeling that further remonstrance would be painful, I at once acquiesced, and we then proceeded to arrange for the night. It was settled that Paddy should sleep in the cottage, so that if the police or military should pay it a visit, they might be admitted; the remainder of our party were to remain in the room, where the captain's body lay, in order to show him as much respect as possible while with us.

It was indeed a long night, and a long and mournful day which succeeded; very little was said or spoken about, each one of us seemed to be communing with our own thoughts in a rather melancholy mood. Knowing the intense feeling of Aileen on the subject of her father's death, I considered it would be better to allow it to have free vent, and therefore did not much interfere with the musings of her mind, though she herself occasionally mentioned one and another little anecdote, which showed how much he loved her. To me, indeed, it appeared a mystery how so much tenderness of affection, and so much of what I considered want of feeling as I myself had seen him apparently manifest, could have been combined in one and the same individual.

Evening came, and a little after seven o'clock, sodger Jem, true to his system of discipline, reminded us that we would have little enough time to keep our appointment if we then started for the cross roads. To prevent our being surprized or attacked before we should be able to join our friends, Paddy was sent to reconnoitre, and having made a good report, and it appearing that the night was favorable (for, although dark, the stars were bright, and the pathway dry and hard), it was agreed that the mournful procession should start at once.

While Aileen and nurse were now preparing for the walk, having wrapped the captain's body in its shroud or winding sheet, I without making any observation, sent off the old soldier with it on his shoulders, giving him directions to take the nearest way to the cross roads, and that we would follow without loss of time.

On finding that her father's remains had been removed, poor Aileen for a moment appeared deeply affected, as she had wished, she said, to take one last farewell, one parting look at him, before he was forever removed from her view—but on explaining to her that such a parting scene might so overcome her, as either to render her unable to proceed on foot or mount a pony, or, perhaps, even if she were to suppress her feelings, afterwards to lay her by in a fit of sickness, she simply remarked, "probably it was as well," and we at once proceeded to the place appointed. There we met our kind friend the priest, with his trusty band of stout young fellows; and such *good use* had sodger Jem made of his time, that when

we arrived, not only was the body placed in the coffin, but the bearers had it raised upon their shoulders ready to proceed.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of his reverence; to my dear Aileen he offered every consolation he could possibly think of. He wished her of all things, however, not to proceed to the grave yard, fearing it would be too much for her to bear; but finding her determined, he then insisted on her taking his pony, while he walked with me by her side. Having prevailed upon her to consent to this arrangement, we proceeded on again at as quick a pace as the darkness of the night would allow of; father Tom endeavouring to cheer up poor Aileen's spirits as we walked along. We arrived at the burying ground without meeting any annoyance or interruption, and finding the grave ready, but a short time was required to place the mortal remains of our lamented friend in the house appointed for all living.

It was a solemn scene; the moon just rising above the horizon threw its chastened radiance on the group assembled around the grave. At the head stood his reverence the priest, with uncovered head, arrayed in his vestments, ready to perform the solemn rites of his church; Aileen and nurse on either side, stooping over it, as if anxious to get a last look at the coffin which contained the body of one so dear to them; the hardy bearers, and even sodger Jem, softened into sadness, while poor Paddy was sobbing and crying like a child, and in broken accents recounting various acts of kindness which he had experienced from the deceased during his life-time; I myself, supporting

Aileen with my arm round her waist, was nearly as much affected and overcome as any one of the party. A solemn stillness now prevailed, and the good priest, as he had promised, proceeded to give his late friend "the burial of a Christian and a gentleman." The various ceremonies usually attended to on such occasions having been gone through, and the grave covered in, his reverence dismissed those assembled with a hearty benediction.

I wished now to get my dear Aileen away from a scene so affecting, but nothing could tempt her to leave the spot until she saw the last sod of earth placed upon his grave. This having at length been finished, she seemed all at once to feel as if the pledge she had given to her father had been fully redeemed—as if the weight which had been pressing on her mind had been removed, and taking me affectionately by the hand, as we walked away a short distance from the grave, she observed—

"Now, dearest Edward, I am yours, and yours for ever. I have performed my promise; I have seen him to whom I made it laid in the grave of his forefathers, and I henceforth shall feel it to be my duty and my pleasure to devote my best energies to render you happy. I feel truly thankful to Providence that, now my dear father is no more, there is some one to whom I can look with confidence for protection and advice. God grant that I may prove myself worthy of your love and esteem."

As his reverence was again about to join us, I could make no other reply than by an affectionate pressure of *the hand*, which told her as plainly as I could what my

feelings were. How or where my dear Aileen could have imbibed such propriety of sentiment, was to me indeed a puzzle. More thoughtful than I was, she now turned to the lads who had so promptly aided in carrying the coffin to thank them for their assistance, and while doing so offered them some silver as an acknowledgment of their kindness; but not a shilling of it would one of them touch; "Oh no, miss, dear, it wasn't for money we carried his honor here; we had a good right to do more than that for masther Edward or you aither, miss; so may God bless you both, miss, and keep yez from harm, and if ever yez want the assistance of any of uz, agra, ye have only to give his reverence the word, an' we'll be with ye in less than no time." Finding it useless to try to press the money upon the good-natured fellows, all we could do was to offer our warmest thanks; but to our surprize we observed that Paddy and Jem had brought with them something of which they all appeared perfectly ready to partake. It was a cruise-keen of "the raal stuff," as they technically termed it, and the lads having gathered round the grave, little time was lost in letting each one get "a pull at it." Its effects upon the entire party were astonishing, for with the exception of Aileen and nurse, they all at once seemed to forget their grief and sorrow; indeed nothing could better demonstrate the elasticity of the Irish character, or the pliancy of human nature, in adapting itself to circumstances. Those who a moment before appeared to be shedding tears in abundance, seemed now to be enjoying themselves with as much glee as if they were at a wedding; not

only did Jem and Paddy appear to forget their grief as the poteen circulated freely amongst them, but even his reverence seemed to take an interest in the scene. Turning to the lads who, as the cruiskeen passed round, appeared to be getting merry, he observed—

“Arrah, boys, but I’m sorry ye can’t take care of yourselves, and none of you having the common dacency to ask either misther Edward or myself whether or not we would like to wet our lips; bad scran to you, if ever before I saw so complete a set of heathens.”

“Och, thin, yer riverence, and shure if we had thought ye’d have condescinded to taste it wid us, if every drop was worth a guinea, either you or master Edward should have it with a failtha and a half; but maybe yer riverence it’s not all out too late yet, there’s plenty in it still; will ye just be after puttin’ it to yer lips, its beautiful entirely.”

“Hand the cruiskeen here, ye niggars,” was the reply, “for if it was only to prevent you from having it all to yourselves, I’d take my share of it;” and so saying, the good-natured man applied the cruiskeen to his mouth, and certainly it was some time before he took it from it, as he said it was very far to the bottom, and that there was scarcely a drop in it when he got it. His reverence then handed it to me, telling me, as the night was cold a little drop of it would do me no harm; and not wishing to appear ungracious, besides having no particular dislike to the liquor itself, I at once accepted the offer; on taking it in my hand, *however*, I was soon convinced that whatever there

might have been in it when his reverence got a hold of it, there certainly was not much then. Having taken what I considered my share, I was about handing it to Jem, who had been acting as the master of the ceremonies, when father Tom, arresting it in its progress, observed, "sorra drop of it they'll get, for it would be a sin and a shame to give them another taste," and again putting it to his head, he drained it to the bottom, in honour of the respected friend by whom it had been manufactured. Then quietly handing the empty vessel to Paddy, he observed drily, "now, ye dirty rascals, ye may drink away as long as ye can, and sorra much the worse ye'll be for it I'm thinking; ye'll mind the next time ye meet such good company, not to forget to act a little more like Christians and Irishmen than ye did this night, keeping it all to yeerselves, and never offering a mouthful to your neighbours—then turning to us, he good-humouredly observed, "excuse me, miss Aileen, this is the way I sometimes teach these vagabonds manners, though to tell the truth of them, they'd give me the best drop they had at any time."

The lads all the time of his reverence's performance were laughing heartily at each other—they saw they were fairly done, one of them observing quietly, "an' shure we might aisily have known that sorra a drop of it would we ever see agin after his riverence tastin' it; oh aint he a powerful man entirely; why he thinks no more of it than if it wor so much spring wather. Heavens bless him, any how."

Being now all ready for the road, it was with great difficulty we could prevent his reverence from accom-

panying us back to our domicile, in order that miss Aileen might have the benefit of his pony, and it was not until she assured him that she would much rather walk than ride, that he gave up the point. As we parted from our friend, on Aileen expressing her deep sense of gratitude for his kindness, turning slyly round to her, he observed, "I'm only sorry, miss Aileen, ye did not allow me to do the little job I was speaking to you about, and just make you and the honest young man beside you happy for life; but never mind, maybe you 'll repent not taking my advice yet. Howsoever, send for me any day you like, for believe me, it would afford me real happiness to serve your father's child." Amidst all her sorrow my dear Aileen could not suppress a smile at the good priest's banter, and again thanking him kindly for his offer, with a blush she told him that probably she would be troubling him in a week or two, but that it would be a bad compliment to her dear departed parent to have the night of his burial made a night of pleasure and enjoyment.

"Arrah, then, miss Aileen, is it a week or two yer after speaking of: if ye make it more than a day or two, I know who will be the loser—now mind my words—but any way I'll do the job for you handsomely whenever it may be;" and so saying, our kind friend having given each of us a hearty shake hands and his blessing, mounted his little pony, and was soon lost in the distance.

Aileen and I now walked on together in a by-path, which she and her late father had often trodden, followed at some distance by Paddy and nurse, sodger *Jem* bringing up the rere. It was a lovely night, and


the bracing air seemed to have quite a reviving influence on my companion, who walked with such a light elastic step, that I had to exert myself in order to keep up with her. Her anxiety for my safety supplied additional energy, and in a very short space of time we were all once again safely housed in our caverned domicile. Up to this point the variety and excitement of the scenes through which we had passed, had prevented much reflection or thought, and consequently on our return the entire party appeared in a much pleasanter mood than before we started a few hours previously—even my dear Aileen had regained much of her usual equanimity, and now kindly invited sodger Jem and Paddy to sit down and take share of such refreshment as the cavern would afford. A fine blazing fire of peat coal was soon lighted up, and as I did not wish to be behind my intended in showing hospitality, I proposed that we should try the flavour of the stuff in the keg. This seemed to give great satisfaction to both ; indeed I could not with decency do less, as it was by right their own property, besides it was only a fair return for their generosity in giving up the contents of the cruiskeen in the grave yard. In truth I could not but respect and esteem the poor fellows for the fidelity and kindness which they had manifested to their late master and his daughter, and which they now seemed well-disposed to transfer to me, as his successor. Were it not that I feared to wound the feelings of my dear Aileen by giving way to mirth or conviviality on that night, I felt inclined to allow them to enjoy themselves to their hearts content over the poteen.

As it was, even, before we had finished supper they had taken quite enough to make them feel very comfortable. My dear Aileen and nurse were about retiring to the cottage for the night, when Paddy and Jem insisted it was a downright shame to allow the dear young lady to sleep in such a place, not only exposed to the cold, but to the attacks of an enemy, while there was such a pleasant fire in the room they were about leaving. There can be no doubt that in this proposition I fully agreed, as I could see no impropriety, under the circumstances, of her remaining, but wherever or from whomsoever she had learned it, there could be no doubt her idea of delicacy and propriety was such as would have done honour to any lady reared in the best conducted most domestic circle.

Finding she had made up her mind on the point, so anxious was sodger Jem about her, that he at once proposed to take the station he formerly occupied on the brow of the hill as guard to the place, in order, as he said, to prevent "surprise or attack" from the enemy. This I overruled, not thinking there could be much danger in the cottage, so near to where we then were; and as I knew he would be exposed to betrayal by any of our party who might have turned traitor, and was acquainted with his locality. Not wishing to interrupt them in their enjoyment, I had allowed Paddy and Jem to remain seated by the fire for more than an hour after my dear Aileen and nurse had left us; and we were just about retiring to our quarters, when, to our dismay and horror, nurse rushed *into* the room, terribly agitated, and telling us that

Coghlan, assisted by Shemus the tinker, had about a quarter of an hour before carried off miss Aileen, the latter having held her till Coghlan got off, threatening to knock out her brains if she made the least noise or gave the slightest alarm.

Frantic with rage, I snatched up a huge horse pistol and a sword of the captain's, which I saw lying in a corner, and rushed out, followed by Jem and Paddy, the former armed with his gun and bayonet. By the time we had passed through the passage, and got to the door of the cottage, Shemus and Coghlan were both out of view, and which way to follow, I knew not; but Paddy, desiring us to "whist for a moment," placed his ear close to the ground, and the next instant led the way, assuring us he was right upon their track. We now ran forward at a race-horse speed, but for some minutes without obtaining the slightest glimpse of the party. Still keeping our eye to the point directed by Paddy, we at length had the pleasure of seeing them rising a little hill about half-a-mile distant. They appeared as if on horseback, and now my very heart sunk within me, as I saw little prospect of gaining upon the ruffians, they being mounted, and we on foot. But despair gave us wings, and taking a short cut upon them, in less than half an hour more we found we had so far gained ground as to give us hope, if we could only approach them unperceived, that we should in a few minutes more come up with them. At that distance I could recognize the voice of the dear girl, screaming for assistance, and as we drew nearer, we could easily perceive she was struggling violently with the ruffians, who now appeared, for



some purpose then unknown to us, to have stopped upon the road, and both of them were loudly threatening her; more than once, indeed, did I hear the wretch Shemus swear that he would knock her brains out if she did not stop her squeaking. This brought to my recollection the scene in the still-house on a former occasion, and I determined to pay him off for all, the moment we got up to him. We had endeavoured all along to keep low, so as to prevent their seeing us; and so occupied were they in their attempts on my poor Aileen, that they actually did not appear to be aware of our approach until, bounding over a low wall or fence on the side of the road, with a blow of the butt end of the pistol I stretched Coghlan, who was still struggling with my Aileen, on the broad of his back on the ground, and as he fell received my loved one into my arms, apparently more dead than alive. Scarcely had I given Coghlan the blow, when I observed Shemus raise his hammer and make a deadly aim at my cranium, which doubtless, had it taken effect, would have sent either me or Aileen into another world the next moment, but Jem having also observed the action, struck the arm of the wretch such a blow with his musket, as sent him spinning round the road like a top.

Having carried my dear Aileen a few paces backwards, on looking round I perceived that Coghlan had again got on his feet, and was making towards us with the fury of a tiger. Hastily disengaging myself, I turned to meet him, when rushing forward, with a double-handed blow of a large sabre he had with him, *he thought to cut me down before I was on my*



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guard, but, as if by instinct, throwing up the well-tempered weapon I carried, I parried the blow, and before he could recover his equilibrium I sent it right through his heart, whispering in his ear as he fell, "take that on account of unfortunate Flood, and the young woman you murdered in the wood."

While Coghlan and I had been thus engaged, Jem was not idle, having found rather a tough customer in the tinker, whose weapon of war not having been according to the rules and regulations of military discipline, placed Jem in rather a false position; for Shemus, having by some means got hold of his gun with one hand, was hammering away at it with the other at a fearful rate, although unable to reach Jem himself, who apparently had enough to do to keep him at arms length; having ultimately freed his weapon from the clutches of the tinker, he made short work of it afterwards, for the next moment the blood-thirsty wretch lay at his feet a lifeless corpse, Jem very quietly observing, "in this way let all traitors perish."

I now lost not a moment in looking after my dear Aileen, whom I found in a most pitiable plight, perfectly overcome and exhausted, by the struggling and exertion she had made, and now lying on the ground motionless and inanimate, without any covering to protect her from the chilling frost but her night dress, which during her exertion had been torn to flitters. Leaving Jem to bring back the stolen property on the ass, and rolling up my treasure as carefully as I could in a blanket I found lying on the road, I at once mounted the pony, which

during the fray had remained quietly grazing at the side of the road, and Jem having placed my dear Aileen up before me, I set off with all the speed the little animal could muster, never for a moment slackening our pace till we had once again gained the door of the cottage. On entering I found it empty, and the slab which closed the entrance to the cavern just as I had left it. Although this, at another time, might have proved fatal to us all, in the present instance it appeared extremely fortunate, as I was thereby enabled without a moment's loss of time to place my beloved one on a couch beside the fire which we had recently left.

Knowing the heartlessness and determination of the ruffians into whose hands she had fallen, I had, on first hearing of her capture given her up for lost, and it certainly was with no trifling satisfaction that I now beheld her, after such a frightful and perilous adventure, once more safely lodged in our quiet abode. This pleasure was in some measure alloyed, however, on perceiving that so great was the effect of the fright and the cold upon her delicate frame, that for some time after we got in she remained unconscious and insensible, her eyes still open, yet not appearing to recognize me ; but as I continued to rub her nearly frozen limbs before the blazing fire, she gradually revived, and leaning her head on my bosom, remained silent for some minutes ; then bursting into a flood of tears, and clinging close to my side, in words scarcely audible, she observed—

“ Oh, Edward, my dear Edward, you little know *from what* a depth of misery and degradation you

rescued me—the wretches—the inhuman wretches!” She could say no more, her feelings again overcoming her, and trembling violently, she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

“Do not distress yourself, my love,” I rejoined, “in thinking on the worthless ruffians; you are now safe from any further annoyance from them—they can never harm you more—they have received the reward of their perfidy—and a few days quiet will I trust restore you, and obliterate every unpleasant recollection from your mind.”

Recovering a little, she eagerly rejoined, “Oh, Edward, years could not banish the thoughts of what I have passed through this night, horrors more terrible to me than death itself.”

In vain I endeavoured to soothe the anguish of her mind—she appeared unable to get the frightful scene, in which she had so recently been engaged, from before her mind even for a single moment.

“Indeed, Edward,” she continued, “you cannot have the most remote idea of the way in which my feelings have been wounded during the time I remained with the wretches—struggling violently with him who held me on the horse from the moment he placed me on it until you overtook us, I had more than once disengaged myself from the rude embrace of the ruffian before his companion had overtaken us, twice throwing myself off the pony; but when he arrived all hope seemed to vanish—the ruffian who held me on the pony having alighted, and with the assistance of his companion, having attempted to dishonour and ruin me, threatening with the most awful imprecations to

dash out my brains if I made any further resistance." Here again she became so overpowered at the bare idea of what she had escaped, as to overwhelm her completely—covering her face with her hands, she sobbed hysterically, her whole frame still trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Dearest Aileen, do try and compose your feelings, you will assuredly injure yourself, and cause me great pain of mind by giving way to such grief; recollect, dearest Aileen, the very circumstance to which you have referred, by causing delay enabled us to get up with the ruffians much sooner than we otherwise could have done."

These arguments appeared to afford considerable satisfaction, and expressing her thankfulness that I had escaped unhurt, she became much more composed, and resting her head quietly on my bosom, continued silent and absorbed in thought.

Nurse and Paddy having now returned with Jem, who had given them a full and particular account of our rencontre with the ruffians, and, as I afterwards understood, having above everything lauded my prowess and bravery, and my care of miss Aileen, now finding me anxiously engaged in an endeavour to soothe and console her, actually overwhelmed me with their kindness—poor nurse, exclaiming as she entered—

"May heaven bless you every day you live, masther Edward jewil, for your kindness to the loved one of him that's gone, and for having brought her back safe and sound. Oh, I hope, sir, yer not injured yourself, for shure what would we do without ye, now that the ould masther's gone—wurra, wurra, what a night ye've

had—may my curse and the curse of the orphan rest upon the brutes night and day, living and dead.”

“You need not curse the ruffians now, nurse,” I replied, “they have paid the penalty of their many crimes, and we have the satisfaction of having performed at least one good act during our lives, by putting two such wretches past the power of doing any further mischief to friend or foe.”

“Heaven be praised,” was the reply, “just to think of the villians, who had received so many favours from the masther—who had ate of his bread, and been kept alive with his money—and who he had more than onst saved from the gallows—to run away wid his darlin’ child the very night he was laid in his could grave. Oh, wurra sthrue, what has the world come to, at all, at all. But, miss Aileen, avourneen macree, how do ye feel yerself now—och, my darlin’ child, I fear you will hardly ever get over the starvation you have got, shure miss yer nearly as could as death it-self, and you sitting before the blazing fire—Oh, mas-ther Edward jewil, I’m afeerd the heart’s could widin her—she’s trembling so—try and get her to take a drop of the spirits, it’ll revive her a bit, and then we’ll just lay her down quietly in the bed, and cover her up with blankets, and see if we can get the life in the darlin’ once more. Och, the brutes—the heartless vagabonds—to tear her away from before my two eyes, and I having no power to assist her or prevent them; oh dear, oh dear—I’m afeerd my own heart ’ill brake with the trouble.”

Perceiving that the old woman’s brain, in consequence of the shock, was a little touched, I had to

use my best energies to soothe down her excited feelings: and my dear Aileen, although unable to acknowledge in words poor nurse's expressions of kindness, was evidently cheered and consoled by them. I now learned from nurse how Coghlan and Shemus got into the cottage, which had surprised me much, the door being well fastened inside. She mentioned that on their rapping and demanding admittance in the king's name, she at once opened the door, thinking they were the police or military—but the moment they gained an entrance, Coghlan rushed over towards the bed on which her young mistress was lying, and lifting her up in his arms, just as she was, in her night dress, and rolling a blanket round her, regardless of her tears or entreaties, carried her out, and placing her on the pony he had at the door, mounted up behind her and rode off without a moment's delay; Shemus all the time holding nurse, and threatening instant death if she made the slightest noise, or gave the least alarm—until at length finding that Coghlan had got safe off, he deliberately fastened her to the bed post, and then rolling up every article in the cottage he considered valuable, and putting them on his ass, followed his companion as fast as his load would allow him. After struggling for some time she had succeeded in unfastening the cords with which she was bound, and had then not lost a moment in giving the alarm.

As Paddy and Jem had now returned from leaving the pony and ass at a distance from the cottage, we once more arranged for the night; the former in the cottage, the latter stretching himself outside the captain's room, in which I insisted on sitting up with nurse,

to watch our patient, who according to her directions we had covered up warmly in the bed beside the fire—but who still laboured under a strong hysterical affection, frequently sighing and sobbing heavily, and again giving vent to her feelings in floods of tears—so much so indeed, that I felt miserable, not knowing how to act, and being altogether beyond the reach of medical advice, and even nurse herself so overcome by the effect of fright and anxiety, as to be unable to render her any assistance. Having at length fallen into a gentle slumber, she awoke somewhat more composed—but it was several days before she could rise from her bed, or take any nourishment.

As she gained strength, our first object was to devise what measures we should pursue for the future ; to live as we then were was perfect misery, for although through Paddy's assistance we were supplied with every necessary of life, our prison-house now appeared something like a grave, as we could not stir out except at night, and that with much fear and apprehension ; how we were to proceed with any hope of safety was difficult to know, a large reward having been offered for my apprehension, as well as for that of sodger Jem ; and as I was aware that a sharp look out would be kept for me at the various sea-ports, I dared not venture to take a passage to any foreign shore.

In the midst of our difficulty, we thought of our kind friend father Tom, and after some days, Aileen being sufficiently recovered to enable her to undertake such a journey, resolved on going to consult with him. This, however, I peremptorily refused to permit her to do, unless I was with her. She had already been

too nearly lost to me, to allow her a second time to risk her personal safety in a country in which she was surrounded by pretended but false friends; so it was finally resolved that I should accompany her the ensuing evening, on a visit to his reverence.

Looking upon Paddy and Jem as our natural protectors, they were of course made acquainted with our intentions, on which the former shrewdly remarked—“And now, masther Edward, I hope yez wont forget the advice I gave yez before, and which his riverence also gave ye, and which if miss Aileen had taken, yez might have saved yeerselves a power of trouble, although to be sure, masther Edward, you and Jim wouldn’t then have had the opportunity of doin’ the best deed yez ever did all yer days, put it out of the power of them two informin’ villians to take the lives of upwards of sixty of the boys, who they had sworn against, and were to prosecute at the next ’sizes. Oh, then, in throth, masther Edward, ye musn’t let her, for ye know she suffered enough by her refusal before.”

“I am sure I have no objection, Paddy, but miss Aileen wants to put it off a little longer.”

“Masther Edward, shure yez have the prayers of all the country round for the good deed ye performed, for it’s well known it was you, sir, stopped the tongues of them that would have made many a fatherless orphan and widdy at the ’sizes comin’; more power to yer arm, sir; but as I was saying, masther Edward, and miss Aileen, ye know it was the ould masther’s wish that ye should make her yer own, and I hope, sir, yez wont come back to-morrow night widout the *blessing* of the holy man, and yez both one as ye

ought to be. Miss Aileen, jewel, don't be too hard upon him—ye know what he suffered for yer sake.”

There can be no doubt that Paddy's arguments had a proper effect, for my Aileen blushed, and knowing Paddy was blind, embracing me, with a kiss, consented. Although not a word had been uttered, Paddy appeared intuitively to know what had occurred—

“Och, miss Aileen, jewel, yer just what I ever thought ye were, the beauty all out—good and obedient always—may heaven bless and prosper both I pray. and now, masther Edward, I'll lose no time, and just let me go to his riverence, and tell him that yez are comin', and it's he that will give ye the welcome.”

Paddy having received his credentials, evidently well pleased with his mission, was about setting off to see his reverence, with whom he was to appoint the following evening for the accomplishment of “the little job” as he termed it. As he was leaving, he observed, “but I'm just after thinkin', masther Edward, it might be as well, sir, to take over a small drop of that last keg we opened—you may remember, sir, his riverence seemed to like the flavour of it entirely.” Agreeing fully in the propriety of Paddy's proposition, a good sized cruiskeen was filled, and sent as a present to his reverence, and the old man trudged off with a light heart to fulfil his important mission.

Having kept a sharp look out from one of the chinks or loop-holes in that part of the cavern which overhung the river, long before the hour we had calculated on for the return of our faithful messenger, we observed him approaching, and we shrewdly guessed from his “free and easy” gait, and the lightness of

step with which he glided along, that he had been successful in his mission. On his arrival we found that every thing had been arranged completely to his satisfaction.

“Augh, then,” he exclaimed, “miss Aileen, jewel, but his riverence is the fine man entirely; an’ sure, miss, this minit he’s as fond of ye and loves ye as well as if ye were his own daughter, and would walk any day from this to the County of Cork, or the Giant’s Causeway, to sarve ye. Sure, it’s he that has the raal respect for the mimiry of the ould gentleman—the heavens be his bed—but miss, dear, he desired me to tell ye he’d meet yez at the cross roads with the pony, and I heard him bidding Molly, the servant-woman, to kill a pair of the best fowl, and to have them and a nice ham ready for supper, and as I delivered him the drop of poteen with master Edward’s compliments, never fear, miss, but his riverence ’ll do the thing dacintly, for ye know he’s of the right sort, none of yer shabby spalpeens, and has a heart as big as the hill of Howth. His niece and his sister are to meet ye, miss, so that ye wont feel lonely, and if his riverence’s prayers can make ye and masther Edward happy, ye’ll have them, galore; so, miss Aileen, dear, maybe after all ye are come through, after all the clouds of sorrow that have rolled so heavily over the spring-time of yer days, maybe, miss, there are showers of blessings in store for ye yet.”

Gratified by the account which Paddy gave of his success, as well as by his own kind feeling, my dear Aileen at once proceeded to prepare for our expedition, and as her wardrobe was not very extensive, she

had not much trouble in making preparations for the marriage ceremony ; and yet on the following evening when she came from her room to join us, I could not but pause for a moment to admire the neatness of her dress and the elegance of her person. The hour for our proceeding to meet his reverence being arrived, our faithful though sightless friend, accompanied by nurse, carefully reconnoitered the locality through which we were to pass, and Jem having with their assistance closed up the cavern passages and the doors of the cottage and hut, we proceeded cautiously, each one following the other at some short distance, towards the cross roads. Here we found our kind friend, true to his appointment, ready waiting for us, and sure enough he had brought the pony with a side-saddle for "his own miss Aileen," as he affectionately called her. Placing her on it, and taking me by the arm, we walked leisurely along, having no fear while in his reverence's company, as I well knew no one in the parish would venture to inquire who his friend and companion might be.

His reverence was, as usual, pleasant, and well-disposed to keep up our spirits, nor did he forget to remind my dear Aileen of his prophecy relative to her coming to see him before the time she had promised. This at first appeared to touch a sorrowful string ; but so well-managed was his reverence's pleasantry, that before we had reached his hospitable home, she appeared in better spirits than I had ever seen her before.

Once arrived, and introduced to his friends, his reverence advised that we should lose as little time as possible in getting over the ceremony, observing jok-

ingly, that he did not like ceremony much, and the sooner it was despatched the better, as we could the sooner enjoy ourselves. Recollecting Paddy's wise saying, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip," neither I nor Aileen appeared to have any objection to the terms of the friendly proposition, and so at once acceded to it, and consequently in the presence of the entire party, and evidently much to their satisfaction, we were without further delay as firmly united in the holy bonds of matrimony as his reverence could tie us, and with a thousand blessings showered upon our heads, and an equal number of prayers for our prosperity, we, I believe, felt as happy as any pair of mortals in this state of existence could do—our reverend friend by his great good nature and lively humour, having completely removed any feeling that might have damped our enjoyment.

As Paddy had intimated, a first-rate supper had been provided, and not only was our present of poteen forthcoming, but in his kind consideration, and wishing to show the daughter of his former friend every respect, his reverence had provided one or two kinds of wine "for her own particular use." Having enjoyed ourselves for several hours in the very pleasant society of our friends, we at length prepared to return to our own domicile, when the pony was again brought to the door, and by no entreaty on our part could we prevent the kind gentleman from seeing us in safety to the cross roads. On our way thither, the conversation naturally recurred to our future intentions and prospects. I informed him it was our anxious *wish, if possible*, to make our way to America or some

other foreign land, but, that at the present I did not know how this was to be accomplished, as I could scarcely hope to pass without detection, being well-known by not a few who were on the look out for me. Considering the subject, apparently, for a moment, he exclaimed, as if a new thought suddenly struck him, "I have it—I'll manage that for ye—for you see, master Edward, as I believe you don't deserve to be hanged all out, I'll try and assist to have you transported, and that without much fear of failing in the attempt; and in a short time, please Providence, I'll have this lady beside us sailing along with you just for her conduct this evening. Several young friends will be going out in about a fortnight in a vessel now lying in the port of Londonderry, on a mission to the United States. You must, in the mean time, provide yourself with a dress to match theirs; I will have your passage taken, and will introduce you as a friend of mine, and never fear there will be few questions asked." Quite concurring in the feasibility of the plan, Aileen and I thanked his reverence from the bottom of our soul, and having by this time reached the cross roads, leaving minor details to be settled at some future conference, we parted from our esteemed friend, our hearts overflowing with gratitude to him for all his kindness.

We were not long in reaching our happy home, for now it really was happy—left to ourselves, and feeling that our interests were now indissoluble, we experienced the sweet influence which pervades minds formed for each other, when placed in circumstances such as ours were, with scarcely a feeling to mar our pleasure.

Several days passed away in the enjoyment of the most delightful intercourse and exchange of thought, and indeed with such a companion I could almost have wished to become a recluse, and if possible to have spent the remainder of my days away from the cares and the anxieties of the world. All seemed happy around us—soldier Jem, in the evening, amusing us with stories of his adventures in early life, while Paddy reported all the news of the day, which he had picked up during his excursions to the neighbouring village or surrounding country, while nurse seemed to seek no higher pleasure than to add as much as possibly she could to our comfort and enjoyment.

But we soon began to consider that things could not go on in this way for ever, and while the feelings of affection and happiness remained unabated, we found it necessary to think of something for the future, and how we could best carry out the kind suggestion of his reverence, relative to our transatlantic excursion.

Although but little versed in the dealings or transactions of life, still knowing it was absolutely necessary she should now exert herself, my dear Aileen without a moment's hesitation prepared herself for the accomplishment of the arduous duties which lay before her. Assisted by his reverence, and accompanied by one of the ladies she had met on the evening of our marriage, she set off for the city of Londonderry.

Previous to leaving home for the city she called on our friend, who at once gave her letters to the gentlemen about to emigrate, and on arriving in Derry she found he had kindly interested several friends in her

behalf, so that every thing was speedily arranged for our trip across the ocean. On presenting her letter of introduction to the reverend gentleman whose duty it was to arrange for the young men going out on the mission, he appeared at first to hesitate a little, but finding that my safety, perhaps my life, depended upon the arrangement which had been suggested being fully carried out, he ultimately entered warmly into the plan, and it was agreed that one of the young men about my own age should change his dress with me, so as the better to evade suspicion. Aileen at once procured a suit of black clothes for me, and was thus enabled, so far, to carry out the scheme proposed by his reverence, bringing with her the suit of the young priest who for a time I was to personate.

Every thing now appeared favourable; but next came the question, what was to be done with Paddy and soldier Jem. We at once candidly told them how matters stood. Nurse, as a matter of course, was to go with us; but Paddy declined crossing the deep waters, choosing rather to stay in his native land, that his old bones might be laid beside the colleen he loved and the mother that reared him." We, therefore, at once resolved to give him the cottage and furniture thereto pertaining, and a small sum of money that might help him to make out life; promising that if Providence should prosper us in our undertaking, we would send him something yearly by way of remembrance. Though evidently deeply affected at the thought of parting with us, still the poor fellow expressed himself with a warmth of gratitude which proved he fully appreciated our kind

intentions. As to sodger Jem the case was more difficult. Above all things he wished to accompany us, as he appeared to have taken a great dislike to the party with which he was formerly connected, on account of the way in which Shemus and Coghlan had acted. How he could elude the vigilance of the authorities was the point now to be considered. Here, again, we had recourse to his reverence, whose lively imagination soon discovered a method likely to succeed. He was to assume the habit of a palmer, or "holy man," travelling in the suite of the reverend gentlemen, on whom he was to attend during their voyage; and to aid him in his design, our good-natured friend, in the kindest manner, supplied him with the necessary dress and badge of office. He had known him for years, and no doubt he was a faithful, honest servant, who had on more occasions than one risked his own life to save that of his master, and we felt delighted at the idea of his accompanying us to a strange land.

Every thing was now arranged for our departure from the abode where we had recently experienced so much of commingled sorrow and pleasure, and although well pleased at the thought of leaving it and its alarms for ever, somehow or other there was a strange lingering feeling of regret in the idea of quitting a place with which so many painful reminiscences were associated, as well as at leaving behind us one who had been so large a sharer in our cares and anxieties as poor Paddy had been.

Arrayed in his pilgrim's habit, with staff and *beads in hand*, and decorated with numerous holy

relics, kindly given him by father Tom, honest Jem set forward on his route to the place of embarkation, the only thing that seemed to annoy him being the circumstance of his having to leave behind him his trusty firelock and the good broad-sword he had carried off as trophies of the fight from the field of battle. No doubt he now looked a pilgrim from head to foot, his stalwarth figure bending over his staff, and his long bushy beard giving evidence of his deadness to the world and the things of the world, which most certainly was the case with him.

The parting with our friend Paddy was really affecting, for he was in truth a man of feeling, and had as much of the milk of human kindness in his composition as could be found in any individual placed in any rank of society—fain would he have accompanied us to the ship in which we were to traverse the mighty deep; but as we feared his presence with us might lead to suspicion, we had reluctantly to prevent his coming.

It being settled that Aileen and nurse should proceed to Derry by one of the regular conveyances, I started on the morning of the day, habited in my clerical costume, and accompanied by two young priests who were of the party going abroad; and indeed so well was my incognita assumed, that scarcely could my most intimate friend have known me—my large bushy whiskers had been shaved off close to the ears, my eyebrows, naturally of a light colour, were now a jet black, the dark handkerchief exchanged for a white neck cloth, which appeared inside of a stiff stand up clerical collar, and the knee-breeches and leggings, so

completed the metamorphose, that my own Aileen would scarcely have known me as we passed upon the road.

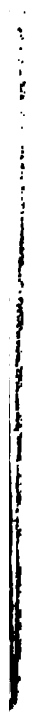
Leaving that part of the country in which I was generally known, long before day-light, I was enabled to reach the city towards the close of the evening, and matters having been previously arranged, I at once went on board the vessel, and joined the reverend friends, for whom a separate cabin had been engaged, and in which I felt perfectly at ease, as none but their reverences were permitted to enter it.

I had soon the satisfaction of learning that my dear Aileen, nurse, and Jem, were also safe on board, the latter taking up his station at the entrance to the cabin in which we were ; as according to his vocation he was to be servant of all, and it was supposed could not allow himself to repose save on the cold ground or the hard boards of the cabin lobby. The circumstances of his case were well-known to the young friends with whom I now was, and as I believe they felt for him and me something of that romantic feeling which naturally inspires young and ardent minds, they from the first treated our poor friend with the greatest kindness. It had been so arranged, that we did not come to the vessel until the evening before it was to sail, and to my great joy, before the second morning we had cleared the port, all right for the new world.

As soon as we had got a sufficient distance from the British shores to assure us there was no longer fear of detection, I at once assumed my real dress and character, and joined my dear Aileen in her cabin, and as by some means it became known who I was, and

that my dear partner was the daughter of the once celebrated Captain O'Hara, the attention and respect shown to us both by the passengers of every grade, was really surprising. My dear Aileen was indeed a universal favorite, and before we reached the American shore we had invitations from several highly respectable persons returning to their homes, and even offers of money to a considerable amount.

But it is needless now to detain the reader, as since then our course has been smooth and unchequered, suffice it to say, I took a farm, and we have now brought up ten of a family, the girls beautiful as my Aileen was when I first met her; some of the boys grown up to manhood, and doing as well as their best friends could wish them; nurse lived happy and contented for several years, and breathed her last in the arms of Aileen; Jem, now in very old age, enjoys the happiness which results from faithful servitude with one who could appreciate his worth as my dear Aileen did; for she is still the same kind affectionate being she ever was, and as gentle in her disposition as she was the day I first had the pleasure of seeing her in the rockite cavern, to the scenes and occurrences of which place we sometimes refer with gratitude to that kind Providence which brought us away from it, to a land where we have enjoyed as much of real domestic happiness and peace as falls to the lot of the most favored beings of the human race.



THE WRESTLERS.

It is a custom in several parts of Ireland for the young men of one village to join and perform certain descriptions of work for each other in conjunction. For instance, from a dozen to fifteen men will assemble, with their spades and *jacks*,* and at once finish off the setting of the potatoes for one family. They will then proceed to another farm and perform the same task, and so on until all the potatoes belonging to the confederacy are planted. Turf-cutting and reaping are usually performed in this way also. It is generally considered a very good method of performing labour, as it ensures expedition, and promotes good feeling in the neighbourhood, among the young, whilst rendering them better workmen, as there exists an emulative pride amongst them for the best and cleanest work, and the leadership of the field. Besides which, such meetings are always scenes of feasting and pleasantry, as the farmer, considering his work done without an outlay in money, is anxious to give his friends and neighbours the best entertainment. The loud song and the rude jest, ever bringing the

* Narrow spades with but one foot-rest.

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ready and boisterous laugh, are heard over the field the live-long day.

In the beginning of the summer of 1796, a number of young men assembled, early in the morning, on a certain portion of the bog of Allen, adjoining the King's county, to cut the turf of a young farmer named Buckly. They amounted in number to about fifteen, all fine, well-limbed, and healthy young men, with their *slanes** and wheel-barrows, ready to cut with sinewy arms the black soft soil. The morning was extremely fine, and the young men worked with spirit and activity until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when Buckly's sister and a servant girl were seen approaching the bog, loaded with "the dinner," followed by a *gossoon*, carrying two large vessels of milk. The young men ceased working as they approached, and without ceremony arranged themselves on the heath-covered bank. Amongst those engaged on the occasion, the handsome Essy Buckly had two admirers, who eagerly contended with each other for the honour of her hand at the dance, at fair or pattern, and who wooed her smiles with the most

* Any person acquainted with country work must know what a slane for cutting turf is. For the reader who has not had an opportunity of seeing it, we subjoin a short description—

Suppose a garden-spade diminished in breadth to one-half, but much lighter and thinner, with a longer and a lighter handle; then suppose a piece of the same breadth attached at right angles, and on the right side to it, coming from the lower or digging edge about half way up the iron, but sharp at the outer edge, and sloping to a blunt point. This kind of an instrument is used for cutting the soft, compact superstrata off the bog into the square form in which it is afterwards dried and burned.

constant assiduity. She, of course, felt her heart inclined to one, much to the mortification and jealousy of the other. They were young men, and lived in the same village; their farms were nearly equal in profit, and subject to the same rent; and both with regard to worldly substance, were on a par; that is, both were comfortable in the sense in which an Irish peasant understands the thing. Each had a cow giving milk, a few sheep, poultry and pigs; their corn and potatoes were regularly sowed, and their rent punctually called for by the agent, and generally forthcoming. But still they were not equal in the eye of Essy Buckly. Her favourite, Tom Molloy, in her mind was infinitely superior to his rival, Kenny Kilfoy, for the equality which I have observed between them in *other* things, did not go with Essy as a criterion of their merits *otherwise*. She loved Tom Molloy. He was a dark-eyed, ruddy-faced, black haired, pleasant young fellow; ever with a smile on his lips, and pleasantry in his look; always the lightest foot in the dance and the merriest at labour. His rival had the advantage of him in stature, but was not so compactly made or handsomely formed, with light hair and a sallow colorless face; his disposition too was sombre; and he was generally taciturn and reserved. For his own sake he always joined the co-operative labourers; and though, as his neighbours expressed it, there was ever "the *coatho cowl** about his mouth, and the complaint of one thing or another

* Words expressive of that draw which a miserable and poor spirit is supposed to give to the expression of the mouth.

on his tongue, and though he was always penurious and *gurther** in doing a decent thing, yet he never thrived better than another. Such were the lovers of Essy Buckley; and we cannot blame her in her choice of a sweet-heart; for what young girl would prefer a silent, melancholy lover, without spirit or sprightliness, like Kenny Kilfoy, to a good-humoured, good-hearted, and pleasant handsome young fellow, like Tom Molloy.

The bacon and cabbage was served round on the white wooden platters, then so commonly in use, by Jack Buckley, the elder brother of Essy; and the thick milk poured out into the equally white wooden noggins—still the vessel generally used among our peasantry—and the scene was one of happiness and peace. “Rustic labour, toil embrowned.” A group of smiling faces, seated on a high bank richly covered with yellow moss, purple heather, and the long green branches of the “bog-sallow.”

“Come, move over there, Kenny,” said Tom, who was sitting next his rival, “an’ make room for Essy to sit beside me.”

“Do you want to shove me into the hole?” grumbled Kenny, frowning darkly.

“Don’t stir, Kenny,” interrupted the lively Essy. “I’ll just sit down here furninst you ’till I see which o’ youz can eat the purtiest.”

“Och, thin, iv that’s the case,” said Tom, “I must turn my back to you.”

“Why so, Tom?” asked Essy; “I thought you’d give up nothin’ to him.”

* Niggardly.

Kenny smiled grimly, whether through satisfaction or otherwise none could interpret.

"And do you give it up, Tom?" said Jack Buckley, placing another slice of the bacon upon his platter.

"Oh, faix," said Tom, "he has the best tools; see what a fine sharp set ov teeth he has, and a beautiful big mouth; the sorra purthier eater or cleverer threncherman on the bog of Allen this day than you are, Kenny Kilfoy," he added, addressing himself to his rival, with good-humoured comicality.

"Well, sorra take you, Tom," said another, "but the dickens can't bate you at jibing."

"Och, I don't mind what *cracked people* sez," grinned Kenny bitterly.

"An' you're right, Kenny," said Essy, mischievously; "an' the never a betther he is with his *romashes*—never lets a sober body alone."

"Oh, thin, never heed him you, Essy," smilingly answered Tom, for he saw the choler of his rival rising, and he wished to provoke him or draw him out; "never heed him—he's vexed enough 'ithout you goin' to vex him more with your sly jokes."

"It's not the likes o' *you* that could vex me at any rate," muttered Kenny, getting more vexed at having his testy humour taken notice of before all his compeers, and her before whom he wished to appear particularly amiable. "It's not you that could vex me," he added, "barrin' you were saucy or impident, and forced me to make you know which was the betther man."

This hint was too much for even Tom's good humour, especially when given before Essy; and the boys, who

felt it in its proper sense, looked to see how such an intimation would be taken. Tom's eyes kindled with a brighter light as he replied, still in his good humoured way,

"Bar there, Kenny," said he, "I acknowledge that you are an oulder man than me, and that you were a man when I was a *gossoon*; but I will never say, that now we are both men, that you were ever a taste better man, or as good. With regard to what you said afore, about *cracked people*, all I have to say is, that thank God I'm no moping *omedhaun*, like some body that I could spit upon."

"You may thank that I wouldn't like to spoil the day's work on Jack Buckley," said Kenny; "and that the dacent girl that I have a regard for is to the fore, or I'd soon let you know the differ."

"It's easy setlin' that," said Tom, "I'll wrastle you this evening, when the dacent girl you have a regard for, (mimicking Kenny's drawling tone), and that cares little about you, I'm thinkin', won't be present, and let the best two out of three show who's the man that has a right to brag."

"Aye, that's the fair way," interposed some of the men, who saw a quarrel likely to ensue, and wished to prevent it, by what they considered a harmless trial of strength and dexterity.

The men resumed their work with increased good-humour and renovated glee, all except Kenny Kilfoy, who nursed his angry feelings and passions in silence within his own bosom. Their work was soon done, and many a dry or elevated patch in that quarter showed black, being thickly covered with the square

sods cut from the deep hole which they left behind them. The sun was not set; it was yet early evening as they left the bog

"Well, boys," began Tom Molloy, "many hands makes the work light; we're done brave and early, and it's as purty a day's work as you need look on."

"We'll have full time," said one, "to thry the three falls here above in the meadow, and be home afther afore the supper time."

"Auch," said another, sure it's only jokin' Kenny was."

"How's that?" said another; "sure not maining that it's afraid he is you'd be."

"I never joke 'ithout laughin', boys," said Kilfoy, "an' I'm not in the grinnin' humour much at the present minute."

As soon as they reached the meadow, Tom, who was jogging on before Kenny with another group, tossed off his coat, and addressing Kilfoy, who was crossing the stile—

"Now, Kenny," said he, "let there never be a boast about the best man after this bout, an' we needn't be the worse friends afther. Come Pether, lend us your jacket, and throw my *thristy* here over your shoulders."

He was soon arrayed in the frieze jacket, and kicking off his weighty brogues, he stood in his stocking vamps inside the little circle formed by his companions. He was joined by his rival, whose dark and lowering brow still plainly told of ire unquenched, and passion fierce and burning; and as they stood before each other, Tom stretched forth his hand in a frank and manly manner,

"Come, Kenny," said he, "give us the fist before we begin, to shew there's neither spite or anger in regard o' the few words."

"Let every madman and fool shake his own hand," said Kilfoy, bitterly, withholding his hand, and looking on the extended one of his rival with a sneer.

"Well, the sorra may care for your good or bad humour, replied Tom, moving towards his opponent, "come on, an' let ev'ry man do his best."

They grappled, and after a few preliminary movements, the contest became interesting to all parties.

Perhaps there is no exercise so animating and healthy as wrestling, as it is practised in most parts of Ireland, and at the same time so beneficial and conducive to health when conducted fairly. All the agility and strength of the frame are put into requisition; every muscle in the body is strung, and the steadiness of foot—the quickness of eye and limb, and the pliancy necessary to excel, give vigour and elasticity in a surprising degree.

Kilfoy was the strongest man, but he evidently did not possess the action or dexterity of Molloy, who exhibited at every turn that wavy motion of the body, so observable in the tiger and leopard kind, and which gives the plainest indication of nerve and agility combined, and which shows the body more like a moving mass of muscle than a composition of flesh and bone. Often did Kenny attempt to toss his opponent, and as often was he foiled by the superior tact and quickness of his adversary, and the spectators, by their looks, gestures, and exclamations, gave vent to their feelings or their admiration.

"By my conscience that was a mighty purty offer of Tom's to dhraw him off."

"Faix he was near getting the *sleeshoge* on him that time."

"Look at the hump Kenny has on his shouldhers, watching like a badger in a barrel."

"Faix Tom has as purty a stan' as ever I saw with a boy; as straight an' as light as Sharpfoot the dancin' mather."

"Bow!—he was near bringing Tom with that strong *cross-thrip*," said one amateur, starting from a recumbent posture to one knee, as his favourite stumbled from a sudden forcible manœuvre of his opponent.

"A hangnashun ugly thrip that cross-thrip is," remarked another.

"Ha! he's at it agin—not so well as before though," said another.

"Look at Tom how he smiles; watch his eye; he's throwin' himself in the way ov that ugly curl agin," said a young one.

"Never!" said another in a lower voice; "iv he thries that *cross-thrip* agin, he's done as sure as his name's Kenny Kilfoy."

Kenny did try the cross trip again, and as quick as thought his rival drew back; his foot missed the object, and, in endeavouring to recover his position, his foot was caught, and Kenny Kilfoy measured his length in the green grass. A loud hurroo declared the triumph of the victor. Kenny rose from the ground more furious than before. He was more enraged than ever, for shame added to his anger. He was certain of victory, and disappointment lent three-

fold stings to his former rankling. His friends came round him.

"I was thinking," said one, "that *cross-thrip* id disappoint you."

"You should have got in on him," said another.

"Close him, Kenny," said a third, "when you go in again; he's too active for you, and you'll have a better chance, for you're the strongest."

"Standhers-by are always good wrastlers," said Kenny churlishly, shaking off his Job-like advisers, and walking forth again to meet his antagonist. They grappled again; Kenny went more incautiously to work than before. He tripped furiously, and swung his lighter antagonist about in rather an awkward way. Molloy went from side to side with him as he pulled, and escaped his efforts to throw him, until his own violent exertions pretty well fatigued him; he then commenced annoying, and with a well managed feint he drew his comrade off his guard, and tossed up his heels in a most dexterous manner.

"You're the best man be odds, Tom," said Jack Buckly, "an' Kenny must acknowledge that himself for a good thruth; but he wont refuse to shake hands I know now, as I won't be easy 'till I see you friends agin."

"Never!" muttered Kenny, with furious emphasis, from between his set teeth, and he turned from the group.

"When I offered him my hand," said Tom, "before we began, I did it like a man; now I would not give him my hand for all he's worth in the world."

Kenny stalked away completely crest fallen, yet with

a refreshed and a new burning hate in his bosom. He felt that Tom was beloved by Essy ; and he thought that harmless jest which Tom uttered in the bog was with a design to render him ridiculous before his mistress. He retorted in a way in which he imagined himself sure of drawing his rival into disgrace, and in this too he was foiled. Thus jealousy and shame were heaped upon him, and worked within his moody soul. Yet another trial awaited him, in which he suffered more, but which brought on the most tragic results.

Not far from the village there was a wake on this very night. An old woman, the mother of a neighbouring farmer, and distant relation of Kilfoy's, had "departed" that morning. He would have avoided going, for he knew that the Bucklys and Molloy, and all the witnesses of his defeat would be assembled there, and that the story would be told to many, and that he would be the subject of all tongues, and the marked of every eye. Yet she was his blood relation that was waking, and would he stay away when strangers would be there ; besides his absence would be observed, and attributed to a *fear* of his rival ; and this thought at least he could not bear. His supper was taken in silence, and in a short time after he set out for the wake. He went by the most unfrequented by-paths, and reached the house just as the darkness was closing around.

To many, an Irish wake is a familiar sight ; to many more, a short description of it, such as it is, in its full costume, as seen in almost every part of Ireland, may not be unacceptable, and we will take this one as for

all—nearly opposite the door the corpse of the old woman was extended on a large table, which being too short, another smaller was placed at the end, and supported by sods of turf to bring both on a level. Under the head was placed a *phangle*, or sheaf of straw, but smoothly covered over with a white sheet. The corpse was also covered with white sheets, and on the breast was laid a platter with snuff, which was taken off and handed round the house occasionally. Below the snuff-plate was a bundle of new pipes, half filled with cut tobacco, shook into them rather loosely that it might serve the more. Then a large canopy was formed over the body, with white sheets also, from which others depended, covering the wall, and protecting the corpse from view at head and foot, but leaving it entirely visible in front. Two painted prints were hung over the head; one representing “the nativity,” and the other “the crucifixion,” while opposite against the wall was fastened a large cross, made of two stripes of black velvet placed crosswise—then here and there within the alcove was pinned up large bunches of flowers. Such, I believe, is the usual method of “laying out a corpse” nearly through Ireland. All the stools, forms, &c. in the neighbourhood were borrowed, and the house was thronged with the young and old of both sexes, laughing, chatting, and smoking quite at their ease; but the women invariably decked out in their best muslins and calicoes.

As Kilfoy entered he took off his hat, and kneeling down within side the threshold, he crossed himself, and repeated a few prayers within his breath, and then *rose* up, without looking at any person, and threw

himself carelessly into a seat, and pulled his hat down low upon his brow.

"Ah, then, Kenny Kilfoy, but it's gettin' mighty polite and genteel you are," said the light tones of a loved and familiar voice at his side, which made his heart-strings thrill, "an' you sit down without sayin' be your leave, or lookin' at who's beside you."

It was Essy Buckley. She saw him sunk and cast down—she knew all that past—and with that quick perception, so marked in woman, felt that he was suffering, and that she was the occasion of it; and she thought she had a right to speak cheerfully to him.

"An' is it you, Essy, *avourneen*," said he, "an' are you here alone; an', sure, I didn't see you, or, the Lord forgive me, it's not o' my prayers I'd be thinkin'."

"Oh, yes, Kenny, talk that way iv you like," she replied, "but sure it's I that well knows whose nearest your heart. Did I see you the other Sunday whis-perin' with Kitty Kinshela, ov the big house, when mass was over? Faix I did; an' a purty *cugger* you had ov id, Kenny, an' a nice purty girl she is, and dhressed like a lady; it's you that has the dacent notion, an' no blame to you."

Kenny's captious and suspicious temper trembled even under this simple reply. He thought that there was something of irony mingled with the latter part of it; and his already sore heart felt pained by Essy's harmless remarks.

"You may joke, Essy," he answered, "an' you may laugh iv you like at me; but iv you knew me—iv you knew my heart—iv you knew all—I won't say my misery, you wouldn't laugh at me."

"Indeed, Kenny," replied the unthinking girl, struck by his tone and manner, "I wouldn't laugh at you; sure I know you since I was a child, an' you're an honest father's and mother's child; an' I wouldn't laugh at you; but, indeed, I thought you an' Kitty were *hand-bound** at least." She added the latter remark in the hope that if it was not the case, that it might serve as a hint to Kenny on more accounts than one.

"I suppose you don't know that Kitty is my cousin, then," said Kilfoy, "an' that 'id be beyant the rules to think ov her in the way of marriage; besides you ought to know that it's a long time since I first tould you how my love was fixed; an' you know I'm not one of your hair-brained kind of people, that has a fair word for every body, an' a laugh an' a soft word for every girl that I meet."

"I know you to be a solid steady boy," replied Essy, evidently at a loss to get rid of a discourse that was growing painful; "but I never thought of any thing in the way of mathrimony, nor never will until"—

Here she was interrupted by the village *momus*, who had assumed, for the merriment of the company, the character of the parish priest, and was about uniting several candidates for the Hymeneal state, *nolens volens*; that he might, as he said, "begin the the divarshin ov the night."

"Come," said he, "none of your whisperin' behind backs, but come 'till I tie the knot for yous at 'onst."

* This is a common ceremony among the young people in Ireland, and it is considered even *more binding* than an oath.

This was the noted Jack Mulryan, the laughing philosopher of the village. He ever set care at defiance—enjoyed his fun whenever he could make or meet with it—was the master of the ceremonies at every wake in the country—and was the constant leader in every merriment. Jack, with the tail of his great coat pinned about his neck, and a straw hat on his head, tied the young couples as quick as they pleased; and he now summoned Essy and Kenny to have the yoke imposed upon them. Essy refused with much steadiness and reserve, to undergo even the mock ceremony with Kenny, while he, feeling an unusual pleasure at the kindness which he imagined Essy had shown him that evening, pressed her to comply with the humour of Jack, and with the custom to which all usually conform.

She refused; and all the entreaties of Kenny, and the jibes and jests of the mock clergyman could not prevail upon her.

“Come, Essy,” said Kilfoy, “you know it can do you no harm; and see all the girls and boys are quite pleasant; do let Jack buckle us, an’ don’t be after makin’ yourself odd, lest the people say you’re gettin’ proud.”

“No, no,” said Essy, “I cannot do it—I will not do it. It is useless for you to teaze me, Mr. Mulryan; and you, Kenny Kilfoy, I am sure it dosen’t become you to torment me this way, so it doesn’t.”

“Mr. Mulryan,” said Jack in his bantering strain; “ha, ha—sure it’s myself that’s growin’ the great man. Iv one ov you’s call me Jack to-night any more, after Miss Essy callin’ me Misther, pershumin’ to me but

I'll clap you into the stocks. But," he added, turning to Kenny, "let the *colleen* alone; you're not the boy, *avick*, that's for her hand, joke or in earnest. Tom Molloy's the bit ov stuff in fair or market that hits Essy's fancy."

This pointed allusion to his rival, and the persevering coldness of Essy, together with the fresh rushing memory of shame, contributed to rouse all the bad passions of his heart anew. Turning upon Jack, his sallow face working in varied contortions, and his small, deep sunken eyes flashing with the fire of inflamed rage, he seized him by the collar.

"You fool—you laughin' rhymin', pennyless *ome-dhaun*," said he, "how dare you mention Molloy to me?" and he glared and grinned at the still laughing Jack. "But you are a pair ov fools—ger along with you," added he, shaking Mulryan from him.

At the beginning of the above sentence Tom Molloy just entered the wake. Essy was in tears, and he took her hand and placed her quietly, without saying a word, beside an old woman, then turning full to Kenny, who in the madness of his passion had not before observed him,

"You white-livered *budogh*,"* said he, with much excitation, "isn't it a shame for you to be kicking up such ructions at the honest woman's decent wake, and she your own flesh and blood: an' if you had the spark of a man 'ithin in you it's not makin' a wake woman cry, an' callin' a man names behind his back that you daren't before his face."

* Churl.

This was all that was wanting to excite his smouldering passion into full blaze. He made no reply; his face assumed an ashy paleness, the colour fled from his lips, and he rushed to grasp Tom with concentrated fierceness; but Tom, with the eye of the lynx, rushed to meet him, and merely pushing him backward over a long low form, he fell headlong against the table upon which the dead body of his relative was laid. The table, which was rather crazy before, unable to stand such a shock from such a weighty body, broke down, and in the crash covered the unfortunate Kenny Kilfoy with corpse, sheets, and all. The wreck was tremendous; the candles were tumbled about the floor, and put out—the snuff was scattered like a cloud, setting all within its reach into violent sneezing fits; and the heaps of new pipes were smashed into useless fragments. Then the shrieking of the old women, and the darkness were truly frightful. On a light being procured, and silence and order someway restored, Kenny Kilfoy having risen from the ruin, and the corpse and paraphernalia having been re-instated in their original position, the people rose up to prevent a recurrence of the quarrel, which, however, neither party seemed inclined to renew. Though peace was in a measure obtained, still a strange silence ensued, made doubly remarkable by the previous bustle and noise. Kenny stood with his face turned away from the people, and looking at the corpse. A superstitious feeling had taken possession of his mind; and a kind of horror mixed with something still more terrible, was expressed in his dark contracted brow and fixed mouth.

No person attempted to break the silence. The falling of a corpse was looked on as an unlucky omen, though of what, or to whom, no one could divine; and undefined fear and vague apprehension have ever a mysterious power over the mind. At length an old woman who was seated nearly opposite to where Kilfoy was standing, and who was puffing with all her might from the stump of one of the broken pipes, into which she had crammed the contents of about half a dozen other demolished heads, drawing the pipe from her mouth, and puffing aside the blue smoke, addressed Kenny—

“You ought to pray to heaven,” she said, solemnly and emphatically, “to turn aside any ill luck that’s over you—an’ it’s greatly afraid I am that there’s *a crass* afore you, and that thrubble and thribulation ’ill be your lot afore long.”

He did not go home; but when he got to a distance from any house, and afar from the sound of human voices, in a lone field, through which, however, there was a short cut to the village, he threw himself at the foot of a clump of black-thorn and furze mingled, and gave way to every gloomy anticipation and reflection that crossed his mind. The events of that day passed in rapid review before him. The satire and the jest in which Essy and Tom, and her brother joined on the bog—the wrestling match, and the circumstances of the wake. Was he now to be the laughing-stock, and the standing jest-mark of the country side? And then gloomy apprehensions of fear and superstition about the overturned corpse filled *his mind*. His heart was a prey to the most conflict-

•

ing passions. He wished himself dead at one time, and at another he vowed bitter vengeance on the object of his jealous hate. Time passed over quickly, and he recked not nor heeded, until at length the sounds of approaching footsteps, and the light sound of voices reached his ear. He listened, and as if pursued by his evil genii, he distinguished the accents of Tom Molloy and Essy, and her brother. They were returning from the wake, and as they drew near he could distinctly hear that he was the subject of their laughter and conversation.

"An' did you mind," said Tom, as they approached where he was, "did you mind when they dragged him out from under the corpse how white he was, an' how he panted, an' how his face twisted. You could swear he was the picther of the dead ould woman."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Essy at the comparison, "an' sure there's nothin' s'trange in that, when you know they're near relations."

"Sure enough," said the brother, "you must have given him the father ov a douce to dhrive him that way."

"Psha-at, no, said Tom in a light tone, "just a little push—throth it wouldn't take much to do it, seein' that he's so wake as—"

The rest of the sentence was lost to Kilfoy, but what he heard was sufficient to dhrive him mad.

The more he thought, the more his dark fancy and imagination wrought up his brain to phrenzy, and he started to his feet, and rushed along by another route towards his own house. Revenge was now the overwhelming and master passion in his soul, and

a dark and dreadful revenge he determined to wreak.

His cabin lay nearly in a direct line between that of the Bucklys and the cottage of Molloy. He reached it without encountering any person. He rushed in and seized the *slane*, with which he had that day been at work, and, hiding it beneath his great coat, he traversed the fields with rapid steps, until he hid himself in the shadow of a large ash tree, in a ditch beside the path where he knew his rival must pass upon his return from Buckley's to his own house.

Tom did not remain long with Essy and her brother; he bid them good night, and turned to his own home, and commenced whistling, "speed the plough," in merry thoughtlessness. He never spent an idea upon his quarrel with Kilfoy—his heart was full of joy and love.—Essy had that night promised to be his; and her brother, by his friendly manner, seemed to countenance his addresses to his sister. They could afford, he knew, to give her some trifle that might help them exceedingly beginning the world, and though this was but a secondary consideration to him, still that, and the consciousness of being loved by her besides, rendered his waking dream of anticipated happiness doubly pleasant. With a heart glowing with all these joyous emotions, he entered upon the pathway where his enemy stood, like the tiger waiting by the stream side for the thirsty antelope. On he came, with his blithe whistle, startling the sleeping birds in the boughs above his head, who flitted with a short chirrup, and a whirring flutter, from one branch to another, as he walked beneath. As he passed the ash

tree, Kilfoy leaped out, and aimed a dreadful blow at the back of his head. The sudden noise made him start a little, and he received the stroke full on the side of his head, but with the flat part of the *slane*. He fell, and was in the act of gaining his feet again, when Kilfoy repeated the blow with all his might. He raised his arm to defend his head, but the guard was feeble when compared to the force of the blow and the weight of the weapon, and he again fell at full length on the path. Still he was not materially injured, but he felt how it would end, and looking up to the demoniac fury which flashed in Kilfoy's eyes, either with apprehension or from the blows, he cried out,

"Oh, Kenny Kilfoy, are you going to murder me?"

"Ha!" cried the infuriated wretch, "now do you mock me—now who's the best man? Now tell Essy Buckley that I'm a cowardly, weak, mopin' fool. Now—" and another blow left the unfortunate Molloy silent for ever. The cocked part of the *slane* had penetrated the scull to the depth of several inches, and, as he drew up the weapon, the head of the good-natured young fellow clung to it, until the weight of the body detached it. A short, gurgling, choking cry was all that was uttered, and a quivering of the lips succeeded, and all was still and motionless. This deed was but the work of a few minutes. There stood the murderer and his victim; and, already, the consequences of his crime was felt in his heart, as he gazed at his rival weltering in his hot young blood. A rush of the breeze agitating the boughs into murmurs over his head, appeared to denounce him aloud, and the

quivering moon-beams flitting to and fro over the bloody spot, as they streamed through the waving branches, seemed to his already horror-stricken fancy like a thousand dancing lights, flung by unseen hands, to show to the world the cursed deed. He grasped his stiffening hair on each side of his brow with both his hands, and he appeared as if willing to tear the covering from his burning brain, that the chill night breeze might fan and cool it, so tight and hard did he grip it

"Now," said he, as the remembrance of the old woman's words rushed into his mind, "now the bad luck is on me. Now the thrubble and the thribulation is my lot for ever," and he gazed fearfully round him, and rushed from the spot.

Early next morning the body of the murdered Molloy was discovered, cold and lifeless, and the *slane* of Kenny Kilfoy lying beside it. The suspicions of all fell directly upon him, and the country was traversed in all directions, but the slightest trace of the murderer could not be discovered. He had not slept at home that night, nor had he been seen by any person from the moment he left the *wake*. An inquest was held on the body. The quarrels were stated, and the identity of the *slane* sworn to; and the jury, without hesitation, pronounced a verdict of "wilful murder against Kenny Kilfoy." It is useless here to describe the anguish of Essy Buckley, the grief of Tom's little *bocagh* (brother), and the sorrow of the whole neighbourhood; for Tom's good-natured and pleasant disposition had endeared him to every one. *He was waked* according to the usual form, and there

never was so numerously attended a wake, or so respectable a funeral seen in the village. As Tom had but one relative, the little cripple above-mentioned, who was unable to manage the farm, it was accordingly sold, with all the little live stock and furniture, and with the sum procured the cripple commenced business as a pedlar. He was a cunning, saving, industrious little fellow, who soon improved, and in the course of a few years, his means enabled him to purchase a nag and cart, and to lay in a stock of goods, with which he traversed the country in all directions, and in time became what was considered a very wealthy man.

Years rolled away, and still there never was a word heard about Kenny Kilfoy; and the deed and his name were nearly forgotten even in the village. Aby, Tom's brother, but seldom came near his native place. Once or twice a year would he be seen at the spot where his brother was murdered; and regularly, on the morning of the anniversary of the murder, the villagers beheld him, from dawn to sunrise, kneeling on the spot, and, with his long beads depending from his fingers, in the attitude of prayer.

Nearly twenty years passed over in this manner, and still no tidings of Kilfoy could be procured, and it was supposed that he had made his escape to America. Aby Molloy traversed Ireland with his horse and cart, and about the summer of 1813, he attended the fair of Ballinasloe, where, having a great variety of goods for sale, he pleased the country people so well, that he got most of them off his hands at large profits. He then formed the resolution of going down farther into

the more distant and remote parts of the province, in hopes to sell out his stock before his return to Dublin for new goods. He passed on from town to town and from village to village, and in the course of some weeks reached the secluded district in the county of Mayo in which is situated the little town of Crosmolina. It was late in the evening when he arrived, and he sought his humble inn for the night. Strange dreams came over him while he slept. He thought at one time that he was at the spot where his brother was murdered, and that the earth around was covered with fresh gore. At another he dreamed that his brother came to him, as he beheld him the morning after his death, covered with his own cold and blackened blood, and smiling in his face, the ghastly smile which might be supposed such a hideous face could give, took him by the hand and bid him arise. The terrifying sight had caused him to awake with affright; yet as soon as slumber again visited his wearied frame, the same appalling vision crowded upon his dreaming fancy. He lay in bed that morning longer than he was wont; his mind was unusually affected, and a gloom was cast over it, which he in vain endeavoured to shake off. On his rising he went to the door to see what appearance the little town had. He looked up and down the street. He looked at the door opposite, for he felt as one feels who has the eye of a stranger fixed on him (there is a kind of sympathy excited by the electricity of certain looks), and what was his horror to behold the identical Kenny Kilfoy, almost unchanged by time, looking at him with an intense and alarmed gaze. He trembled vio-

lently as he recognized the murderer of his brother. He opened his lips to speak—his tongue was tied in wonder—he hobbled a few steps into the street and extended his arms, but could not utter a word. The murderer disappeared from the door, and he immediately recovered from his surprise, and seeing some military men lounging about a little barracks in the town, he walked up, and in hurried accents related the facts. The serjeant of the guard attended him; they entered the house, and found the now wretched Kilfoy extended in a paroxysm of fear and remorse upon his face, on the bed, in a back room.

“There, there,” he exclaimed, “there is the man that murdered my brother—take him—take him, he’s the murderer.”

It may be necessary here to take a retrospective view of the life of Kenny Kilfoy from the night on which he committed the bloody deed. He rushed from the scene of guilt, without noting the direction he took; he travelled at a running rate all that night, and at the break of day he was nearly twenty miles distant from the spot. He perceived some men at a distance going to field-work, and he dreaded to meet the eye of man. He left the road, and took shelter in a screen of fir-trees by the road-side. Tired and fatigued though he was, he could not rest. The murdered Molloy was always before his eyes, and when the darkness fell he crept from his hiding-place, and resumed his journey; and though fasting and fatigued, the anxiety of his mind served to bear up his body against the effects of over exertion. He reached Crossmolina in safety, and his mind becoming some-

thing easier, he stopped there for a short time working with a baker. He was generally abstracted in his manner, and sought active employment as a means of diverting his thoughts from the contemplation of his crime. His attention pleased his employer, and in the course of a few years he acquired a perfect knowledge of the business; and his mind becoming gradually settled, he at length felt secure and at ease. His employer had but one child, a girl, and Kilfoy having saved some money, and being of quiet, sober habits, he was induced to consent to the marriage of his daughter with Kenny. The old man died a few years after, and at the time of his apprehension, Kilfoy was one of the most wealthy and respected men in the town in which he lived. Heaven never blessed him with children, and this he now spoke of as his greatest happiness.

He confessed the murder on being taken by the soldiers, and confronted by Aby, and was then removed to the gaol of Philipstown, where, after undergoing a regular trial the following assizes, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, acknowledging his crime, the justice of his sentence, and dying truly repentant.

This tale is founded in fact, and is an example of the equity of Divine Providence, who, however long crime is allowed to go unpunished, is still sure to detect and punish the murderer.

THE MOWIN' MATCH.

"Ah, thin, Dan agra, what in the name o' wondher's bringin' you out o' yer bed at this time o' night afther yer hard workin' all day? a body id think you'd be wantin' some sleep!" exclaimed the careful widow, who exulted in the appellation of "Missus Phelim Dawley," to her son, as about midnight she heard him get up and endeavour to steal softly forth.

Dan at first appeared a little posed; but then rubbing his eyes he muttered in a half sleepy tone—

"Och, wisha, wisha! bud it's quare"—

"Are you dhramin', child, or what's come over you at all? Don't you planely persave id's as dark as pitch—an' what's makin' you get up?"

Dan, who by this time had invented an excuse, gravely answered,

"Why thin, mother, shure enough id's the dramin' bewildhered me entirely. Faix I thought id was mornin'; an' in throth I was wondherin' at meself bein' so lazy at gettin' up bud (a yawn) I'm glad to be in the wrong box, (a yawn) an'll jist turn in agin."

So saying, the sleep-loving youth bade his mother good night, and retired to his nook, for room it could

not be called. The careful matron was satisfied at this, and again lay down, and soon fell into a sound sleep; and the good youth, who was on the watch, no sooner perceived this, than, brogues in hand, he stole across the room, and gently unbolting the door went forth, closing it carefully again. A few stars were twinkling here and there in the sky, and giving but a faint light, by which he might direct his footsteps: however, as his mother's cabin stood beside the road, and he knew every inch of the country, there wasn't much fear of his losing his way.

He proceeded along at a pretty rapid pace, humming some tune, and occasionally whistling, until at length he stopped opposite another cabin, and going to a small window in the back part of it, began to sing the air which he had been trying ever since he left home. The words were very original, and ran somewhat as follows—

“Och my darlin' Mary ! like a little fairy,
You thrip along the green grass in style ;
An' wor you Dido, or Queen Juno either,
I'd love you dearly fur yer own sweet smile.
Your lips are the necthor, an' whin you do lecthur,
Diana's self couldn't sweeter spake :
Och, me queen ov beauty, that bates out Vanus,
If you prove cruel me heart will brake !”

He had got thus far in his tender strain, when “the ould cloak” was chucked out of the orifice which it filled up, and a female face appeared, smiling with satisfied vanity at the complimentary tribute just paid to her beauty ; and before the delighted Daniel could utter a word, she answered his strain somewhat in the

same manner, not in a very unmusical voice, and one which he thought sweeter than honey—

“ Iv by all this nonsense you think to win me,
I tell you yer out, Misther Dan, asthore ;
Dianas' and Junos' may do fur others,
But not fur me, as I said afore :
I'm a quiet colleen, and plainly spoken,
So you needn't be thryin' all your coortin art ;
Such flattherree, which yer always croakin',
Will never make me give you my heart.”

“ Och, Mary, *a lanna*, bud id's yerself can turn id,”
exclaimed the delighted lover, dancing, as if keeping
time to the concluding part of the air—

“always croakin',
Will never make me give you my heart.

“ Whoo—och—musha—id's the natest turned
tchune !—Mary, *a ra gal*, where did you make id out
at all ?”

Mary, on the genuine Milesian principle, answered
one question by propounding another, which was,

“ Ah, thin, you foolish boy you, what brought you
here at such an hour as this ?—singin' and gallivantin'
undher a poor girl's windee, as iv you wanted to turn
her wits. It 'ill be tellin' you somethin' iv me father
heers you.”

“ What brought me out, Mary !” repeated Dan,
bringing his voice to the pitch tender ; which, *en pas-
sant*, resembled a key in a rusty lock. “ Is id you
axes me that, eroo ? Well, that flogs the world ; did
you never hear tell ov a boy bein' so bewikdhered
about a bit ov a colleen—eh, *mavourneen*, as the gin-

tlemen call id, to make her sleep soundher iv she wor sleepin', and to bid her waken iv she worn't."

At this tender and sentimental effusion, Mary did not blush, but her white teeth glittered as she laughingly answered—

"Why, thin, Dan Dawley, you bate *my* skill, as the gauger said when the boys put out to say—for *raaily* I didn't think you wor sich a *gommoch*."

"Well, well," half soliloquized Dan—"this sartinly bangs—a *gommoch*! Och, Mary, asthore, don't you know how you've desthroyed me wid yer pair ov eyes, an' your incomparable beauty—id's murdered, I believe, I am."

Mary here half drew in her head, as she sung in reply—

"Ah, thin, go yer ways, you gay desaver,
And don't think to move me wid all yer lies;
Shure yer butthered words are repeated often,
An' though you pretind, I don't mind yer sighs."

Here the old rag was again thrust into the window, and the voice ceased, and all was silent as before; for the "spark was quite knocked out ov Dan by her quareness," and he stood for a moment or two irresolute; then his pride came to his aid, and he loudly, with somewhat of exultation, chanted—

"Thin, sense thus you thrate me, so rude and bitter,
Though a rural famale never born should be;
No insinuations shall intoxicate me,
Thus to be turned off so ungratefuller."

He then twirled his alpeen round his head, gave his caubeen a crush down, disdainfully pulled up his

breeches, and loudly humming the latter part of the air, struck off into a path which led across the fields. Scarcely had he gone, till the bundle was a second time chucked away; and Mary's head appeared peeping forth to discover if he loitered; but seeing that he did not, she withdrew, saying nought, but in her heart half repenting the useless coquetry which led to his dismissal; for, be it known unto the reader, Dan Dawley was the boy of all others for Mary Brady's fancy. He had known her long, and paid her every attention; and the sensible folk observed, that it certainly would be a match whenever Dan "gev over his wild ways, an' reglarly tuk to industry," a period which would be exceedingly difficult to name.

Love and war are often spoken of together; and with the rejected Dan Dawley war was now the word; for he *was not* such a *gommo* as to come out solely for the one, which we will prove plainly to the reader. He scudded on (for his *original* shambling gait could not be called walking!) for about an hour, and at last stopped opposite a large barn, erected originally beside a dwelling-house, but it had long since been levelled, leaving the aforesaid barn standing lone and bare on the brow of a slight hill, and far from any human habitation. At the door of this, a couple of men armed with scythes were standing, who having exchanged the customary salutations of acquaintances, withdrew, and let Dan pass, at the same time saying,

"Id's jist cum in the nick ov time you are, for yer absence was remarked, an' *the masther's* spakin to the boys afore we set off."

When Dawley entered, he at a bird's eye view perceived nearly a hundred men assembled, who were standing, lounging or sitting, just as inclination prompted them; a keg of whiskey was in the centre, beside which stood a tall man, with a ruddy face, and brown curly hair, and he was haranguing them, and did not cease on Dan's entrance, although he perceived him; he was the leader or masther, as he was called.

"Boys, said he, "I suppose I needn't remind you that whin I had the money I stood to you like a prence, and what more could I do? You know whin the ould house was taken from me, be that rascally Scotch attorney, an' I was sint off athout as much land ov me own as id fill a garden-pot—(I that onst owned, at least my ancesthors did, the whole country!) that I cum an' joined yez *in toto*, which manes wid a hand and heart, and I have stuck to you since then through thick and thin. Now, boys, I'd have a sperat above remarkin', iv id was an Irishman cum into me property, or a man that id encourage the Irish, but id's not—he's an attorney an' a Scotchman."

Here some, whose national prejudices he had effectually probed, shouted, "enough, enough, Misthur O'Mara, what 'ill we do?"

"Why, thin, boys, darlin', sense your good enough to say so, I'll just tell you, an' id's but child's play to you, although id's justice. He's got over a whole ship load of young larch threes, besides bundles ov others, from Scotland. Mark you—*not* Irish threes—may I be hanged iv I'd touch a twig ov thim iv they had the *Irish sap* in thim!"

"Who, whoop, hurroo—we know *that*, Misthur O'Mara—we know *that*."

"He has about six acres ov thim planted, an' I was thinkin' iv we'd jist show him afore mornin' that the Irish air doesn't agree wid Scotch timber, it id be as good a lesson as we could tache him, an' others ov thim too. What do yez say to that?"

"Let us at them—let us at them"—shouted the excited crowd, amongst whom Dan Dawley was not *the least* conspicuous.

"Well, my lads, continued O'Mara, "I knew ye'd stand to me, an' so desired you to bring your scythes an' rapin hooks, as they're not two feet above the ground, an' are as tindher as grass. A quare six acres of hay he'll have in the mornin', I'm inclined to think."

Having thus concluded, he advanced, and gave every man a portion of the whiskey; shaking hands also with Dan, who had the honour of being his foster-brother; and then, all being arranged, they set off with wonderful rapidity across the fields in the opposite direction to which Dan had advanced by.

O'Mara had been, at an early age, deprived of both his parents, and thus was left without any control, at the time when the mind is most pliant, and most easily moulded. While still a youth he got connected with some of *the boys*, with which the country abounded; dashed about his money, drank, gamed, rioted, hunted, and at twenty-eight years of age, owing to his own folly, found himself ejected from his estate, without a penny in his purse, and deeply in debt into the bargain. Such a situation of affairs would have driven

any other man but O'Mara mad, but he bore the loss quite philosophically; and when thought *would* intrude, got drunk if he had the whiskey, and if he had not, sang a verse of a popular song, which ran somewhat in this strain—


“The houses and lands may have left me,
But joy, man with wealth ne'er inherits;
All's lost—but that hath not bereft me
Of pleasure or lightness of spirits.
Then hip—hip—hurrah!
I'll not grieve for the day
That took the estate and the houses away.”

He lived on just as usual, only that gradually he found his old rich friends deserted him, and as he asked for the loan of a few pounds pretty often, and had but a bad memory, it is not much to be wondered at. Then he took to the society of the poor ones, and amongst *the boys* was always the leader, under the old title of “the masthur;” while in the day he sometimes helped them with their work, not being too proud to put his hand to the plough, and even took part in their frugal but hospitable meal, and thus he managed to do what many young men are sent to college for—namely, “*to put over his time.*”

The party which he led, after having travelled about three miles further, at length came upon the verge of the plantation, which extended over fully the number of acres O'Mara had mentioned, and had been planted with infinite cost and labour. He then disposed them silently in a regular row, just as mowers commence; and taking a scythe himself, made the first cut. No sooner was this done than to work they all went, with-

out uttering a syllable, but noiselessly and with vigour, and in a space of time almost incredibly short, the entire plantation was destroyed. O'Mara then drew a paper from his pocket, which he attached to one large tree, that had been left standing purposely, and on which was written, in a disguised hand, and purposely ill spelled—

“Let Mr. Gahagan take notis dat we let no Skotch threes stand on Irish ground.

Signed by ordher,
Captain Starlite,
His  Mark.”

Having placed this in the conspicuous position before mentioned, the leader summoned them all together, and at a beck they set off at a quick run till they arrived at another end of the estate, where there were about fifty cart loads of turf drying. He then stopped, and drawing a flint and steel from his pocket struck a light, with which he immediately ignited one of the driest sods, and placing it beneath the mass, yet exposed fully to the high wind, he exclaimed,

“Now, my lads, iv there's any ov you wants to light yer pipe, you'll have a bonfire in an instant, an' maybe whin we go id may warm some poor boy that hasn't the whiskey to keep the cowl'd out.”

At this unexpected feat silence could be observed no longer; so they burst forth into a prolonged shout, that rang like thunder on the silence of the night; and then perceiving that the mass began rapidly to take the flame, they heaped some of the driest part near it, and with another hurroo, departed, each separating as he got to a certain spot on the high road.

Dan Dawley and O'Mara went together, as the former had offered him a shelter for the night, and rapidly, as they crossed the fields by the very shortest cut, when they at last reached the cabin, and looked round, they perceived that the whole atmosphere was red with the conflagration. In a moment more, chuckling at the success of their project, they both lay down without having a second time disturbed the old woman.

The next morning, when the night's devastation became apparent, the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar; and Mr. Geoghegan, the owner of the property, convened a meeting of his brother magistrates, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to be adopted of discovering the perpetrators, and, by a signal example, of stopping effectually such outrages, which began to be too frequent. Suspicion often fixes its lynx eye in the right quarter, and did so in this instance; for from threats which Geoghegan had heard O'Mara let fall, and from the wild life which he had been latterly living, he said that he had almost no doubt but that he was in some way connected with the *mowin'*; and it was proposed by one, and approved by all, that he, together with his constant comrade, the spotless Dan Dawley, should be arrested. They were encountered by the police sent in search of them in a small *shebeen* house, which they often frequented; and after some insolent language from O'Mara, at such an *outrage* being committed on his immaculate person, and after Dan "talkin' to one ov thim, the rapparee, wid his alpeen," they were at length firmly secured, and led to the mansion of the

injured magistrate, which formerly belonged to one of the prisoners, and where almost all the influential men of the county were assembled.

O'Mara, on being led in and confronted with his late attorney, now the owner of his property—and his foe, preserved a dignified silence, and stood with his arms folded, beside Dan, who looked uneasily around, with a half serious, half tipsy glance, irresistibly comic, and kept edging farther and farther from the police, who stood near him, till at last he was nearly beside Geoghegan's chair. This gentleman perceiving that he was somewhat far gone, and little knowing that whiskey instead of taking from, gives addition to the cunning of some, began to examine and cross-question him as to how he spent the night, and then found that he could make nothing of him, for his style of parrying, and never giving a direct reply, would puzzle a bench of judges.

"You say," observed one of the gentlemen, "that you were at home all the night; now how comes it that this man swears he heard your voice outside Mary Brady's, a short time before the outrage was perpetrated."

"He say id," indignantly exclaimed Dan, turning an eye of fire on the informer, who was a rival in the favour of his mistress; "the lyin' disciple. Och, give me bud elbow room an' I'll bate the thruth out of him, anyhow."

"Then you positively affirm that you did not leave your home last night."

"Sorry I'd be to conthradict yer worship in that same, an' faix id wasn't an invitin' night by no manner of means to be out in—I'd rather be sittin be"—

"We don't want to know, sir, anything about what you'd rather; answer plainly—were you out or not," interrupted Geoghegan, who was beginning to find examining him was hopeless.

"Och, now, yer honor's beginnin' to be angry, I see. The mischief can't stand the gintlemin fur hotness sometimes."

"I'm afraid we'll gain no information from this fellow, Geoghegan," said one of his brother magistrates; "but at all events let us confront him with the girl, as she's now arrived."

Then having called her by name, to Dan's infinite perplexity, Mary Brady stood to be examined. He winked at her in an instant, and that so wickedly, that all present observed it, and ordered him to be led back.

"Wirra sthrue, masther, jewel," he whispered, as he passed the spot where the reckless O'Mara (who was infinitely amused at the entire scene) was standing. "we're sould now in arnest, I'm afeerd."

Mary was a modest looking girl, with black piercing eyes, and very red lips, with a certain roguish leer eternally playing about their corners. As she advanced, she looked for an instant on Dan's face, and its ludicrous and imploring expression caused her eyes to brighten with merriment, and her glittering teeth to be seen, as she bit her lip to avoid laughing. However, her answer to the first question effectually dispelled all fear, and Dawley could not conceal the delight he felt at her bewildering the examiners.

"Did you see the prisoner, Daniel Dawley, last

night at any hour past eleven," said one of the magistrates, who prided himself on his powers of gaining the truth from witnesses.

Her pretty lips affected to pout, and her brows slightly contracted, as she answered—

"Oh, sir, I wondher a gintleman like you 'id attempt to ask such a question ov a poor girl whose reputashun is all she depinds on. See a man after eleven o'clock—who ever heerd the like."

"This man, Bartle Connor, is ready to swear that he heard his voice under your window.

"Bartle Connor swear that! well, well to be shure, there no dependin' on any one in this world," exclaimed Mary. "I thought he'd be the last id do so. Musha, musha, I b'lieve the men are all alike."

Bartle was greatly moved at this, and, starting forward, declared that he could not swear to it, but *believed* he heard it; upon which Dan burst out with—

"Why, thin, you ill lookin' spalpeen you, iv you only could say that much, you might have kept your tongue quiet in yer mouth; fur I can tell you id 'ill cost you somethin'; fur the minut I lay hands on you in highway or lowway, in public or private, I'll make proper smithereens ov yer dirty"—

"Silence, sir," sternly commanded Geoghegan, upon which Dan immediately ceased.

"Well, my good girl, you are positive in asserting that you did not see Daniel Dawley last night; such pretty lips as those ought to blush if they did not speak the truth."

"Och, an shure well I knew id, an' see id planely now, yer worship's only jestin' wid me. Well your

welcum, though id's a shame to make a fool ov a poor girl in such a manner."

"I think," Geoghegan here observed, "we may be justified in committing these men to prison on suspicion, until other circumstances shall arise to prove their innocence, as we can extract nothing in this way."

"Send Dan to preson—is that what yer honour's saying," exclaimed Mary, willing to give the face of affairs another turn—"wisha, thin, id might be the worst day's work ever you dun, in the regard ov losin' a frind: for I heerd him say meself of yer honour"—

"Say what," eagerly asked he

"Why that yer honour was a good man, an' just to the poor, an' one agin whom he'd cut off his hand afore he'd rise id"—

"Did Daniel Dawley really say all this?"

"In throth he did, an' more betoken, maybe id was him kep the boys from visitin' you so long, fur all I know.

Geoghegan's greatest pride was to appear popular; and Mary well knew that to tickle his vanity before his brother magistrates, might have the effect of making him more lenient to Dan; nor was she mistaken, for, after some further consultation, he was set at liberty, while O'Mara, in default of finding heavy bail, was detained.

"Give us the five fingers, Mary, *a lanna*," said he in ecstasy, when they were departing; "Och, bud id's now this heart of mine is entirely yours; an' you may thrate me as you like; bud from this out iv I ever spake an unkind word to you or yours, may I never be happy."

Then turning to his rival, who was a few feet behind,

"As to you, Mr. Bartle Connor, I'd scorn to take a mane advantage of you; so I just peaceably warn you to get together your *back* agin the next *patthern*; fur bad cess to me iv I don't give the Dawleys the wind o' the word, an' bate the sivin sinses out ov every mother's sowl of the Conno. I cum across; as to yer-self, you poor atomy ov a crathur, keep out of my way, or I'll be obleeged to dirty my stick wid you!"

To this high-flown speech the other disdained reply, but gathering the skirts of his coat "under his arms," he trudged off as if it made no impression; quite contrary was the case though, for since that day "war to the knife" has been the word between the *fagh a ballagh* boys of both the Dawleys and the Connors.

From O'Mara's reckless character, no one would be mad enough to go bail for him; so he was placed in the county gaol until the judges should be going on circuit; and there he was as merry as ever, and as thoughtless; missing only the free liberty of range to which he had been hitherto accustomed. When the trial came on there was no evidence; for although there were upwards of a hundred men employed in *the mowin'*, not one was found to *peach*, and so he was acquitted, much to the delight of his foster-brother, who, "on the strength ov id," had named that very day for his wedding with Mary, who had at last consented to make him a happy husband.

O'Mara still continued after this to lead the same boisterous life, until at length he was shot in an engagement which some smugglers, whose cause he had

thought proper to espouse, had with the excise officers. Dan and his wife were, along with the great body of the peasantry, mourners at his funeral; for, strange as it may appear, such a character as O'Mara's is always idolized amongst the Irish, as it is partly national; and they don't care for the faults so as the sinner have *a heart*. A cold, calculating disposition, no matter how amiable, is always detested, in comparison to a rattling, thoughtless, extravagant one.

THE FALSE STEP.

TAKE the Irish character in whatsoever shade you may, and it still will be found essentially jovial; fun is their presiding deity; and though that fun often leads to mischief, still it is not the less the object of their worship. Look at their christenings—do they not usher in the morning of life with as much merriment and rejoicing, as if troubles were not in the world, and grief were merely a phantasma of the brain? Look at the central period, as we shall denominate their marriages—where will you see such a scene of festivity? Shouting, dancing, singing, drinking, and, “av coorse,” fighting, form a part and parcel of this jubilee. And again, look at their wakes—do they not drown grief in whiskey, until it is turned even to joy? Do they not enjoy themselves as well in the chamber of death, as they did in the chamber of feasting? and is not the final closing scene, the giving of clay unto clay, hailed as as one delicious epoch, dedicated to fun, and what country squires term “jollification?” Next to this temperament we might place (or, perhaps, before it) their superstitions—the most extraordinary, in idea, of those of any nation in the world, and which even to those well acquainted with their ways, often are startling and full of novelty. It is needless to say that “Ould Nick” takes a prominent part in their

fancies; and if any one be remarkable for evil actions, it is generally ascribed to his intimacy with the devil. Retribution they imagine sooner or later follows crime; and if punishment or misfortune pursue the guilty, they wisely shake their heads, and say, "Och, musha, we knew id *must* come about"—"The divil has affairs enough ov his own, an' cudn't always stand his frind," or some such sensible observations.

Beneath the shadows of a group of trees, which stood near the borders of an artificial lake on the estate of Sir Edward Law, a slight female form was seen pacing to and fro on a glorious summer evening in the year 18—. All around, before the faint rosy hues of the declining day—the red and golden clouds were reflected in the bosom of the still water, from out which occasionally the roach bounded, as the moth, his favourite luxury, lightly skimmed its surface—the leaves of the aspen were even at rest; so still and calm, and almost breathless, was the universal repose of nature. Restless were the movements of that sylph-like form, as if the spirit which swayed them was borne down by the iron hand of misery, and sought in sudden transition a moment's forgetfulness. Her face was but imperfectly seen, from the hood of her cloak being drawn over it; but her feet were small, and her figure (defined as it was) round and graceful. She occasionally would cease in her walk, and listen with the most breathless intensity opposite an opening in the trees, which commanded a view of the country round, and then turn back with a hasty gesture of disappointment, as though some one expected ought to have arrived ere then. As twilight began to fade, and the

shadows of the shrubs to become indistinct and gloomy, a hasty step was heard ringing on the silence, she half bounded forward, but then checked herself, and stood in an attitude of disconsolate hopelessness, as a young man, clad in undress uniform, approached. He was handsome and showy, but there was a reckless libertinism in his flushed features, and a cunning licentiousness in his dark eye, that bespoke one not imbued with strict or upright principle.

"An' so, Henry," said she, in a low, broken accent, "you've thought ov comin' at last. Oh, never did I suppose, you'd change, an' forget all yer promises an' vows! Bud no!—I—I was *then* pure—an' I'm *now*"——a choking sigh was the sole completion of the sentence.

"Why, my little bird of Paradise, you know I came as fast as I could! But what occurred, darling, that you so particularly required to see me—eh?"

"We must part!" sobbed the poor girl, evidently with great effort.

"Part, Maggy!"

"Yis, Henry!" she replied, more firmly—"part—an' for evir! I've woke from my dhrame, an' I have found that sarpints wor twined round the flowers which I loved. My guilt—my black guilt—is now bared before me. I'm a graceless wretch, for whom prayers id be offered in vain—whose sin no tears, no mournin', no pinance, evir could wash out." Another gush of bitter tears prevented her proceeding.

"Come, come, now, Maggy," this is only the folly of a moment! You know, your Henry is"—

"Base an' desateful!" she bitterly added, as the

remembrance of her wrongs swept through her soul, already lacerated by its own feelings of remorse.

"Maggy, do *you* speak to me thus?"

"Yis, yis," she rapidly and almost hysterically cried—"my heart's feelins won't stay down—it's burstin' wid them, an' I must, I will spake! Didn't you come to my happy, an' till then, peaceable home? Didn't you seek for me afore I evir seen you? Didn't you follow me to the fields whinevir I wint out? Fool, fool that I was evir to pass the threshold! Didn't you flatther me and cajole me, an' sware you loved me, an' never would part from me? Didn't you buy me pretty ribbons wid your unlucky goold? Didn't you make me vain an' proud, an' tell me that I should be dhressed in satins, an' silks, and muslins? An', oh, fool that I was! didn't you make me what I am—miserable an' guilty—unpitied, scoffed at—heart-broken, an' sinful?"

He for a short time appeared somewhat moved, as these accusations, all so true, were vividly and passionately laid before him, and advancing, took her listless hand, which she attempted not to pull from him, and whispered—

"Maggy, I don't mean to blame you when I say, we both have acted imprudently; and I think, as you wish it, that it would be better for us at once to part!"

"Yis, yis, Henry—I know it would! We will!—we will!" she inarticulately muttered, scarcely at the time conscious of what she said.

"You shall never want, while I live, either a comforter or a friend—I will provide for both yourself and mother; and when married"—

"Married!" she shrieked—"who married?"

"Why, my father, Maggy, insists that I marry immediately."

With a violent effort she here disengaged her hand from his grasp, and sank overpowered by her feelings, on the damp grass, murmuring—

"Now, indeed, my cup of misery is filled to the brim—I see id all."

The cause of his late lengthy absences and estrangement—the reason of his never seeking her as usual, had swept with thought's velocity through her mind. She felt that she was deceived—and deceived by a villain, who, while plotting her destruction, was, perhaps, engaged to another; and her tongue clave to her mouth—respiration seemed impeded—the trees, the water, all swam indistinctly before her eyes, from which the scalding tears silently trickled down her wasted cheeks. Nerveless—pulseless—almost without strength as she seemed, the moment he a second time advanced, she sprang to her feet—waved him off with her arm—and with the single exclamation of "Black, black villain!" ran wildly through the clump of trees towards the fields leading to her now miserable home. He paused for a moment, gazing in the direction she proceeded; and then, without speaking, departed the way he had come, and entered his father's house with a smile on his cheek, whistling an opera tune, as if nothing had occurred.

Henry was the only son of Sir Edward Law, who held several large estates in this country; and on his return from the university, having showed an inclination for the army, was gratified with a commission

Thrown then as he was, unprepared, into the vortex of dissipated society, all the early feelings of his mind were warped, and he pursued whatever seemed to promise him an instant's enjoyment—never heeding the means, if affording pleasure were the result. Maggy Murphy, whose mother, a widow, resided in a small cabin on his father's estate, had caught his eye at some rustic fete, whither, with some brother officers, he went for "*a lark*," and being pretty and demure-looking, attracted his notice. He paid her attention several times afterwards—made her presents—aroused the serpent, vanity, in her heart—and, finally, triumphed over her virtue, heedless of the utter ruin and disgrace he heaped upon her, and reckless of all, save the pursuance of his inclinations. Soon did he begin to tire even of her fondness—for true it is, purity of soul is the only sure foundation of a lasting attachment—and this aroused the fearful suspicion of neglect in her bosom—a suspicion she strove in vain though with agony, to spurn. Distracted as she was, she determined at last that it was better for them to part, and the interview we have just described took place, when new agonies were heaped upon her burning brain—to imagine that all his professions were soulless, and that he was thinking of being united to another, even while subduing the feeble barrier of her resolution. So it was—his cousin, an amiable girl, being under his father's roof, was betrothed to him from a child, and then wanted but a few years of being of age, when they were to be united. He was much attached to her ; and yet, so loose were his principles, it did not prevent his proceeding in the ruin of the

innocent Maggy. Oh! cautiously and watchfully should the young and beautiful guard every impulse and emotion. Sin is too often an asp hidden in the midst of the brightest tinted flowers, of whose baneful presence they knew not, till warned—alas, too late—by the poison of its sting. Pleasures, and joys, and allurements, spread out their glittering mesh to entice the ungarded to enter, and the path of rectitude once diverged from, is seldom, if ever, again regained. Wisely hath it been written (as we can see in daily instances) that

“Every wo a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister’s shame.”

The blight of dishonour once stamped upon a maiden’s cheek, friends and relatives all shrink from and disown her. Pity flies without a sigh, and contempt usurps its station in their hearts. Let those who peruse this tale, think of the fate brought on poor Maggy by one false step. Think of a naturally fond heart being turned from fervent love to deadly hate, and ponder in their own hearts on the warning such an example should give.

Reader, have you ever observed on a summer’s day, when hills, and streams, and valleys are glowing in the soft and warm sunlight, a small cloud obscure one spot by passing slowly over the face of the glorious orb—that single place being cast into gloom and shade, while all around is brightness and beauty? Such was the appearance of the cottage where Maggy Murphy and her mother resided, a few weeks after the circumstances we have related. It was not, as heretofore, silent, lone, and neglected; for a group of poorly clad

peasants were lounging round it, conversing in low tones, and not laughing or joking, as in general, whenever assembled, no matter for what purpose. The cloud passed away, and again the full glow of light rested on the white walls, as a coffin was slowly borne from the open door; and except one low wail, broken by hysteric sobbing, there was no *keen*, as is usual over the bier of the deceased—that wail came from poor Maggie, who followed the remains of her broken-hearted mother, with the pang—the dreadful burning pang—agonizing her brain, that her guilt had shortened the days of her sole remaining widowed parent. Such a grief must be madness! The plain deal coffin was borne by four aged men, friends of the dead in her youth, now bearing her cold remains to their last resting-place, their grey hair and furrowed cheeks telling that they themselves should soon follow; and Maggy kept close behind it—her face hidden in the fold of her loose cloak, as if she would thus hide her shame from the world, and her bosom heaving with suppressed and choking sobs. None of the crowd came near or addressed her, as they slowly followed the funeral in the direction of the ancient grave-yard. The females of the party seemed to keep even at a distance from her, as if they did not wish any communication; and when she turned but once, and noticed it, a shudder at the desolateness of her situation, added to the remorse and agony she felt.

In another part of that country, which they had to pass on their way to the burying-place, a far different scene was at that moment acting. At the altar of the little church, Henry Law, with the cheek of health

and eye of lustre, stood beside the beautiful form of his cousin Agnes, while the clergyman, with uplifted hands, blessed their union, and his proud father felt young again in the happiness of his children. Her face was alternately red and pale, and her long lashes rested modestly on her cheek, veiling the beautiful azure of her eyes, and displaying the softness of the large pearly lid, with its delicate tracery of blue veins. The sun, glowing through the windows of stained glass, rested dazzlingly on her satin dress, and in its rays her silky hair shone like strings of gold. She was a bride a monarch might be proud of; and as the excited Henry received her willing hand, he thought not of Maggy—the poor and humble Maggy—whose peace of mind he had for ever wrecked.

The richly appointed carriage, with its grinning and gaudily attired footmen and their wedding favors, was about to issue from the avenues leading to the porch of the church, when a crowd suddenly turning from one of the passages outside blocked up the way. Henry in anger leaned forward to demand the reason of the delay, and his eyes rested on the coffin containing the remains of his victim's sole parent, and then quailed as they met the glazed and stony glance of the once courted and flattered Maggy. She was petrified. She saw the wedding favors—she saw the lovely Agnes in white at his side, and the view was for a moment intercepted by the coffin wherein was interred her every hope. A terrible revulsion of feeling took place in her bosom—bitterness of hate and gall took the place of silent despair, and though one involuntary and terrible shriek burst from her lips, she

was silent and moved forward—her leaden eye glaring on him till they past, and her heart vowing deep and terrible vengeance—to meet at the entrance of the graveyard, when, overwhelmed with grief for her poor mother's death, caused by her sin, a gay and gaudy cavalcade honoring the wedding of her seducer, turned in an instant all kindly feelings back withered on her heart. She forgot even death and its terrors. She remembered not that it was her parent she followed. She thought only of him—of Henry, happy and full of delight, and, forgetful of all the misery, the tears, the wretchedness he had caused, she could have sprang upon him like a tiger deprived of its young—she could have knelt to curse him—she could have torn him limb from limb, but she only gave the one bitter shriek, and afterwards spoke not—the vulture was in her soul, and the untameable hyena kept gnawing at her heart !

“ It's a quare omen that, neighbour,” observed one bystander to another, as they were lowering the coffin into the grave, “ Masther Henery and his purty bride afthur lavin' the altar to have to give way to the ber-rin ! I dont like it,”

“ Faix nor I either,” was the answer, “ they shud have dhrew back tin paces with us any how in the regard of the ould custom.”

“ Av coorse they should ; but these quallity people don't mind uz. God keep them from harm howsom-dever.”

“ Did you evir in all your born days see such a look as Maggy gev *him*—och bud it was enuff to freeze the sowl ov him ; and do you know I'm think-

in' we wor right in conjecthurin' that he's the villain misled her, tho' she denies id so black !"

"The poor colleen !" was the reply, "musha may the blessed Vargin be her support in this day of throuble, an' keep her from meditatin' revenge—look avourneen, look at her eyes now !"

Their lustre had all fled, they were distended to their fullest extent—dull, cold, and glassy as the orbs of the dead, and fixed on vacancy as if she dared not gaze on the grave now beginning to be filled with earth, her head drooped not, her hands hung stiffly by her side, and the only sign of life she gave was the quick gaspish respiration of her breath.

"There's no good in that look, neighbour ; id shows that the heart athin her buzzom is stone. God pity thim that feel so, an' punish thim that caused id !"

The green sods were fixed upon the low mound, the only trace of a grave that remained, and the spectators, one by one, dropped away, till poor Maggie, the orphan and the guilty one, was left alone, none having asked her to accompany them—none having offered her an asylum in their house ! She cast herself upon the loose earth beside the mound, she pressed her lips against the rank grass, and her long damp hair, matted from exposure and neglect, tangled in the nettles and deadly nightshade that grew near. Day passed, evening came, and night wrapped the world in its mantle of gloom, and still did the daughter keep her lonely vigil, shrinking not from the damp dews—forgetting the fears of her childhood's fancy, in a kind of lethargic stupor, without an idea, a notion, despairing and alone. The night, thus passed by her, was one scene of re-

velry and feasting in the dwelling of Sir Edward Law. Henry was the gayest of the gay, his bride the merriest of the merry, and music, and dancing, and song lightened the heart and intoxicated the senses ! Oh, 'tis ever thus, joy and happiness ring their silver bells, and sound their loud clarions over the festivities of some, while grief and desolation hang their black and dreary pall on the wailing hearts of their stricken fellow-creatures ! But 'tis not equally thus the happy and revelling feasters, clad in their robes of purple and gold, feel even for a moment for the bereavements, the tears and the sufferings of their fellows, in sackcloth and ashes !

Sir Edward Law did not long survive to enjoy the happiness of his son ; for one short month after the wedding, he received an apoplectic stroke, and died ; leaving his beloved Henry, sole heir to his large possessions.

Time, the universal comforter, soon allayed the first grief of the husband and his young wife, and pleasure again began to reign in their dwelling. Strange ! how, when once the grave closes over us, we are, with all our acquirements, forgotten !

Maggy, the guilty and deserted Maggy, rejected with scorn, money, and other necessities, which Henry sent her, thinking thus to make atonement for the misery he had been the cause of ; and shunned as she was by the neighbours—visiting none, and by none visited, she had a lonely and a dreary time to pass ; weeping over her fault, as if tears could restore again her peace of mind. But once did she seek the haunts of her friends in that neighbourhood ; it was when all

her resources became exhausted, and the poor girl reared in comfort, went forth to *beg* !

She stood on the threshold of a relative's door, and when she at first tried to speak, the effort almost choked her. She was refused—rejected—spurned, and with bitter scorn, desired to seek her wealthy *lover*. A tear started to her eye, but did not flow, she folded her hands meekly over her bosom, bowed her head in silence, and departed, and never again was seen in the village ; whither she went, none could tell ; and, alas ! none felt sufficient interest in her fate, even to enquire after her ! oh, to what one false step may lead !

Henry was thoughtless, wild, and extravagant, and coming suddenly, as he did, into the possession of immense wealth, he squandered it, and dashed away, as if it never could have an end ; his demands on his steward for money became frequent, and the consequence was, the tenants were pressed for their rent, and murmuring against this began to be pretty loudly heard. This officer was not of honest principle, and so as he procured the cash for his employer, and occasionally pocketed some himself, he cared not by what means ; leases held by old and respectable tenants, when their time expired, he always delayed about renewing, sometimes rising the rent, and sometimes threatening to do so, unless his good will was gained by a bribe. These proceedings soon made both himself and his master obnoxious to all, and in that part, till then so peaceable, stacks began to burn, cattle to be houghed, and other testimonies to be given of the growing hatred of a vindictive people.

Henry was made furious by these proceedings, and inflamed the people more and more by the measures he took for redress ; and, in fact, it came to such a pitch at last, that his life was frequently threatened, and his house attempted to be fired. Such was the state of things but one year after his father's death. About this time, as he was one evening sitting opposite his lovely wife, previous to his retiring to rest, and engaged in reading, he was suddenly started by a loud knocking at the outside door. His wife was alarmed ; for so many threatening notices had been received, that she dreaded every stir, and springing up as he laid his hand on the bell to summon a servant, implored him not to leave her. She had scarcely spoken till a loud pistol report was heard, and in an instant more the sashes of the window were dashed to pieces, and several ruffians sprang into the room, their number defying opposition. Henry, who attempted to keep them from his wife, received a blow that laid him senseless, and, as they thought, dead at her feet. The servant, ere he could escape from the room, was mortally stabbed with a rusty bayonet, and the shrieking Agnes seized and bound, while others of the party proceeded through the house to prevent the servants from giving the alarm. The work of plunder then commenced, and soon was concluded. The villains with their booty assembled in the apartment they had first broken into, but had scarcely entered it, when the tramp of horses was heard, and, with one shout of, " The sojers are on us," the fearful guilty villains rushed forth and fled.

A short time after one of the nightly patrols which

Henry had, much to the dissatisfaction of the people, created, arrived. They had been attracted by the shot, and providentially were the tramp of their horses heard, to deter the villains from further bloodshed. Henry, who was only stunned, soon recovered, to the delight of his young wife, but she never perfectly recovered the fright and terror she underwent, and died in giving birth to a child, leaving him alone, with conscience gnawing him keenly at his soul, as if demanding retribution for past actions.

The ruffians who were concerned in the attack were nearly all taken, and suffered separately for their crimes, and the memory of poor Maggy yet lives amongst the inhabitants of the village.



THE FATAL MEETING.

A STORY OF LOUGH DEERG.

By flood or field—by wood or dell—
In desert wild, or hermit's cell—
In camp or court—in hall or bow'r—
At day's broad noon, or midnight hour—
On mountain top or flow'ry lea—
Or where in prayer he bends the knee—
Ay, even before the holy shrine—
I'll claim him there!—his blood is mine!

MS. Poem.

LOUGH Dearg, or St. Patrick's Purgatory, was at one time the most famous shrine of penance and purification in Europe. It was by no means an unusual thing for princes from foreign countries to travel from their palace-homes, in the vain hope of finding rest for their troubled consciences in the performance of a pilgrimage to this island cell. Such repute did this western Purgatory acquire, that a number of the high dignitaries of the church in Italy and other countries, who felt certain bequests and revenues diminishing, began to regard its fame with jealous eyes; and shortly after the circumstances related in the following tale had taken place, a Bull was procured from his Holiness for its total suppression.

In the year 1397 we find it recorded that his most

gracious Majesty Richard the Second, King of England, &c. &c. granted his royal letters of safe-conduct to Raymond, Viscount Perilleaux, and Knight of Rhodes, with a train of twenty men and thirty horses, to the place of penance, called Lough Dearg, in the kingdom of Ireland, for the purpose of performing certain religious duties.* It is also recorded that the knightly nobleman never returned to his native country or kindred. Thus far for introductory facts; we now come to the more traditionary part of our narrative.

It was a beautiful and sunny evening in the beginning of the autumn of the above year, and the floods of rich yellow light from the setting sun bathed the woody shores of Lough Dearg, and tipt with gold the wavelets on its bosom. At that period the naked hills that now surround the lake were covered with majestic woods of oak and beech, intermingled with hazel and birch, and fringed with thick copse almost to the water's edge. The little isle on which was situated Saint Patrick's Purgatory lay about a mile from the shore, with its shadowed side, towards the point of embarkation, like a dark spot in the midst of a field of flowing silver.

Teague O'Dogherty, the ferryman to the island, was stretched at his length upon a mossy bank above the surface of the water; his little wherry lay at a small distance, like a dark log floating upon the limpid ele-

* From the same record we learn, that in the year 1358 permission was given to Nicholas de Beccario, a nobleman of Ferrara, to visit Lough Dearg for penitential purposes; and some time in the same year the like to one Malatesta Ungarus, Knight, who visited the Purgatory with the same intention.

ment. It was moored by a knotted tow rope to a stump in the bank. For some cause or other, there was a great dearth of pilgrims at the sainted shrine at this particular season, and Teague had little else to do but loll about from bank to shade, or fish with his long hazel rod in the Lough. While he thus lay, with his *bereadh** drawn over his eyes to keep off the bright rays of the setting sun, a pilgrim, toiled and travel-stained, arrived on the bank, and stood beside the unconscious Teague. He stirred up the lounging ferryman with the end of his staff. He was a tall man, clad in the usual garb of a religious wanderer of the period. A dark kind of mantle, with loose sleeves, that covered his whole person from the throat to the ancles, was bound round his middle by a white twisted cord, which, after passing twice round his body, was knotted in front, the ends hanging down nearly to his knee. A large hat of foreign manufacture, and strung round the rim with cockle shells, covered his head, and shadowed an ample and smooth brow, giving, by its shade, a brighter lustre to the intense fire that burned with a deep and living light in his coal-black eyes. His face was pale and thin, but exceedingly animated and expressive ; and his beard of jetty black, curled short, and curving downwards from his mouth, left his care-worn cheek almost bare. His air was gentle and graceful ; and though clad in the humble garments of a palmer, his mien and motion were those of a man used to associate with the proud and noble. He was

* *Bereadh*—the Irish term for the cap or bonnet worn in Ireland at the time.

young, too, and Teague remarked that not many penitents of his years had ever sought the healing shrine of St. Patrick at Lough Dearg.

The ferryman raised himself from his reclining position. The pilgrim quietly and unmovedly allowed him to enjoy his stare of wonder; and then slowly pointed with his staff towards the island, as indicating a wish to be ferried over. Teague directed his attention to the setting sun, intimating that the hour was past; and then pointed out where the smoke curled above the trees over his cottage at the skirts of the wood, hinting pretty plainly that the pilgrim should be content with a share in the shelter and hospitality of his humble roof until morning. The stranger bowed in thankfulness, laying the forefinger of his right hand impressively upon his lips, and raising the other one towards the blue vault of heaven; he then crossed both, with an expressive gesture upon his bosom, and hung down his head in silence.

"Ay, ay," muttered Teague, in an under tone, "a vow to hold his peace—some terrible crime to be atoned for, I warrant me, by the severity of the penance—and in one so young too!" And, with a glance upwards of his eye in astonishment and thankfulness to heaven, he led the way to his cabin.

The evening sun had gone down behind the western hills, and the gloom of coming night was darkening the deep-brown woods. The songs of the robin and thrush were hushed, and the pilgrim was seated beside the cheerful hearth of the ferryman, silent and motionless, wrapt up in the shadowy stillness of profound meditation. Teague was seated at some dis-

tance, with his eyes resting with something of surprise upon his tacit guest. He was also busy with his own cogitations—much he marvelled that the holy man at meals or vesper hour had not attempted to offer up his prayers, as was the wont among men devoted, as he seemed to be, to the duties of religion. Both were, however, startled from the depth of their thoughts by the swelling note of a bugle-horn which came pealing from the woods.

Teague started to his limbs, for such sounds were seldom heard on the peaceful shores of the Lake of Penance. The pilgrim also appeared alarmed, for in the inquietude of the moment he cast his flashing eyes to the entrance with a fearful and mystical meaning; and then drawing his ample habit closer round him, seemed to shrink within its folds from scrutiny or observation. When Teague went out, he observed a train of horsemen issuing from the wood. The person who rode foremost, and who appeared to be the chief, was mounted on a beautiful and richly caparisoned horse of the true Arabian breed, and was dressed in a full suit of the deepest black. A mantle of black velvet, lined with black silk, depended from his shoulders, under which he wore a doublet of fine black cloth, braided with twisted cord of shining silk, and fitted closely to the body; to this were attached trunks and hose of the same material, together with boots of Cordovan-dressed deerskin, reaching loosely to the mid-leg. This completed his equipment, except a broad-rimmed hat, from which drooped a solitary black feather, shadowing features, stern, proud, and repulsive in their expression, and yet not bad in

the abstract. In years he appeared beyond the middle age of man, for on his brow the white and black hairs were mingled in nearly equal portions. The rest of his attendants were clad, as to fashion, in nearly the same style, except a few who were armed at all points; but the colour was different, as suited the taste of the individual wearer—and the stuff coarser, as indicating, perhaps, the degree of rank. In number they were about twenty—all mounted, some leading baggage mules and spare horses. They looked as after a long journey, for their cattle were travel-soiled and weary, and their habits dusty, and faces deeply embrowned. Their fashion and appearance in general differed much from the people of the country—their weapons were even strange—they were evidently men from a foreign land, for they used much gesture in their discourse, and spoke in a strange tongue. Tents were immediately pitched upon the shores of the lake, and fires lighted, and hurry and bustle continued among the strangers until a late hour; and a strict guard was placed upon the pavillion of him who appeared to be their chief.

Teague retired to his low and humble pallet; and was much surprised, on waking towards midnight, to find that his pilgrim guest had not even then sought his heather couch. With a quick and uneasy step he continued to pace the narrow confines of the cottage until grey dawn, and he then roused the ferryman from his broken slumbers. Teague arose in surprise; but the silent and prayerless palmer placed a large silver coin in his hand, and pointed towards the island. The morning mists were still lying on the surface of

the lake, as if a fleece of cloud had descended upon it during the hours of darkness; the air was chill, and the songs of the birds were not yet among the branches of the trees. The inhabitants of the tents, except the wakeful sentinels, were still wrapt in silent sleep, as the palmer, with the stealthy step and the cautious glance of a beast of prey, slid down to the shore, taking the advantage of every tree and copse to hide his person from the watchful strangers. Teague unmoored his boat, and they were soon on the shores of the Island of Penance.

In a short time after the return of Teague, he was summoned to the presence of the haughty chieftain, who looked upon the ferryman with a glance of mingled suspicion and scrutiny, as if he wished to penetrate the secret thoughts of his heart; but the merry blue eye of Teague never blanched from the examination. He then turned towards a person who looked in dress superior to the rest of his attendants, and spoke some words in a low tone, to which the other replied in a style of submissive remonstrance. His objections were, however, overruled, and the nobleman embarked for the island with Teague, and without an attendant.

The cell at that time was a dark cavity, covered with flags and layers of turf. At one end was an altar, raised by one or two steps from the earthen floor; and at the other a small hole, through which the dim light struggled, serving to show the rude structure in all its uncouth and naked simplicity—bare earthen walls, through which the damps oozed and trickled down in sundry places, and in others settled

in mildews and blackness. The friar who resided upon the island to receive the donations, and direct pilgrims as to the forms to be observed, and the localities of the place, and who belonged to the priory of St. Fintan's,* came to receive the stranger, on his landing, with more than his usual courtesy. Here, too, the nobleman showed that he had cause to fear something or somebody, for he shrank from the proffered hand of the monk, and darted on him that sharp, soul-searching look of peculiar meaning which we have before noticed; and then, not seeming to notice the intended civility, he stepped lightly to the land. The penance was a severe trial upon nature; it consisted in fasting for an almost incredible length of time—of lying for a certain number of days and nights upon the damp floor of the little chapel without sleeping—and repeating an innumerable quantity of prayers at certain places and in certain positions.

The nobleman approached the entrance to the dark cell, and paused for a time at the door, and peered anxiously and cautiously into the interior. He ventured a step or two inside, but started back, and stood for some time within the threshold until his eyes became used to the darkness, so different from the light of the glorious morning sun. He was then enabled to distinguish that there was but one more penitent within its walls, who, wrapped closely in a pilgrim's cloak, lay prone upon his face at a short distance

* The priory of St. Fintan's, or Daboec, was situated in another but a larger island than where the cell was built. A canon from the priory was always resident on the Island of Purgatory, to receive, direct, and exhort the pilgrims and devotees.

from the altar. He was silent—no sigh, no murmured prayer, escaped his lips; but, as if shaken and absorbed by the contending emotions and thoughts that occupied and agitated him, he heeded not the approaching steps of the stranger, and nothing but a convulsive swell of the frame told that the being thus extended was still numbered among the living. The haughty-miened stranger approached the altar on the other side, and bending before the rude shrine, he poured forth, from the agony of his spirit, a supplication to heaven for mercy and pardon,

“Oh God!” he exclaimed, “and Father of mercy! have mercy on a wretched sinner! Forgive me, gracious King of glory, for my crimes are manifold, and my deeds of evil are hideous in my sight! Let my tears of penitence wash away the stains of my iniquities, and let a stricken and repentant heart find favour in thine eyes.”

A sudden movement of the pilgrim interrupted his supplications, and he looked towards him with something like alarm. The palmer stood erect before the startled stranger—his brow was bent, as one in strife and fury, and the lightning of his dark eye was fixed upon him with a terrible and fascinating gaze—his left arm was extended towards the richly-dressed stranger, and his right grasped convulsively at something concealed within the folds of his vesture. He advanced with a rapid and quick stride to within a foot of where the stranger stood.

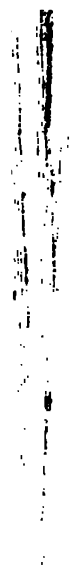
“We are met alone and face to face at last, Raymond, Count of Perilleaux;” he almost screamed in tones at once guttural and agitated, yet with the deep

voice of a firm and determined man. "Can *you* pray to heaven? *You*, with the blood of innocence crying to that heaven for vengeance against you? Can *you* ask pardon or hope for mercy, whose heart was shut against the pleadings of the pure and virtuous? Can *you* hope for peace while *my* vow of revenge is yet unpaid, and this dagger yet unstained with *thy* blood, and still rusty with the gore of thy victim? Raymond of Perilleaux, know you not, that while I lived, my life was devoted to your destruction. You have often escaped me, but this is thy last—Nay, stir not—call not. Know you this poniard?" and he drew forth a sharp, blood-stained dagger from his bosom, and advancing it within a few inches of the Count's face, he laid his other hand firmly upon his head to keep him down, for he was still upon his knees—"Look—'tis your own! Now say your last prayer, if you can pray. I cannot pray, and I am not yet a murderer."

"Have mercy, Ugolino!" uttered Raymond in a trembling and distracted voice.

"Mercy from me?—ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed with mingled rage and derision. "Dastard! murderer! this is the mercy which you have given, and this is the mercy which you shall receive!"

He raised the dagger above his head for the fatal plunge; but, with the desperation of a hopeless man, the Count sprang at the lifted arm. He was still in the strength of his days, for though his brow was sprinkled with white hairs, his frame was sinewy and unbent, and his step was active and firm. He seized the palmer by the wrist of that hand which held the





He seized the palmer by the wrist of that hand which held the weapon of destruction ; but the grasp of the agile pilgrim was as instantly on his throat, and with an overpowering strength he bore him back against the wall.—Pages 264, 265.



weapon of destruction; but the grasp of the agile pilgrim was as instantly on his throat, and with an overpowering strength he bore him back against the wall. The despair of the Count nerved him with supernatural powers. He still griped with both his hands the arm that held the blood-stained poniard; but the pilgrim still firmly clung to his throat with a dreadful ferocity. The struggle was terrible!—terrible to look upon! On the one hand, the fury of the palmer working upon his worn yet marked features, and lighting up his fierce eyes with an expression of the most enraged and demoniac malignity: on the other, the black and swollen countenance of the Count, on which were marked the extremes of horror and despair—the bursting veins upon the forehead—the eyeballs starting from their sockets—and the convulsed frame working in the dying struggles. It was horrible! Never had the rude walls of the cell witnessed such a contest! At length the strength of the gasping Count began to give way—his hold on the upraised arm waxed faint—his breath became short, strained, and thick, and with a fainting step he again gave way against the spumy wall. He was even sinking, when the palmer, wrenching away his hand with a sudden effort, buried the poniard in an instant to the very hilt in the bosom of the wretched Count. He plucked it forth again, reeking and smoking with the warm heart's blood, and then he let go his hold on the throat of the unfortunate Raymond. He never groaned—his lips merely moved and twitched, but no murmur came to his tongue. His eyes became fixed in vacant earnestness—he staggered forward a few paces, and

fell heavily against the steps of the little altar, where he expired. * * *

Years passed away, and no one could tell what had become of him who had committed the murder at the holy shrine of St. Patrick, until some workmen, in making alterations in the Birmingham Tower, Castle of Dublin, discovered a manuscript, written in Italian, of which the following is a translation :—

“It is well—all is over now—and my country and my friends have rejected and disowned me, and the stranger looks upon his prisoner—the sacrilegious murderer—with eyes of horror. The rude walls of this dungeon are now the confines of my palace-domain, and its cold flags are my couch of repose. Thus will it be while life remains with Ugolino di Castella. But I embrace the galling chain that fetters my limbs, and I bless the rugged walls that confine me. I have given my heart its full revenge—its cherished and its long-sought revenge! I saw him die!—yes, I saw the dread of his soul turn his face pale with terror—I grasped his felon throat, and beheld his eyeballs start with pain beneath the force of my pressure—and my heart swelled joyously at the sight, and my hand grasped him closer and firmer. I buried the poniard, red with the blood of a sainted martyr, deep, deep into his bosom. I plucked it forth, and saw his blood fall drop by drop from the reeking blade. I heard the last sigh escape from his writhing lips; and I laughed, for it was a sight of joy to me. Madoline of Perilleaux, thou art revenged!!! * *

“My family is noble, ranking for honour and antiquity with the most noble in Italy. My elder brother,

the Count di Castella, inheriting the titles and wealth of the family, I had to win a name and riches with my sword. The war with the Moslem then drew all the young and gallant spirits of Europe within its vortex, and never did Christian fortitude and Christian bravery obtain such a triumph over the dark infidel. It was then I first met with Raymond, Count of Perilleaux, while defending the towers of Rhodes from the desperate attack of the infatuated Mahomedans. I saved his life. He then had a name as a leader of skill and prudence, and whose counsel had more than once proved beneficial to the Christian cause. When the flame of war had been extinguished, we returned in company to the banks of the blue rolling Rhine. There I first saw Madoline, and there my young heart first bowed itself before the majesty of beauty and grace. She was all—she was every thing—but it is idle to speak of her now. That dream never returns to my waking fancy without bringing torture and misery to my soul, like the fiend that dwells in the breast of the envious man. Still I love the thought, for it is of Madoline. We loved!—loved! Love is too tame to depict the depth and intensity of the all-absorbing passion with which we held each other dearer than life or heaven. But a union could not be dreamt of. I was poor—she rich above price; and the being in whom my soul was centered I dare not woo. But what was left to us then—the madness and the intemperance of passion, and we were betrayed. Her cool, crafty, and treacherous brother vowed a terrible vengeance, and the innocent fell the victim. It was on a calm and mellow autumn even-

ing; the vineyards had given up their rich harvest, and the woods were deeply-tinged with the rich and varied hues which we so much admire, when, as I flew to a lovely bower in the garden of the castle, my steps were arrested by the voice of Raymond, issuing in tones of anger from the thick and tangled arbour. I paused, and a chilling tremor crept over me, which I felt prophetic.

“‘Yes, Raymond,’ she exclaimed, ‘I love him! We are even now united by bonds and ties as dear as those of wedlock; and nothing shall separate us.’

“An awful pause followed—awful to me.

“‘Is the honour of our family then tainted by thee,’ said he, ‘thou reptile of infamy?’”

“‘Is he not honourable and brave?’ she replied; ‘did he not save your life when you were beaten down by the arm of a common Moslem soldier?’

“‘Insult on insult!’ he cried with a tone of fury—‘Contempt added to disgrace! Die, then, for the honour of the house of Perilleaux!’

“I heard one shriek, and no more. I drew my sword, and rushed to the spot.

“‘Coward, murderer!’ I exclaimed, as I madly entered the arbour; but he fled away, and I turned to where the bleeding Madoline was extended, with the poniard of her brother buried deep in her bosom. She could not speak—all was over; and I called on her name in the same unconsciousness as the wolves howl to the moon. She never spoke to me again. I pulled the dagger from her bosom, and the hot blood followed fast. I then swore never to know rest or peace—never to follow motive, or yield to induce-

ment—never to seek repose, but when worn-out nature conquered the thirst of vengeance—until that very weapon should be buried as deep within the false bosom of the foul murderer. I followed him from land to land—I haunted his footsteps night and day; the wide sea parted us, but I still was on his track—deserts separated us—like the blood-hound, I traced his path over plain and forest—until we met in the lonely cell. * * * *

“My hours are numbered, and my wretched day of existence is dim with the shadow of the night of death. This is the last I shall write. Vain and false world, farewell—farewell!”



THE GAUGER CAPTURED

AND

THE GAUGER OUTWITTED.

IRELAND has long been famous, or, as the Temperance Society men would say, *infamous*, for her love of the *bottle*. Now, without declaring ourselves on the side of the *abstinent* folks—without saying that we ought never to take a *drop*, and without binding ourselves never to be hearty over a tumbler of whiskey punch—we may venture to say, that it would be decidedly better for Ireland in the long run, if she never had a distillery in the island. We say this on looking at the mischief which ardent spirits have always created in our isle. The misery, the degradation, the fightings, and even the murders, which it has been the fatal origin of, as shown in some of the foregoing stories, may well justify the wish that our countrymen could be brought just to take it *temperately*. A great alteration for the better has already taken place in this respect; and we sincerely trust that the improvement will be progressive. The following account of a visit to a *Poteen Distillery*, from “Sketches in Ireland,” will show the contrivances at times resorted to by the people to evade the effects of the law and the gauger; and how they frequently succeed—

One morning in July, as I was dressing myself to walk out before breakfast, I heard a noise at my back door, and observed one of my people remonstrating with a man who was anxiously pressing into the house. I went down and met the man, whose demi-genteel dress and peculiar cut, marked him to be a gauger. "O! for mercy's sake," cried the man when he saw me, "let me into your house; lock me up somewhere; hide me, save me, or my life is lost." So I brought him in, begged of him to sit down, and offering him some refreshment, requested him to recover his courage, and come to himself, for there was no danger. While I was speaking, an immense crowd came up to the house, and surrounded it; and one man more forward than the rest, came to the door, and demanded admission. On my speaking to him out of the window, and inquiring what his business was, he replied, "We find you have got Mr. —, the gauger, in your house, you must deliver him up to us; we want him." "What do you want him for?" "Oh, Doctor, that's no business for you to meddle in; we want him and must have him." "Indeed that I cannot allow; he is under my roof; he has come claiming my hospitality, and I must and will afford it to him." "Doctor, there are two words to that bargain; you ought to have consulted us before you promised; but to be plain with you, we really respect you very much; you are a quiet and a good man, and mind your own business; and we would make the man sore and sorry that would touch the hair of your head. But you must give us the gauger; to be at a word with you doctor, we must tear open, or tear down your house, or get him."

What was I to do? What could I do?—nothing; I had not a gun or pistol in my house; “so,” says I, “boys, you must, it seems, do as you like, and mind I protest against what you are about; but since you must have your own way, as you are Irishmen, I demand fair play at your hands. The man had ten minutes *law* of you when he came to my house; let him have the same law still; let him not be the worse of the shelter he has taken here; do you, therefore, return to the hill at the rere of the house, and I will let him out at the hall door, and let him have his ten minutes law.” I thought that in those ten minutes, as he was young and healthy, that he would reach the river Lennan, about a quarter of a mile off, in front of the house, and swimming over it, escape. On this they all agreed that the proposal was a fair one; at any rate, they promised to abide by it; and the man seeing the necessity of the case, consented to leave the house; I enlarged him at the hall door—and the pursuers all true to their pledged honour, stood on a hill about two hundred yards in the rere of the house—a hanging lawn sloping down towards a small river that in all places at that season of the year was fordable; about a quarter of a mile further off still, in front of the house, the larger river, Lennan, ran deep and broad between high and rocky banks. The gauger started off, like a buck, and as a hunted deer he ran his best, for he ran for his life. He passed the little river in excellent style, and just as he had ascended its further bank, and was rising the hilly ridge that divided the smaller from the broader stream, his pursuers broke loose, all highlandmen, tall, loose, agile, young; with

nerves and sinews strong to breast a mountain; men who many a time and oft, over a bog and brae, had run from the gauger, and now they were after him with fast foot and full cry. From the hall door the whole hunt could be seen—*they* helter skelter down the lawn rushing—*he* toiling up the opposite hill and straining to crown its summit; at length he got out of sight, he passed the ridge, and rushed down to the Lennan; here, out of breath, without time to strip, without time to choose a convenient place, he took the soil in the hunting phrase, and made his plunge—at all times a bad swimmer—now out of breath, encumbered with his clothes, the water rushing dark, deep, and rapid, amidst surrounding rocks; through whirls and currents, and drowning holes, the poor man struggled for life; in another minute he would have sunk for ever, when his pursuers came up, and two or three of the most active and best swimmers rushed in and saved him from a watery grave. The whole party immediately got about him, they rolled him about until they got the water out of his stomach, wiped him with their frieze coats; twenty warm hands were employed rubbing him into warmth; who did every thing humanity could suggest to bring him to himself. Reader, please to recollect, that we are not describing the feats or fortunes of Captain Rock or his myrmidons; we are not about to detail the minutiae of a cold-blooded, long calculated murder; we are not describing the actions of men who are more careful of the life of a pig than of a human creature. No, the Donegal mountaineers had a deed to do, but not of death; they were about a deliberate work, but not of murder. The

moment the gauger was restored to himself, and in order to contribute to it an ample dose of the *poteen* that he had persecuted was poured down his throat, they proceeded to tie a bandage over his eyes, and mounted him on a rahery or mountain pony, and off they set with their captive towards the mountains. For a whole day they paraded him up and down, through glens and defiles, and over mountain sides, and at length, towards the close of a summer's evening, they brought him to the solitary and secluded Glen Veagh; here they embarked him in a curragh, or wicker boat, and after rowing him up and down for some hours on the lake, they landed him on a little island where was a hut that had often served as a shelter for the fowler, as he watched his aim at the wild water birds of the lake, and still oftener as the still-house for the manufacture of irrepressible, unconquerable *poteen*; here, under the care of two trusty men was he left, the bandage carefully kept on his eyes, and well fed on trout, grouse, hares, and chickens; plenty of *poteen* mixed with the pure water of the lake was his portion to drink; and for six weeks was he thus kept cooped in the dark like a fattening fowl, and at the expiration of that time his keepers one morning took him under the arm, and desired him to accompany them; they brought him to a boat, rowed him up and down, wafted him from island to island, conveyed him to shore, mounted him on the pony, brought him as before for the length of a day here and there through glen and mountain, and towards the close of the night, the liberated gauger found himself alone on the high road to Letterkenney.

The poor man returned that night to his family, who had given him over as either murdered or gone to America. But he stood not as a grim-looking ghost at the door, but as fat and sleek, and as happy as ever.

Now wherefore all this trouble ; why all these pains to catch a gauger, fatten him, and let him loose ? Oh, it was of much and important consequence to these poor mountaineers. A lawless act it surely was ; but taking into view that it was an act big with consequences affecting their future ruin or prosperity, it might almost be pardonable. Amidst the numerous parliamentary enactments that the revenue department of the country caused to be passed, in order to repress the system of illicit distillation in Ireland, one was a law as contrary to the spirit of the British legislation as to the common principles of equity and conventional right—a law punishing the innocent in substitution for the guilty. This law made the townland in which the still was found, or any part of the process of distillation detected, liable to a heavy fine, to be levied indiscriminately on all its landholders. The consequence of this law was, that the whole North of Ireland was involved in one common confiscation. It was the fiscal triumph of gaugers and informers over the landlords and proprietors of the country. They were, indeed, reaping their harvest of ruin, under a *bonus* offered for avarice, treachery and perjury. Acting on this anti-social system, the gauger of the district in question had informations to the amount of £7000 against the respective townlands of which it was composed. These informations were to be passed

or otherwise at the approaching assizes, and there was no doubt but that the gauger could substantiate them according to the existing law—and thus effect the total ruin of the people. Under those circumstances the plot for the seizure and abduction of the revenue-officer was laid. It was known that on a certain day about a month prior to the assizes he was to pass through the district on his way to the coast—it was known that he kept those informations about his person, and therefore they waylaid him, and succeeded in keeping him out of sight until the assizes were over; and shortly after this imprudent and unconstitutional law was repealed.

But to return to Glen Veagh; as we were rambling along its rocky strand, admiring the stillness of its waters—the sublime solitariness of its mountain shore; here a ravine, climbing up amongst the hills; its chasms and its dancing waterfalls, fringed with birch and stunted oak; there a white silicious peak protruding itself on high, over which the hawk cowered, as if priding itself on its inaccessible nest; before us the sleeping lake extended itself—

“Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,”

and these isles set like precious gems, with just enough of trees for ornament: the birch, the rowan ash, the service, the holly; and high from the central, largest, and most distant island, arose a blue and wreathed smoke, that bespoke the manufacture of mountain dew; the smoke certainly added much to the picturesque accompaniment of the scene, and we could just discern a small cabin or sheeling in the island, half

concealed amidst the copsewood in which it was enveloped.

I could not help expressing a wish to see the process whereby this admired liquour was compounded, that in the estimation of every Irishman—aye, and high born Englishman too—is so superior in sweetness, salubrity, and gusto, to all that machinery, science and capital can produce in the legalized way, and which verifies the observation of the wise man, “that stolen waters are sweet.” Just as we were conversing in this way, a man turning the point of the rock, stood unexpectedly within a few yards of us. He was one of the largest men I have ever seen amongst the Irish commonality. He was tall, that is not unusual; but he was lusty, his bones and muscles were covered with flesh; there was a trunk-like swell in his chest; and a massiveness in his body, a pillar-like formation of limbs bespeaking that he was a man moulded to be a giant, and was fed up to the full exercise and capability of his frame. He had a bull-like contour of head and neck, short and crisp curls appeared from under a small hat which seemed unable to settle itself over his ears, from the full development of the organ of combativeness that protruded itself in this region of his cranium.

The man stood before us with the assured look of one who was prepared saucily to say, what business have you here; two grey hounds were at his heels, and a lurking grisly cur, half bull-dog, half terrier, showed his white teeth and began to growl. “Oh, how are you Terry,” cried my friend (who, I believe, knows every one in Donegal) “how are you, my gay

fellow ; I am glad to see you, for you are just the man in all these mountains that I wanted to see." " Why, then, your honour, I am entirely obliged to you ; and in troth when I just came upon you now, I didn't know your honour ; for as I was just walking over the mountain, I saw some strange unco people, and I only slipt down to see the cut of their countenances." " Ah, Terry ! I know well you do not like unco people, for fear that a gauger might be amongst them." " Och, then, is it I fear a gauger ? Terry O'Gallagher fear a gauger !—no, nor a commissioner from Dublin Custom-house, barring he had an army and guns at his back—not I by my troth, for it's little I'd matter just taking one of them by the waistband of the breeches and filipping him, do you see, into the middle of the lake, and there leave him to keep company with the trouts—no, no ; but the likes of you—no offence master, the like of you I mean, not in the inside but the teeth outwards, might come and give information, and put *dacent* people to trouble, and be after bringing the army here to this quiet place, and put us out of our way, and all that."

" Well, Terry, you know me, don't you ?" " I do, your honour, and am sartain sure that you are true, and of the right sort, and every inch about you honest." " Well, Terry ; I want to get this gentleman who is a friend of mine, on the lake ; he desires to get into a boat to see its beauties more conveniently, besides he has a longing wish to see how the hearty drop is made, can you indulge him ?" " That I will, and a thousand welcomes ;" so away he went towards the point of the rock, which jutted out into the water,

and putting his finger to his mouth, he sent forth a whistle that sounded over the lake, and thus reverberating, echoed from bay to bay, and multiplied itself through the glens and gorges of the mountains; at the same time he made some telegraphic signal, and in a minute we saw a boat push off from the island of Smoke. While Terry was absent, I asked my friend who he was?—Why, says he, that is one of the most comfortable and independent fellows in all this mountain district—he exerts a muscular and moral influence over the people; he has a great deal of sense, a great deal of determination; a constant view to his own interest; and luckily he considers that interest best promoted, by keeping the country in peace. Those that fall out he beats into good humour, for when the weight of his argument cannot prevail, the weight of his fist enforces compliance with his wishes. Then he is the patron of illicit distillation—he is co-partner in the adventure, and is the watchful guardian over its process; there is not a movement of a gauger that he does not make himself acquainted with; there is not a detachment leaves a village or town that he has not under watch, and before a policeman or a red coat comes within three miles of these waters, all would be prepared for them; still and worm sunk, malt buried, barrels and coolers disposed of, and the boat scuttled. There is not a man in Ireland lives better in his own way than Terry: his chests are full of meal, the roof of his kitchen is festooned with bacon, his byre is full of cows, his sheep range on a hundred hills; as a countryman said to me the other day, “Terry O’Gallagher is the only man of his sort in Donegal that eats

white bread, toasted, buttered, and washed down with tea for his breakfast."

In the mean time the boat came near, and Terry joined us, and after some difficulty in getting aboard from the rocks, and adjusting ourselves in proper trim in the most frail bark that perhaps was ever launched on water, we rowed out into the lake; and here really the apparent peril of our situation deprived me of the pleasure I might otherwise have enjoyed in the picturesque scenery around; the bottom of the boat was covered with water, which oozed in through a sod of turf, that served as a plug to the hole in it's bottom, the size of my head; and Terry O'Gallagher, who sat at the head of the boat surrounded by his dripping dogs, almost sunk it to the gunwale, and every now and then, the dogs, uneasy at their confinement, tumbled about and disturbed our equilibrium; if a gust of wind had come, as often as it does on a sudden from the hills, we should have been in a perilous state. As it was, the two young men who rowed us, and who, it is to be supposed, could swim, enjoyed our nervous state, and out of fun told us stories of sudden hurricanes, and of the dangers and deaths that have happened to navigators on this lake; we, therefore, declined a protracted expedition, and only desired to be landed on the island, where we arrived in a short time, and then had an opportunity of witnessing the arcana of illicit distillation. The island that at a distance looked so pretty with its copsewood, its sheeling, and its wreathing smoke, when we reached it, presented as ugly and disgusting a detail as possible; and a Teniers or a Cruikshank, could only do justice to the scene.

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and present a lively picture of its uncouth accompaniments.

A half roofed cabin, in which was a raging fire, over which was suspended the pot with its connected head and worm; two of the filthiest of human beings, half naked, squalid, unhealthy looking creatures, their skins encrusted with filth, hair long, uncombed, and matted, where vermin of all sorts seemed to quarter themselves and nidificate; and where (as Burns says) "horn or bone ne'er dare unsettle their thick plantations;" these were the operatives of the filthy process which seemed in all its details to be carried on in nastiness.

John Barleycorn, though hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
When Irishman distil his blood,
They cleanliness despise,

The whole area of the island was one dunghill, composed of fermenting grains; there were about twenty immense hogs either feeding or snoring on the food that lay beneath them; and so alive with rats was the whole concern, that one of the boatmen compared them in number and intrusiveness to flocks of sparrows on the side of a shelling-hill adjoining a corn-mill. I asked one of the boatmen where the men who attended the still slept. "Och, where should they sleep but on the grains with the pigs; they have never been off the island these six months; they have never changed their clothes, and, I believe, though they are convenient enough to the water, they have never washed themselves." "And are they not afraid?" "Why, who would they be afraid of but the rats." "And do they

never go to divine worship?" "Ah, that they don't, it's little they care about religion—one of them is a Protestant, and he curses so much that it's enough to keep ghost, angel, or devil off the place—and in troth the Catholic is not much better, maybe the priest wont have work enough with *him* yet."

I was truly disgusted with the whole scene, and anxious to quit it.* I was vexed and disappointed to find such a romantic and beautiful spot so defiled, so desecrated, I might say, by a manufacture that has proved of incalculable mischief to the peaceful habits, the moral character, and religious duties of the people of the country—but we would not be allowed to part before we partook of the produce of the pot. With all his faults, Pat is not deficient in generosity, and he is ever ready to share—yes, and often to waste the liquor which he has a peculiar delight in manufacturing; because, perhaps, the undertaking is attended with risk, and gives birth to adventurous engagements, and escapes; and, as the song says,

"An Irishman all in his glory is there."

As a finale to the description, we add a few reflections from the pen of one well acquainted with Ireland.

Among all the striking peculiarities which arrest the attention of an English stranger, on his first visit to Ireland, there is none, I have often thought, that must at once excite such surprise, and lead the mind to such sad and sober reflections, as the hostile feelings

* The visit to Glen Veagh, took place some years ago. I have reason to believe, that in consequence of better arrangements in the revenue department, illicit distillation has ceased long ago in Glen Veagh.

of the majority of the people towards the law of the land. They will make use of its strong arm occasionally to oppress an inferior, or to wreak their vengeance on an equal; but they never look to it with the feelings which an Englishman cherishes; they have not learned to regard it as the protector of their persons and properties, and the guardian of their dearest rights and liberties. From the rebellious code of Ribandism, which dooms *him* to destruction who ventures to appeal to the tribunals of justice against the hand of midnight violence, to the easy good nature of the peasant, who, without advantage to himself, assists his neighbour, in concealing the keg of illicit whiskey, or the bale of smuggled tobacco, the spirit is the same. The hand of the law has been against every man—and now, every man's hand is, in turn, raised against the law. But it is not for me to lead you back in the trodden path of history, to point out the wrongs which poor Ireland has received at the hands of her conquerors. You know that her sons were once hunted like wild beasts, through the woods of Connaught; and where is the wonder then, if they failed to recognize a benefactor, when they beheld, it is true, laws and civilization in one hand, but in the other a frightful accompaniment of whips and scourges? Need I remind you that until the reign of James I., who, perhaps, never more truly than on this point deserved the title of the English Solomon, the poor Irish pleaded in vain to be governed by the English law? This was a favour granted only to a few, while the majority of the natives, the *mere Irish*, as they were disdainfully termed, were denied a participation in the rights and

privileges of English subjects, and were thus compelled to govern themselves by their own barbarous usages and customs, while they were exposed, almost without protection, to the outrages of their more favoured neighbours.

A more enlightened policy has at length succeeded to these days of darkness ; and let us hope that after a time the governors and the governed will form but one people. As they carried on a continual warfare against the law, and all its ministers, it became necessary they should be acquainted with its intricacies, and estimate well the terrors of its sanctions. And this they have done. The lower orders of Irish, though an uneducated, are not an uninformed people, and upon this subject, which is of such vital importance to them, they often show a knowledge, not only of the common points, but also of the technical niceties, which is far beyond any thing that would be met with in an English peasant. They understand exactly how far they may go without hazarding the animadversion of a magistrate ; and often as they exceed the bounds of moderation, yet still oftener do they venture upon the very verge, and there stop short, to the surprise and admiration of all spectators.

As a specimen of the various and extraordinary means frequently used to elude the vigilance of the Excise, we give the following story, well known in the part of the country where the circumstance took place.

sketched true to life, by the Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry"—

Young Condry Cullen was descended from a long line of private distillers, and of course, exhibited in his own person all the practical wit, sagacity, cunning, and fertility of invention, which the natural genius of the family, sharpened by long experience, had created from generation to generation, as a standing capital to be handed down from father to son. There was scarcely a trick, evasion, plot, scheme, or manœuvre that had ever been resorted to by his ancestors, that Condry had not at his finger ends; and though but a lad of sixteen at the time we present him to the reader, yet be it observed, that he had had his mind even at that age, admirably trained, by four or five years of keen vigorous practice, in all the resources necessary to meet the subtle vigilance, and stealthy circumvention of that prowling animal—a Gauger. In fact, Condry's talents did not merely consist of an acquaintance with the hereditary tricks of his family. These, of themselves, would prove but a miserable defence, against the ever-varying ingenuity, with which the progressive skill of the still-hunter makes his approaches, and conducts his designs. On the contrary, every new plan of the Gauger must be met and defeated, by a counter-plan equally novel, but with this difference in the character of both, that whereas the Exciseman's devices are the result of mature deliberation—Paddy's, from the very nature of the circumstances, must be necessarily extemporaneous and rapid. The hostility between the parties, being, as it is, carried on through such varied stratagem on

both sides, and characterised by such adroit and able duplicity, by so many quick and unexpected turns of incident—it would be utter fatuity in either, to rely upon obsolete tricks, and stale manœuvres. Their relative position and occupation, do not therefore merely exhibit a contest between Law and that mountain nymph, Liberty, or between the Excise Board and the Smuggler—it presents a more interesting point for observation, namely, the struggle between mind and mind—between wit and wit—between roguery and knavery.

It might be very amusing to detail from time to time, a few of those keen encounters of practical cunning, which take place between the poteen distiller, and his lynx-eyed foe, the gauger. They are curious as throwing light upon the national character of our people, and as evidences of the surprising readiness of wit, fertility of invention, and irresistible humour, which they mix up with almost every actual concern of life, no matter how difficult or critical it may be. Nay, it mostly happens that the character of the peasant in all its fullness, rises in proportion to what he is called upon to encounter, and that the laugh at, or the hoax upon the gauger, keeps pace with the difficulty that is overcome. But now to our short story.

Two men in the garb of gentlemen, were riding along a remote by-road, one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827 or 28, I am not certain which. The air was remarkably clear, keen, and bracing: a hoar frost for the few preceding nights had set in, and then lay upon the fields about them, melting gradually, however, as the sun got strength, with

the exception of the sides of such hills and vallies as his beams could not reach, until evening chilled their influence too much to absorb the feathery whiteness which covered them. Our equestrians had nearly reached a turn in the way, which we should observe in this place, skirted the brow of a small declivity that lay on the right. In point of fact, it was a moderately inclined plane or slope rather than a declivity; but be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studded over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level, that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon their surface. On coming within about two hundred and fifty yards of this angle, the horsemen noticed a lad, not more than sixteen, jogging on towards them, with a keg upon his back. The eye of one of them was immediately lit with that vivacious sparkling of habitual sagacity, which marks the practiced gauger among ten thousand. For a single moment he drew up his horse, an action which, however slight in itself, intimated more plainly than he could have wished, the obvious interest which had just been excited in him. Short as was the pause, it betrayed him, for no sooner had the lad noticed it, than he crossed the ditch and disappeared round the angle we have mentioned, and upon the side of the declivity. To gallop to the spot, dismount, cross the ditch also, and pursue him, was only the work of a few minutes.

"We have him," said the gauger, "we have him—one thing is clear, that he cannot escape us."

"Speak for yourself, Stinton," replied his companion—as for me, not being an officer of his Majesty's *Excise*, I decline taking any part in the pursuit—it is

a fair battle, so fight it out between you—I am with you now only through curiosity.” He had scarcely concluded, when they heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty hilarity, which betokens a cheerful contempt of care, and an utter absence of all apprehension—

Oh! Jemmy, she sez, you are my true lover,
You are all the riches that I do adore;
I solemnly swear now, I’ll ne’er have anoder,
My heart it is fixed to never love more.

The music then changed to a joyous whistle, and immediately they were confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with grey frize, who, on seeing them, exhibited in his features a most ingenious air of natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said in a voice, the tones of which spoke of kindness and deference—

“God save ye, gintlemin.”

“I say my lad,” said the gauger, “where is that customer with the keg on his back?—he crossed over there this moment.”

“When, where, sir?” said the lad, with a stare of surprise.

“Where? when? why this minute, and in this place.”

“And was it a whiskey keg, sir?”

“Sir, I am not here to be examined by you,” replied Stinton, “confound me if the conniving young rascal is not sticking me into a cross-examination already—I say, red coat, where is the boy with the keg?”

"As for a boy, I did see a boy, sir; but the never a keg he had—badn't he a grey frize coat, sir?"

"He had."

"And wasn't it a daunny bit short about the skirts, plase your honour?"

"Again he's at me—sirra, unless you tell me where he is in a half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!"

"The sorra a keg I seen, then, sir—the last keg I seen was—"

"Did you see a boy without the keg, answering to the description I gave you?"

"You gave no description of it, sir—but even if you did—when I didn't see it, how could I tell your honour any thing about it?"

"Where is the fellow, you villain," exclaimed the gauger, in a fury—"where is he gone to? You admit you saw him; as for the keg, it cannot be far from us—but where is he?"

"Dad I saw a boy wid a short frize coat upon him, crassing the road there below, and runnin' down the other side of that ditch."

This was too palpable a lie to stand the test even of a glance at the ditch in question; which was nothing more than a slight mound that ran down a long lea field, on which there was not even the appearance of a shrub.

The gauger looked at his companion—then turning to the boy—"Come, come, my lad," said he, "you know that lie is rather cool. Don't you feel in your soul that a rat could not have gone in that direction, without our seeing it?"

"Bedad and I saw him," returned the lad, "wid a grey coat upon him, that was a little too short in the tail—it's better than half an hour agone."

"The boy I speak of, you must have met," said Stinton; "it's not five minutes—no, not more than three, since he came inside the field."

"That my feet may grow to the ground then if I seen a boy, in or about this place, widin that time, barin' myself."

The gauger eyed him closely for a short space, and pulling out half-a-crown, said—"harkee, my lad, a word with you in private."

The fact is, that during the latter part of this dialogue, the worthy exciseman observed the cautious distance at which the boy kept himself from the grasp of him and his companion. A suspicion consequently began to dawn upon him, that in defiance of appearances, the lad himself might be the actual smuggler. On reconsidering the matter, this suspicion almost amounted to certainty; the time was too short to permit even the most ingenious cheat to render himself and his keg invisible in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open artless character of the boy's song; the capricious change to a light-hearted whistle, the surprise so naturally, and the respect so deferentially expressed, joined to the dissimilarity of dress, he was confounded again, and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved, however, to ascertain this point, and with the view of getting the lad into his hands, he showed

him half-a-crown, and addressed him as already stated.

The lad, on seeing the money, appeared to be instantly caught by it, and approached him, as if it had been a bait he could not resist; a circumstance which again staggered the gauger. In a moment, however, he seized him.

"Come now," said he, unbuttoning his coat, "you will oblige me by stripping."

"And why so?" said the lad, with a face which might have furnished a painter or sculptor with a perfect notion of curiosity, perplexity, and wonder.

"Why so?" replied Stinton—"we shall see—we shall soon see."

"Surely you don't think I've hid the keg about me," said the other, his features now relaxing into such an appearance of utter simplicity, as would have certainly made any other man but a gauger give up the examination as hopeless, and exonerate the boy from any participation whatsoever in the transaction.

"No, no," replied the gauger, "by no means, you young rascal. See here, Cartwright," he continued, addressing his companion, "the keg, my precious": again turning to the lad, "Oh! no, no, it would be cruel to suspect you of any thing but the purest of simplicity."

"Look here, Cartwright—there's a coat—there's thrift—there's economy for you. Come, sir, tuck on; tuck on instantly; here, I shall assist you—up with your arms—straighten your neck; it will be both straightened and stretched yet, my cherub. What think you now, Cartwright? Did you ever see a

metamorphosis in your life, so quick, complete, and unexpected?"

His companion was certainly astonished in no small degree, on seeing the red coat, when turned, become a comfortable grey frize; one precisely such as he who carried the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recognized him as the same.

The only interest, we should observe, which this gentleman had in the transaction, arose from the mere gratification which a keen observer of character, gifted with a strong relish for humour, might be supposed to feel. The gauger, in sifting the matter, and scenting the trail of the keg, was now in his glory, and certainly when met by so able an opponent as our friend Condry, for it was indeed himself, furnished a very rich treat to his friend.

"Now," he continued, addressing the boy again—"lose not a moment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

"The sorra bit of it I hid—it fell aff o' me, and I lost it; sure I'm lookin' afther it myself, so I am; and he moved over while speaking, as if pretending to search for it in a thin hedge, which could by no means conceal it.

"Cartwright, said the gauger, "did you ever see any thing so perfect as this, so ripe a rascal—you don't understand him now. Here you simpleton, har-kee, sirra, there must be no playing the Lapwing with me; back here to the same point. We may lay it down as a sure thing that whatever direction he takes from this spot is the wrong one; so back here, you

sir, till we survey the premises about us for your traces."

The boy walked sheepishly back, and appeared to look about him for the keg, with a kind of earnest stupidity, which was altogether inimitable.

"I say, my boy," asked Stinton ironically, "don't you look rather foolish now? can you tell your right hand from your left?"

"I can," replied Condyl, holding up his left, "there's my right hand."

"And what do you call the other?" said Cartwright.

"My left, bedad, any how, an' that's true enough."

Both gentlemen laughed heartily.

"But it is carrying the thing a little *too far*," said the gauger: "in the mean time, let us hear how you prove it?"

"Aisy enough, sir," replied Condyl, "bekase I am left handed—this," holding up the left, "is the right hand to me, whatever you may say to the contrary."

Condyl's countenance expanded after he had spoken, into a grin, so broad and full of grotesque sarcasm, that Stinton and his companion both found their faces, in spite of them, get rather blank under its influence.

"What the deuce," exclaimed the gauger, "are we to be here all day? Come, sir, bring us at once to the keg."

He was here interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, long and hearty, that he looked at him with amazement—"Hey dey, he exclaimed, what's the matter, what's the matter, what new joke is *this*?"

For some minutes, however, he could not get a word from the other, whose laughter appeared as if never to end; he walked to and fro in absolute convulsions, bending his body and clapping his hands together, with a vehemence quite unintelligible.

"What is it, man?" said the other, "confound you, what is it?"

"Oh!" replied Cartwright, "I am sick, perfectly feeble."

"You have it to yourself at all events," observed Stinton.

"And shall keep it to myself," said Cartwright, "for if your sagacity is over-reached, you must be contented to sit down under defeat. I won't interfere."

Now in this contest between the gauger and Condry, even so slight a thing as one glance of an eye by the latter, might have given a proper cue to an opponent so sharp as Stinton. Condry, during the whole dialogue, consequently preserved the most vague and undefinable visage imaginable, except in the matter of his distinction between right and left; and Stinton, who watched his eye with the shrewdest vigilance, could make nothing of it. Not so was it between him and Cartwright; for during the closing paroxysms of his mirth, Stinton caught his eye fixed upon a certain mark barely visible upon the hoar frost, which mark extended down to the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood.

As a staunch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the track of the keg down the little hill; for the fact was, that

Condy, having no other resource, trundled it off towards the furze, into which it settled perfectly to his satisfaction; and with all the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned his coat, which had been made purposely for such rencounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and changing his whole manner as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the cover, then conceal it, and return to the spot where they met him, was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion, so that in point of fact they could never have suspected that the whiskey lay in such a place.

The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complacent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condy's face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened, and appeared quite as rueful and mortified, as the other's was joyous and confident.

"Who's sharpest now, my knowing one?" said he, "who is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?"

"The sorra give you good of it," said Condy, sulkily.

"What is your name?" inquired Stinton.

"Barney Keerigan's my name," replied the other indignantly; "and I'm not ashamed of it—nor afeard to tell it to you or any man."

"What, of the Keerigans of Kilkloghan?"

"Ay, jist of the Keerigans of Kilkloghan."

"I know the family," said Stinton, "they are decent

in their way—but come, my lad, don't lose your temper, and answer me another question—where were you bringing this whiskey?"

"To a betther man than ever stud in your shoes," replied Condý, in a tone of absolute defiance—"to a gíntleman any way," with a peculiar emphasis on the word gíntleman.

"But what's his name?"

"Mr. Stinton's his name—gauger Stinton."

The shrewd Exciseman stood and fixed his keen eye on Condý for upwards of a minute, with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

Condý, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never winced, but appeared by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopted, in a mortification which had predominated over duplicity and art.

He is now speaking truth, thought the gauger; he has lost his temper, and is completely off his guard.

"Well, my lad," he continued, "that is very good so far, but who sent the keg to Stinton?"

"Do you think," said Condý, with a look of strong contempt at the gauger, for deeming him so utterly silly as to tell him. "Do you think that you can make me turn informer? There's none of *that* blood in me, thank goodness."

"Do you know Stinton?"

"How could I know the man I never seen?" replied Condý, still out of temper; but one thing I don't

know gentlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whiskey or not?"

"As to that, my good lad, make your mind easy—I am Stinton,"

"You, sir!" said Condry, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," replied the other, "I'm the very man you were bringing the keg to—and now I'll tell you what you must do for me; proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daughter—ask for miss Stinton—take this key and desire her to have the keg put into the cellar; she'll know the key, and let it also be as a token, that she is to give you your breakfast; say I desired that keg to be placed to the right of the five gallon one I seized on Thursday last."

"Of course," said Condry, who appeared to have misgivings on the matter, "I suppose I must, but somehow"—

"Why, sirrah, what do you grumble now for?"

Condry still eyed him with suspicion—"And, sir," said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for sich a weary trudge as I had widdit, but my breakfast?"

"Here," said Stinton, throwing him half-a-crown, "take that along with it, and now be off—or stop—Cartwright will you dine with me to-day, and let us broach the keg?" I'll guarantee its excellence, for this is not the first I have got from the same quarter, that's *entre nous*."

"With all my heart," replied Cartwright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach."

"Then, my lad," said Stinton, say to my daughter

that a friend, perhaps a friend or two, will dine with me to-day—that is enough.”

They then mounted their horses and were proceeding as before, when Cartwright addressed the gauger as follows :—

“Do you not put this lad, Stinton, in a capacity to over-reach you yet?”

“No, replied the other, “the young rascal spoke the truth after the discovery of the keg, for he lost his temper and was no longer cool.”

“For my part, hang me if I’d trust him.”

“I should scruple to do so myself,” replied the gauger, “but, as I said, these Keerigans—notorious illicit fellows, by the way—send me a keg or two every year, and almost always about this very time. Besides I read him to the heart, and he never winced. Yes, decidedly, the whiskey was for me; of that I have no doubt whatsoever.”

“I most positively would not trust him.”

“Not that perhaps I ought,” said Stinton, “on second thought, to place such confidence in a lad who acted so adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back, and re-examine him at all events.”

Now Condry had, during this conversation, been discussing the very same point with himself.

“Bad cess for ever attend you, Stinton agra,” he cogitated, “for there’s surely something *over you*—a lucky shot from behind a hedge, or a break-neck fall down a cliff, or something of that kind; if the ould boy had’nt his croubs hard and fast in you, you wouldn’t let me walk away wid the whiskey, any how. Bedad it’s well I thought o’ the Keerigans; for sure

enough I did hear Barney say, that he was to send a keg into him this week, some day—and he didn't think I knew him aither—faix it's many a long day since I knew the sharp *puss* of him, wid an eye like a hawk. But what if they folly me, and do up all? Any way I'll prevint them from having suspicion on me, before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips."

He instantly wheeled about, a moment or two before Stinton and Cartwright had done the same, for the purpose of sifting him still more thoroughly—so that they found him meeting them.

"Gintlemen," said he, "how do I know that either of yous is Mr. Stinton; or that the house you directed me to, is his. I know that if the whiskey doesn't go to him, I may lave the country!"

"You are either a deeper rogue, or a more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton—"but what security can you give us, that you will leave the keg safely at it's destination?"

"If I thought you were Mr. Stinton, I'd be very glad to lave you the whiskey, and even do widout my breakfast. Gintlemen tell me truth, bekase I'd only be murdered out of the face."

"Why you idiot," said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicions both together, "can't you go to the town and inquire where Mr. Stinton lives?"

"Bedad thin shure enough, I never thought of that at all at all, but I beg your pardon gintlemen, an' I hope you won't be angry wid me, in regard that it's kilt and quartered I'd be if I let myself be made a fool of by any body."

"Do what I desire you," said the Exciseman; "in-

quire for Mr. Stinton's house, and you may be sure the whiskey will reach him."

"Thank you sir, bedad I might have thought of that myself."

This last clause in a soliloquy would have deceived a saint himself.

"Now," said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, "are you satisfied?"

"I am at length," said Cartwright, "if his intentions had been dishonest, instead of returning to make himself certain against being deceived, he would have made the best of his way from us—a rogue never, or at least seldom, wantonly puts himself in the way of danger or detection."

That evening about five o'clock, Stinton, Cartwright, and two others, arrived at the house of the worthy gauger to partake of his good cheer. A cold frosty evening gave a peculiar zest to the comfort of a warm room, a blazing fire, and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed, and the glasses ready, than their generous host desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoubtable keg.

"That keg, my dear," he proceeded, "which the country lad who brought the key of the cellar left here to-day."

"A keg!" repeated the daughter with surprise.

"Yes, Maggy, my love, a keg, I said so, I think?"

"But, papa, there came no keg here to-day!"

The gauger and Cartwright both groaned in unison.

"No keg!" said the gauger.

"No keg!" echoed Cartwright.

"No keg, indeed," re-echoed miss Stinton—"but there came a country boy with the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to get the five gallon."

"Oh!" groaned the gauger—"oh! oh! oh! I'm knocked up, outwitted—oh!"

"Bought and sold," added Cartwright.

"Go on," said the gauger, "I must hear it out?"

"As a token," proceeded miss Stinton, "that he was to get the five gallon keg for Captain Dalton."

"And he got it?"

"Yes, Sir, he got it; for I took the key as a sufficient token."

"But, Maggy—oh! hear me child—surely he brought a keg here and left it; and of course it's in the cellar?"

"No indeed, papa, he brought no keg here; but he did bring the five gallon one that *was* in the cellar away with him."

"Stinton," said Cartwright, "send round the bottle."

"The rascal," ejaculated the gauger, "we shall drink his health."

And on relating the circumstances, the company drank the sheepish lad's health that bought and sold the gauger.

THE END.



